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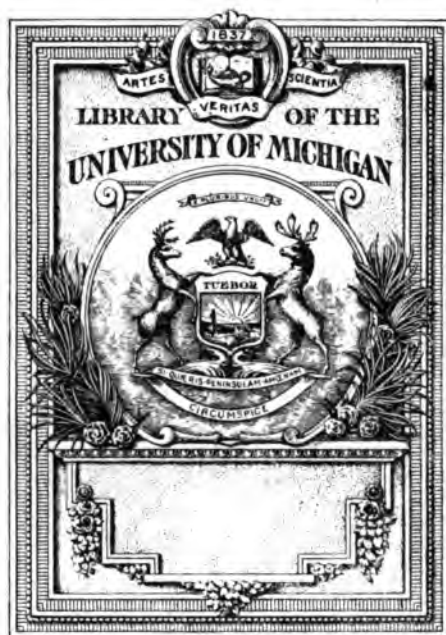
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THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

IN TWO PARTS: PART ONE.

THERE appeared, not long since, an article in one of the British reviews, evidently written by Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU, upon the condition and character of domestic service, in England and America. In that article, the writer sets out with the allegation that the relation between domestics and employers is much less harmonious now, in England, than it was in former years; that service, on the one part, is rendered with less of personal attachment, and that command, on the other, is exercised with less of consideration and gentleness; in a word, that the distinction between superiors and inferiors, in household economy, is made broader and more ungracious; and a very considerable portion of the paper is devoted to an inquiry into the causes of this unhappy change. Our present business is not with the truth or the inaccuracy of the statement itself, nor with the validity of the reasons assigned for it; we design only to quote one passage, which struck us as affording a proper and convenient starting point, from which to enter upon the consideration of the subject of the present article. Miss Martineau says, speaking of England: 'The alienation between different classes has also been much increased by the growth of the commercial spirit in this country. This spirit is eminently selfish. However magnificent may be its collateral effects and ultimate results, its immediate influences are clearly unfavorable to free mutual trust; and this in regard to classes quite as much as to individuals. With poverty pressing behind, and ambition hanging out her lures before, men and orders of men are treading on the heels of men and orders of men, and social struggle is the characteristic of the time. No one's position is fixed, at least of our town population. There are not, as of old, families and generations born to service, and having no other idea than of dying in it; nor are there numbers, as it is to be hoped there will be hereafter, who are satisfied with service, from an enlightened view of its real dignity, and the value of the security it offers. The lottery of commerce is preferred to the sure gains of service, wherever the choice is possible; and every one feels depressed who has not a prospect of rising. The actual wealth of the country has enormously increased, and the multitude are dissatisfied with any position which prevents

their trying to get in a hand to snatch a share. Though the class of domestic servants may not be conscious that this is the present state of affairs, the jealousy and restlessness consequent upon it extend to them, and impair the chances of tranquillity and content.'

Miss Martineau is a woman of highly respectable talent; and she has exercised her abilities with considerable advantage to the great cause of moral truth. She is an active inquirer, and a vigorous and industrious thinker; but her inquiries are too often superficial, and her vigor and industry of thought are seriously impaired in their employment for good, by a lamentable want of accuracy. She reasons much, but not well; and the passage just quoted, affords a striking illustration of this defect in her intellectual performances. The substance of her argument is, that the desire to improve our condition in life, a desire as natural and universal as any other that impels human beings to action, is detrimental to morality, or if not to morality, at least to the growth of amiable feelings, and to the cultivation of peaceful and harmonious relations. It carries the principle that enjoins contentment with the lot in which we are placed, to an extreme never intended by sound philosophy, nor by genuine religion. These forbid repining at what cannot be altered; but Miss Martineau goes farther, and says, not only that men should not repine, but that they must not seek or desire to change the circumstances in which, by comparison with those of other men, they find that there is room for change and melioration. The very universality of the desire to attain a better condition, proves that it is natural and proper; just as the immortality of the soul is proved by the universal belief of mankind that there is to be a continuation of existence after death. The doctrine of its impropriety strikes at the very root of all human progress in knowledge, power, civilization, and science.

It is not difficult to discover the source of Miss Martineau's error. It arises from a Utopian and impracticable notion, that runs through all her works, and which she seems to cherish with a tenacity of faith in due proportion to its absurdity; just as we sometimes hear of ancient maiden ladies attaching themselves to pets, as a pug-dog, or a monkey, for example, with a fervor of affection commensurate with the ugliness and ill-nature of the object. The lady appears to be haunted by a visionary dream of universal equality, not only of rights but of condition; of some impossible state of society, in which all men and all women shall be equally rich, favored, and respected; shall all live in houses of the same dimensions, with exactly the same kind of furniture, eat the same food, wear the same garments, and in short, lay out their whole existence by precisely the same pattern; a state of society in which there shall be no division into classes, but all stand upon the same level of occupation and enjoyment. Now we do not conceive it possible for such a state of society to exist at all; but certainly, if possible, it can only be in the very lowest stage of human being; that is, among a people entirely unacquainted with art, occupying a large extent of territory in small numbers, and subsisting by pasturage; like the wandering Arabs of the early ages, the first descendants of the patriarchs, or the nomade Tartars of the present day, or the miserable Esquimaux of the frozen regions, at the northern extremity of our continent, who all

clothe themselves alike with skins, and all subsist alike upon seal flesh and whale blubber. But man was not created for such a condition of existence. Progress is the great principle of his being. Progress in knowledge, in expansion of intellect, in subjugation of all nature to his own uses, in enjoyment, in refinement ; or to sum up all in one comprehensive word, in civilization. To accomplish this progress, it is clear that there must be individual effort ; single minds must be actuated by the desire to go beyond the minds around them ; and when they have succeeded, other minds must be actuated by the desire to follow where they have led, and even to go beyond them ; and here we have, as necessities of our nature, ambition, and division of mankind into classes.

Miss Martineau supposes this ambition, and this division of mankind into classes, to be social evils ; and here, in our judgment, she is wrong. We look upon them as indispensable agents in the fulfilment of our being's end and aim ; having exclusive reference, of course, to our temporal existence ; we have duties also, high and imperative duties, with regard to the life hereafter, but of these it is not our design to treat. In our present state of being, then, we conceive that the very condition which Miss Martineau describes as one to be deplored, is necessary as a means, as *the* means, of accomplishing our human destiny ; that there is wisdom in the ordinance which gives to no man a fixed position ; which causes poverty to press behind, and ambition to hang out her lures before ; which makes every one feel depressed, who has not a prospect of rising ; makes men and orders of men to tread upon the heels of the men and orders of men whom accident or successful effort has placed before them ; and creates the social struggle so truly designated as the characteristic of the time. For it is this condition, this ordinance, that impels us onward in the course for which we were designed.

We are conscious that the metaphysical tenor of these suggestions may not strike the reader as particularly entertaining, or perhaps instructive ; but they were necessary to the proper performance of the work before us ; and we have endeavored to present them with as vindicate the commercial spirit from the stigma of intense selfish-much brevity as was consistent with the fulfilment of our purpose to ness, and to show that its action is not only grand, but generous and beneficent ; that the pursuit of commerce is intimately connected with, and a powerful agent in, that progress of the intellect, and that improvement of the moral and physical condition of our race, which we have pointed out as the purpose of our creation ; in short, that commerce is indispensable to civilization.

It is now well enough understood, and frankly enough admitted, by philosophers, and by all right-thinking people, whether philosophers or not, that the first step in the process of raising men to the proper standard of moral and intellectual elevation, is accomplished by raising the standard of their physical comfort ; that before we undertake to improve the mind, we must begin by improving the condition of the body ; or, in other words, that physical civilization, or the just relation between demand for the conveniences of life and the supply of that demand, is the basis of mental civilization. Every general improvement in human existence is inseparably connected

with the special improvement of the circumstances and modes of living. If we go into a community of savages, with the benevolent purpose of reclaiming them from their state of barbarism, we must begin with teaching them how to make themselves more comfortable. We must show them how to clothe themselves in better habiliments than the skins of beasts; how to provide themselves with better and more abundant supplies of food than they can obtain by hunting and fishing; how to construct more substantial and commodious habitations than the wigwam of the Indian, the cave of the African troglodyte, or the mud hovel of the Hottentot; we must make them acquainted with the nutritious and wholesome variety of products that can be obtained by cultivation of the earth; and gradually teach them what comforts and advantages are to be enjoyed, by means of well-regulated and instructed industry. Not till we have done all this, can any good result from our efforts to instil into their minds the principles of higher and more speculative knowledge. When we have taught them to dig the earth, to plant, to sow, to reap, to build, to weave, to cook, to tan skins into leather, to fashion wood and iron into implements of husbandry, and of household thrift, then we may go farther, and instruct them in reading, and writing, and arithmetic. First, we must give them the knowledge how to supply their wants; and after we have done that, we may go on and give them books. We must commence by giving them things, and after this, it will be time enough to give them knowledge.

But what inducement have we to do all this? Why should we, who have come into possession of the comforts and enjoyments provided by civilization, be moved to extend that possession to the barbarous and scarcely human occupants of those regions into which the light of civilization has not yet penetrated? Why should we not rest content with our good things and our knowledge, and leave them to get on as well as they may, with their privations and their ignorance? The answer is at hand, and lets us into one of the secrets of God's providence, and of his wise and benevolent arrangements for the melioration and elevation of our race. In his wisdom and benevolence, he has bestowed upon every variety of soil and climate some peculiar products, which may be turned to account by all, in the supply of physical wants, and the increase of physical enjoyment, but which can be shared by all only through some process of acquisition and conveyance, which necessarily implies systematic and regular intercommunication, and the establishment of certain relations between the people of different countries. One land produces the means of sustenance, another materials for clothing; a third abounds in wood, a fourth in minerals, a fifth in articles of luxury; and so, throughout all the earth, we find a great plan of mutual want and supply, here abundance and there deficiency, which imposes upon mankind the necessity of devising means to equalize possession.

This equality of possession is so completely a thing of habit with us, and enters so largely into the composition of our daily life, that we seldom take thought of its remarkable operation. Yet if we pause for a moment in any of our pursuits or enjoyments, and reflect upon the materials with which we are employed, we cannot but be

struck with admiration at the results of a system so extensive. We lay many portions of the earth under contribution, almost in every hour of our lives. Even in the simple business of refreshing ourselves with a good breakfast, we employ or consume the products of many regions. The tea we drink comes from China, or perhaps it is Mocha coffee, from Arabia; the sugar with which we sweeten it, from the West Indies; our porcelain cups and saucers were probably made in France; the silver spoon with which each is provided, once lay dark and deep in the mines of South America; the table itself is mahogany, from Jamaica or Honduras; and the table-cloth was manufactured from a vegetable production in Ireland; the tea-pot is probably of English block-tin; and the steel of which the knives are wrought, may have come from Germany or Sweden; the bread is made of wheat, raised probably in Michigan; and the butter, if particularly good, must have come, a Philadelphian will say, from the neighborhood of his own city. If we are in the habit of eating relishes at breakfast, we discuss perhaps a beef-steak from Ohio, or a piece of smoked salmon from Maine, or it may be a herring from Scotland. Or suppose we take so very useless a personage as one of the foplings, whose greatest pleasure is in the decoration of their persons, and whose chief employment is to exhibit themselves at stated hours in Broadway, for the admiration of the ladies—and see how many lands are called upon to furnish the nice equipments of his dainty person. His hat is made of fur, brought thousands of miles from the north-west coast of America, or from an island in the South Antarctic ocean; his fine linen is from Ireland, inwrought with cambric from British India; in the bosom glitters a diamond from Brazil, or perhaps an opal from Hungary; his coat is of Saxony wool, made into cloth in England, and it is lined with silk from Italy; his white waistcoat is of a fabric wrought in France; the upper leathers of his morocco boots have come from Barbary, and the soles are made of a hide from South America. His white hand, covered with kid-leather from Switzerland, jauntily bears a little cane, made of whale-bone from the Pacific, the agate head of which was brought from Germany; and from his neck is suspended a very unnecessary eye-glass, the golden frame of which is a native of Africa. His handkerchief is perfumed with scents of Persia, and the delicate moustache that shades his upper lip, has been nourished by a fragrant oil from the distant East, or by the fat of a bear that once roamed for prey amid the wastes of Siberia; while its jetty blackness has probably been artificially bestowed, by the application of the same Turkish dye that gives its sable hue to the magnificent beard of the sublime Sultan.

Thus we find that every country has its peculiar products; that the possession and use of these are necessary, or at least desirable, to the full enjoyment of existence; and that men are stimulated by the wish for that possession, to pass from climate to climate, and from region to region, and thus establish intercourse between all the nations of the earth. But the mere act of visiting distant countries will not suffice to gain possession of the things that are desired. These are generally either absolutely provided, or else prepared for use, by the people of the country to which they are peculiar; and something

is yet to be done, in order to effect their transfer from the hands of those people to the hands of the strangers who come in search of them. Speaking in general terms, we may say, that there are but two modes of effecting such transfer. One is, taking them by force, the other, gaining them by way of exchange for some equivalent, which is desirable to the original owners. The first mode takes the name of robbery, or of war, according to circumstances ; the latter is simply commerce.

When commerce is carried on between nations enjoying an equal or nearly equal degree of civilization, there is no particularly benevolent motive or beneficent result on either side. The transactions are of mutual convenience, and that is all. But the case is different where the commerce is between nations, one of which is civilized and the other immersed in barbarism. The civilized foreigner bestows upon the barbarous native something more than the mere articles of utility, which he exchanges for the merchandise of the latter. Those articles are of necessity such as the barbarian needs, to make him more comfortable ; they are garments, better and more convenient than he can provide for himself, or implements which facilitate his labor, or household utensils which improve his domestic condition, or weapons that give him better protection against his enemies ; something, in short, to elevate his standard of comfort ; and this elevation we have ascertained to be the first and indispensable step in the progress to civilization. Thus, then, it appears, that commerce is an agent, and a most powerful agent, in meliorating not only the physical but the moral and intellectual condition of mankind.

It is so of necessity, and without reference to the motives or intentions of the parties. No matter whether the enlightened European send his ship to the tawny and savage native of an island in the Pacific, with the mere benevolent purpose of conveying to him, as donations, those products of European art, which will enlarge the circle of his comforts and his pleasures, or seeks to gain, in exchange for them, the fish, or shells, or skins, which the rude skill of the islander enables him to collect for barter ; the advantage to the savage is the same. He acquires the knowledge of those new and additional comforts, and with the knowledge comes the desire for increased possession. He has made the first step toward civilization.

When Captain Cook was prosecuting his voyages of discovery in the Pacific Ocean, he left at every island which he visited, fowls, sheep, hogs, and the seeds of vegetables ; and in so doing, he rendered a valuable service to the ignorant inhabitants. But the captain of the merchant ship renders a service not less valuable, who now visits those islands, and exchanges with the inhabitants European cloths, knives, axes, spades, ploughs, and other useful implements, for the beef and pork which they have learned to cure, and the vegetable productions which their fertile soil yields in such rich abundance. Indeed, we may say, that of the two, his visit is the most beneficent, because, in the first place, he comes again and again, bringing always new supplies of useful articles for traffic ; whereas the scientific navigator had accomplished his object when the island was once visited, and came no more ; and in the second place, because the trader, by teaching the savages the value of their possessions, and that by means

of them they can obtain the objects of their necessity or desire, has given them motives for industry and economy, and so helped them on still farther in the road to improvement, not only of their condition, but of themselves.

We have presented these considerations thus much at length, because the error which they are designed to remove is very general among the unreflecting, and even among those who do reflect, but not with the liberal and expansive frame of mind that is requisite for the attainment of just opinions. It is not Miss Martineau alone who believes the spirit of commerce to be one of intense selfishness, or regards the pursuit of commerce with reference only to the immediate motive which governs the individuals who engage in its practical details. Even at the present day, there is a very prevalent disposition to draw a line between this and certain other occupations, which, by an unjust and unfounded distinction, are called liberal, although in truth, neither in the feelings and habits of those who follow them, nor in their effect upon society, is there any more liberality in those occupations, than in that of the merchant. We need scarcely mention, that a yet more untenable distinction was drawn universally, in former ages, and is still, to a considerable extent, between the commercial profession and some others, which, although accounted more honorable, to the eye of unprejudiced reason present much less valid claims to that title, than may well be urged by commerce. But this point we shall discuss hereafter. At present, we propose to take up the question of the influence exerted by commerce upon the cultivation and enlargement of science; and we think it will not be difficult to show, that its agency here is not less direct and powerful, than we have found it to be in the spread of civilization; using that term as signifying specifically the earlier stages of advancement from barbarism to regulated and productive industry, and the comforts of which that industry is the source.

In the establishment of this proposition, it is not needful to enter into the discussion of abstract principles; illustrations by example are so abundant and so striking, that they take the place of argument. We have only to look at the progress of geographical discovery, effected to a very great extent directly in commercial voyages, and when not thus, yet indirectly in voyages undertaken principally by commercial nations, and with a view to the extension of commerce. Our own country has never sent out, until very recently, an expedition for scientific objects; yet of the new discoveries made within the last twenty years, a very liberal proportion has been made by American navigators, all voyaging expressly for purposes of traffic. If they had not been induced, by the spirit of commercial enterprise, to spread their sails to every breeze, and plough the waters of every ocean, the islands, bays, currents, shoals, and reefs, which they have added to the chart, would yet remain unknown; and to commerce, therefore, is science indebted for that increase of knowledge.

But even where the agency of commerce is less direct, and less apparent, it equally exists, producing results of even greater magnitude. It is only by commercial nations, that expeditions of discovery are sent out; partly because such nations only have the material means of ships, and seamen, and nautical experience, but still more

because it is only in such nations that the *animus*, the mind, exists, by which those expeditions are suggested. They are the fruits of a particular national feeling; and that feeling prevails only in communities which derive great and regular advantages from mercantile navigation, and to which that navigation is an ever-present subject of interest and regard. The Romans made no voyages of discovery; the commercial Phœnicians sent their ships to the remotest bounds of the then known world; and it is even believed by some, that they were not ignorant of our American continent. So in modern times, Austria, with her very limited commerce, does little or nothing toward the extension of geographical knowledge, great and powerful as she is; while England, deriving all her wealth and power from her trade, has long taken the lead of all the world in the magnitude as well as the success of her exploring enterprises, stimulated at once by the nautical spirit of her government and people, and by the perpetual craving of her commerce for new fields in which to develop itself, and for those helps to successful prosecution, which inevitably result from more accurate knowledge of seas and coasts, and other matters pertaining to navigation.

Not to go back so far as the voyages of Cook and the other English navigators of the last century, we need only mention Parry and Franklin, Ross and Back, and their persevering efforts in the arctic seas, to impress upon the reader's mind at once, the superiority of England to any other nation, in enlightened zeal for geographical discovery. It is but a few months since we were reading the narrative published by Captain Back, on his return from his last voyage; and although he utterly failed, through the pressure of adverse circumstances, in every object of his expedition, we could not but be struck with admiration at the infinitude of pains that were taken in the equipment of his vessel, the profuse liberality of expense, and more than all, the bold, adventurous spirit with which the foreseen perils were encountered, and the cool, steady fortitude with which they were met and overcome. The expedition was wholly unsuccessful; but even in its failure, it is an imperishable monument of honor to the nation which sent it forth, and to the men by whom it was achieved, Imprisoned by a winter of unusual severity, in the midst of a vast body of ice, the ship was held for several months as firmly imbedded as though itself a portion of the frozen waste, while such was the intensity of the cold, that the mercury in the thermometers was frozen to a solid mass, by a few moments of exposure.

But it was when the tardy summer of that desolate region at length came on, and the vast field of ice, in which the ship had so long been imprisoned, began to break up, that the perils of the hardy navigators were most imminent and appalling. As the edges of the mighty floe, in which the ship was bound, detached themselves from the shore, and the enormous mass began to heave and whirl under the impulse of the varying currents, that set, now eastward, toward the Atlantic, through Baffin's Bay, and then again westward, toward the unknown seas into which no mariner has ever yet found his way, the fast-bound ship was daily and almost hourly threatened with destruction; the sport of a power to which it could offer no more resistance than is offered by a feather to the rushing wind on which it is swept away.

In the dead of night, the crew would be startled from their slumbers by the terrific sound occasioned by the sudden rupture of the enormous floes, with a report like that of thunder; or by the furious thumping of huge masses against the bows or stern of the ship, with a force that made every plank quiver like a leaf shaken in the wind; then at times she would be 'heeled over' by the pressure of a vast floe, miles in extent, and twenty or thirty feet in thickness, slowly but irresistibly urged onward by the wind and current; so that on more than one occasion, Captain Back was fain to give the order for flying to the boats, in the momentary expectation that the 'Terror,' truly an appropriate name for that danger-threatened vessel, would be completely overturned, if not ground to pieces, in the collision of the icy mountains by which she was surrounded; and not less than six or seven times, before she was eventually released from that terrible imprisonment, the ship was driven, with the great floe in which she was imbedded, so frightfully near the iron-bound coast, that escape seemed utterly impossible, between the rocks toward which she was impelled, and the enormous masses of ice, that with slow but terrible progress, came crushing and grinding on from seaward, with a force that would have riven a thousand of the largest and strongest men-of-war into fragments. At these conjunctures, the only hope of the bold but helpless navigators, was in the floe by which their ship was surrounded and held fast; if that, jammed as it was between the hundreds of other floes beyond it and the rocky shore, should yield to the enormous pressure, and break up, as more than once seemed on the point of happening, no human power could save the ship or them; and many a time they had occasion to render fervent and heart-felt thanks for what seemed a direct interposition of Providence in their behalf, when to all appearance there was but a moment between them and destruction.

The reader is doubtless aware of their return to Britain, and of the frightful condition of their vessel; so shattered, that it was only by passing chains and cables round her hull, that she was kept together; and even with this help, so perilous that Captain Back was compelled to run her ashore at the first harbor he could make on the north coast of Ireland; where in truth he arrived not one hour too soon, for the *Terror* was actually water-logged and sinking, when, with all sail set, they drove her upon the beach at Lough Swilly; and it was the unanimous opinion, that in a few hours more she must inevitably have gone to the bottom, with every soul on board. Indeed, her voyage from Baffin's Bay to Ireland was considered almost a miracle; and hundreds of persons went, even from England, to Lough Swilly, to see the broken and disjointed hull, and marvel how a thing so shattered could have floated for a single day.

We have presented this feeble and most inadequate picture of one among a thousand scenes of danger and suffering, willingly and gallantly encountered, in the search for fame, and the performance of duty, because a portion of the applause to which such actions are entitled, is reflected on the subject of our present consideration. It is true, that in the perilous voyage of which we have spoken, neither Captain Back, nor the government under whose orders he sailed, had any immediate commercial object. His ship was not freighted with mer-

chandise for traffic, nor, if it had been, was there a people to traffic with, in the wastes of that desolate and inhospitable region; for during the whole course of their long and dreary wintering, the voyagers of the *Terror* beheld not, out of their ship, even so near an approach to the human form divine, as is presented by the dwarfish and miserable Esquimaux. Nor was any kind of merchandise to be gained by labor, or skill, or enterprise, amid the snows, and rocks, and seas of ice, that, for the time, made up the world around them. Their purpose was purely scientific. They dared the perils of that frozen ocean, simply to extend the limits of human knowledge. Yet it was the munificent spirit of commerce that sent them there; that supplied at once the means and the inducement for their hazardous but noble adventure.

We shall not run the hazard of exhausting the reader's patience, by going at large into the proof of this assertion. We can only refer, generally, to the same national predilection for nautical experiment and discovery, to which allusion has already been made, as generated by the extensive trade of the English people; and to various weighty problems, intimately connected with the science of navigation, and of course highly important to commerce, such as the actual position of the magnetic pole, the dip and variation of the needle, the supposed existence of electric or galvanic currents, the course of currents in the ocean, and several others, which can only be solved by observations in high northern latitudes. Perhaps we might add to these considerations, one more directly bearing upon the interests of trade, suggested by the extensive demand for ice, as an article of luxury in hot climates, as the East and West Indies, for example. We know that some very profitable shipments of this article have been made from ports of our own country to British India; and if Captain Back succeeded in nothing else, he certainly established the fact, that the arctic ocean furnishes the frozen treasure in such quantities as would suffice for the supply of the whole world, through a countless succession of ages. Our friends over the water are rather partial to monopolies of all trade that is profitable; and it might be a very good speculation for them to establish a company somewhere in the neighborhood of Melville Island, for the regular shipment of ice to the hot countries, where it is so scarce, and so valuable a commodity.

But jesting apart, we have succeeded, as we hope, at least in suggesting a course of reasoning, by which the reader may work out for himself a demonstration of the proposition advanced, to wit, that the influence of commerce is direct and powerful upon the enlargement of geographical science, even when such enlargement is effected by enterprises purely scientific, and undertaken without any immediate commercial object. It remains now to show, that in other departments, or rather channels, of human research, the agency of commerce is equally demonstrable.

The field of illustration that here opens before us, is cœxtensive with the very widest range of human ingenuity. Look at chemistry, for example. See how the growth of this science has been contemporaneous with that of commerce; how the industry and the genius of such men as Davy, Faraday, Woollaston, Lavoisier, and Berzelius, have been stimulated by the perpetual demands of commerce, for

the discovery of new processes to improve or to facilitate the fabric of almost every article that is bought and sold in trade. What brilliant discoveries have been made in the progress of experiments to perfect the single art of dyeing cotton and wool; or that of working metals; or that of making glass and china ware. What new properties have been detected in minerals, and their combinations with various gases and acids. What results have been obtained by the efforts of the French chemists to expedite and thereby increase the profits of the manufacture of sugar from beet-roots. What patient and laborious investigations have been made in England, to find out a method of preventing the dry rot in timber for shipping. But it is needless to particularize. In a thousand different modes have the interests of commerce been brought to bear upon the prosecution of chemical discovery, supplying and sustaining the impulse that insures the extension of the science.

In agriculture, it is the same. To meet the demands of commerce, both chemical and mechanical science have been applied with unwearied industry, and the most gratifying success, to the improvement of soils, and the invention or perfection of agricultural implements. The properties of earths and alkalies have been sought out by the one; machines for ploughing, reaping, winnowing, and grinding, have been invented by the other; and all to make the acre that produced fifty bushels, produce a hundred; the labor that was adequate to the cultivation of ten acres, sufficient for the cultivation of ten times the number. And why? In order that the product might be more than sufficient for the subsistence of the producing population, and leave a surplus to be employed in commerce.

So too with geology, astronomy, physics, the exact sciences, even the fine arts themselves; for the manufacture of pictures and statues has become a branch, and by no means an unimportant one, of commercial business; and musicians and dancers, as well as musical instruments and music, are shipped from one country to another, on speculation, like bales of cotton; as witness the late importation of a troop of Bayaderes, or Indian dancing girls, into France, by an enterprising subject of Louis Philippe, who was lucky enough to make a transfer of his oriental prodigies to an English manager, at a very large advance upon his own outlay of capital in the adventure. And this reminds us, too, that the study of natural history itself is brought within the universal influence of commercial speculation. We have companies formed, and incorporated, for the capture of giraffes, and other animal wonders, and it is not long since one of our packet ships carried out to England a miscellaneous cargo of lions, tigers, leopards, and the like, with a human companion, who amuses himself and the public, by shutting himself up in the same cage with half a dozen of these formidable play-fellows.

But without carrying our inquiries further into the circle of the sciences, which neither time nor space permit us fully to explore, let us pass to that department of human ingenuity, in which effort has been crowned with the most varied and wonderful success, and in which the achievements of skill are most directly traceable to the stimulating influence of commercial enterprise; I mean the science of mechanics. Here we find, that almost every great discovery or

improvement has been effected under the immediate impulse of that great agency which we have found to be so actively present in all enlargements of knowledge and power; almost every one has been sought for and produced, either as a means of increasing the surplus products of industry, or to facilitate the conveyance of these products from the place where they are not needed for consumption, to some other place, where there is a deficiency of these, with an excess of something that can be given in exchange for them.

The object of machinery is either to save labor, that is, to enable a certain number of men to perform a greater quantity of labor than they could perform without it, or to do the work required with greater perfection than can be attained by man's hands alone. In either case, the inducement to invent such machinery arises from the wants of others than the inventor, and their willingness to reward him for supplying those wants. The actual personal necessities of mankind, in a state of nature, are few, and easily supplied. It is not until he undertakes to supply the wants of others, that the individual finds a use for inventions that enable his one pair of hands to do the work of ten or twenty pairs, in producing food, or clothing, or any other article of necessity or enjoyment. And so of the mechanical contrivances that accomplish what labor alone cannot perform; the mere want or inclination of an individual would never prompt him to invent them for himself alone, because his single use or enjoyment of the thing produced, would be no compensation for the trouble. For instance, the apparatus for polishing diamonds. It is scarcely to be believed, that if there were no such thing as commerce in precious stones; if the man that had one, could do nothing with it but wear it on his finger, and please his own eyes with its restless brilliancy; that he would take the pains to contrive a machine for giving it that form by which its lustre is displayed to most advantage. Indeed, we may be tolerably sure, that if it were not admired and coveted by others, and if he did not know or believe that he could get in exchange for it something more useful or pleasant to himself, not only would he take no thought of increasing its beauty by his labor or his skill, but would even feel no inducement to have it in his possession. Instead of inventing a wheel, on which to polish it, he would throw it away as a worthless pebble, which could neither add warmth to his limbs, nor satisfy his hunger.

But to return from this digression. The most frequent object of machinery is to save labor, or, as we have said, to enable a certain number of men to perform a greater amount of work, that is, of production, than they could without it. And, as we have seen, the advantage of this labor-saving is, that it increases the surplus beyond *present* demand, which is needed to supply the demand elsewhere; or, in other words, to be employed in commerce. It is to the temptation thus held out, then, or to the other temptation held out by the advantage of conveying the surplus with greater speed and at less expense to the place where it is needed, that we owe all the wonderful creations of mechanical ingenuity. One of these stimulated Watt to the invention by which the mighty power of steam is employed in spinning cotton; the other acted upon Fulton, when he tasked his inventive brain for a means of using the same power in navigation. The

most extensive, and ingenious, and perfect piece of machinery, probably, in the world, is that for making tackle-blocks for ships, invented by Mr. Brunel, and existing at Portsmouth in England; the most wealth-producing, we believe, is Whitney's cotton gin; and would either of these have been discovered, but for the inducement supplied by commerce? What led to the making of the chronometer; of those marvellously accurate time-pieces, on which the government of Great Britain has lavished thousands and thousands in rewards to the persevering inventors? What but the necessity of a perfect time-piece for ascertaining the longitude of a ship at sea? If there were no commerce between nations, there would be no ships, and the discovery of the longitude would be no desideratum. We might go on and enumerate scores of ingenious and highly useful inventions, all brought to light by the necessities of commerce; such as the curious stocking-frame, the carding-machine, the power-loom, the machines for making shingles, staves, pins, and almost every imaginable article of necessity or luxury; the ponderous trip-hammer for forging anchors; the admirable contrivances for making ropes and cordage; the flour-mill, the steam saw-mill, the ship itself, that wonderful achievement of human skill; and a hundred others, all invented and brought into operation to enlarge the prosecution, and increase the gains, of commerce. The enumeration, however, is unnecessary. Yet we must beg the reader's indulgence, for a brief space, while we direct his attention to the most stupendous forms in which the art of man has brought into subjection and employment the resistless force of steam. We mean the rail-road and the steam-ship.

It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the immense importance of these great instruments; these marvellous achievements and monuments of human skill, and successful daring. The results of their addition to the empire of the intellect are before us and around us; and their introduction is so recent, that we have not yet had time to lose the consciousness of their magnitude, in the familiarity of habit. A year has scarcely passed away, since the arrival of the first steam-ship was the one engrossing theme of wondering delight among the thousands and ten thousands of our citizens; the echoes of our exultation are yet pealing back upon us from the extremest regions of the globe which we inhabit. To use the bold expression of a speaker among the crowd that filled the splendid cabin of the *Great Western*, a few days after her first arrival, 'the old and the new world had shaken hands across the waters.' The uncertainties and the delays of ocean navigation were subdued; the passage from continent to continent had become a subject of calculation, not by weeks and days, but by days and hours. In the great and vastly important intercourse between Europe and America, a gain of time to the extent of nearly one half has been effected; equivalent, almost, to a doubling of that intercourse and of its advantages. It is as if the hemispheres had made a gigantic step forward into the wastes of ocean, to exchange pledges of their amity.

Yet the steam-ship, after all, is but a feeble instrument, in comparison with the rail-road. Its energies are indeed great, but they are limited. In capacity and in speed, there is a point beyond which it cannot go; but to rail-road conveyance there seems almost no

limit. Rivers or mountains oppose no insurmountable obstacle to the long extension of the track ; and the track once laid, there is no aggregation of weight or bulk, which power cannot be found to drive upon it, with a velocity that seems to outstrip the wind. The whole cargo of a ship might be transported from the Atlantic to the lakes in twenty-four hours ; an army, with all its cannon and munitions, might be conveyed a thousand miles, as rapidly as the very despatch that summoned it to the point of danger.

Already we see our country interlined, as it were, with these iron high-ways, these gigantic connecting-rods of the great machine. Along the Atlantic border, they stretch almost continuously from Massachusetts to South Carolina ; and in almost every state, there is an off-shoot, if we may so call it, bearing away at right angles toward the rich plains and valleys of the west, giving assurance of an unlimited increase to the mutually advantageous intercourse between regions which nature has made distant, but which the art and enterprise of man have placed side by side ; and thus enabling us to seize at once the benefits of ample space and of close proximity. For the purposes of production, we have an extent of territory abundant for the subsistence of fifty times our number ; while for the purposes of enjoyment and of use, we have, thanks to the rail-road, the facilities of a compact and thickly-peopled country. The steam-ship has taken a thousand miles from the breadth of the Atlantic ; the rail-road, for every purpose which makes proximity desirable, is converting into one great city the mighty space that lies between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. And let us not forget, that both the steam-ship and the rail-road are creations of commercial necessity, and commercial enterprise. Like all other mechanical inventions, but even more directly than most others, they have sprung from the natural and irresistible impulse to which we have traced all commercial intercourse ; the impulse that prompts the inhabitants of one region to possess and enjoy the peculiar productions of every other ; and we would again urge upon the reader's consideration the unquestionable truth, that whatever may be the immediate instruments, this impulse, this commercial spirit, is one of the most active and powerful agents in producing all the meliorations of society, and all our advances in knowledge. The extent and activity of its operation may be partially realized, by imagining, or endeavoring to imagine, the consequences that would follow the sudden annihilation of all the instruments which it has called into employment. 'Earth has never yet seen — the siege of a city, however protracted — no war, however bloody and desolating — no revolution, however wild and ferocious — has ever shown, a parallel for the misery that would instantly descend upon the heads of millions, could such an idea be realized. The means, not only of clothing, but of food and of migration, would fail us in a moment ; we should be shut out from the rest of the world ; we should be reduced to a condition in which it would not be strange if even cannibalism should ensue. In a word, throughout the whole compass of society, we should be thrown back into a state of privation, helplessness, and barbarism.' From such a state we have been lifted by the strong arm of machinery, guided by intelligence, and propelled by mutual interest ; and to such a state we should undoubtedly

return, were that intelligence no longer stimulated by that interest, and the energies of our nature deprived of the inducements and the instruments by which and with which they are kept in full activity, producing and distributing, or in other words, fulfilling the ends of commerce.

Having considered the influence of commerce upon the entire human race, we shall proceed, in another and concluding number, to trace its bearing upon mankind, as divided into nations, or separate communities.

OUR MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS.

'God of our fair, extended plains,
Thy sweet green fields contented lie,
Thy mountains rise, like holy towers,
To hold communion with the sky !'

PEABODY.

THE mountains and the valleys wide,
Of our dear native land ;
In all their bright green loveliness,
How gloriously they stand !
The white clouds built on azure skies,
Like palaces and towers,
The spanning rainbow's brilliant arch,
Formed of the sun and showers !

The creeping breeze, that floats in waves,
Far o'er the flowering rye ;
And purple hills, with clover buds,
Reposing blushingly ;
Rich are the fields with bearded grain,
Where the broad valleys run,
To meet the mountain ramparts blue,
Gilt by the cheerful sun.

Oft shadowed into darker spots,
Beneath the floating cloud ;
Oft gleaming with a rosy tinge,
Where mantling forests crowd ;
All o'er the waving, green aceful line,
As forth it sweeps along,
Sweet, varied into lofty peaks,
And deep dells, filled with song.

Down midst the slopes, the village spires,
Are rising among bowers,
And o'er each dwelling's garden wall,
Break forth the truant flowers.
And here are all the yeomanry
That grace our happy soil ;
Who bid it smile thus beautiful,
Beneath their cheerful toil.

The plough, and scythe, and harrow come,
And cradle, in their time,
And spread the boon of plenty round,
Within our changeful clime :
'Tis God that gives the sun, and shower,
The soil, and forest shade ;
And husbandmen make joyful here,
The lovely world He made !

W.

THE COBBLER OF BAGDAD.

THE correspondent to whose pen the reader was indebted for the faithful and humorous New-England sketch, entitled 'Eastern Lands,' has, in the following story, engrafted the industrious yankee upon the stately oriental, in a manner scarcely less felicitous. Eos. KNICKERBOCKER.

DURING the reign of Haroun the Third, whom may Allah bless! there resided in one of the principal streets of Bagdad, a bandy-legged Mahomedan, who rejoiced in the appellation, as his sign-board signified, of 'CRACKBACK, Cobbler to the Caliph and Royal Family.'

Every summer's day, from morning till night, did he make the neighborhood resound with the clack of his hammer, keeping time, the while, with a lively whistle, occasionally varied by a snatch of some favorite bacchanalian chorus, learned at the café to which he was in the habit of resorting, when his day's work was over. Rising every day with the lark, he applied himself faithfully to his task, until the lengthening shadows warned him of the advent of the convivial hour. Then, doing up his work, he would lock his little shop door, and before his head rested upon his scanty pallet, he was generally minus half of his day's earnings. But what cared he for that? 'What,' he argued, 'is the use of life, if it is not to be enjoyed while it lasts?' He was the best cobbler in all Bagdad, and having never disappointed his customers, when he promised their shoes and sandals, he was never idle, and always commanded the best prices. No one could drive a peg, or mend a rip, like Crackback. His taste was consulted upon all state occasions, when his high mightiness the Caliph desired to sport a new and peculiar fashion, and the delicate jobs of the harem were invariably given to him. Fame spread his name to the remotest corners of the kingdom. Strangers inquired at once for his shop, and went away in ecstasies; orders crowded upon him from distant provinces, for the 'Royal Crackback shoes.'

Perhaps you think our cobbler must have been the happiest man in the kingdom? Alas! not so. He was the most miserable dog upon the face of the earth. His wife was the pest of his existence; an unmitigated termagant; a domestic tyrant, who only lacked the power, to rule the nation with a sceptre of iron, even as she governed her own household. It was an evil day for the artizan, when he made 'Mrs. Crackback' of his neighbor Ali's daughter. No sooner had she set her foot upon the threshold of her future home, than she resolved to rule the roast. I shall show how she kept her resolution.

One evening, being hurried with extra labor, Crackback had been induced, by the promise of a tempting sum, to forego his customary visit to the café, and to stay at home, that he might finish a pair of shoes, which were to be worn the next day at a sumptuous wedding. Sharp and quick fell the blows of the hammer, as with a lively heart he bent to his toil. By the fire, sat his loving spouse, boiling an egg for his supper. For a few days past, she had treated him with extraordinary kindness. Neither had now spoken for some minutes. 'Crackback, my dear,' said she at length, 'get me some more wood; the fire is getting low.'

'Zilla, my darling, I'll see you hanged first!' responded the cobbler; 'a pretty time it will be, when I get these shoes done! I wonder how the world would get along, if *every* man was ordered about by his wife, as I am by you.'

Contrary to his expectations, no answer, either in the shape of a word or a blow, was returned; and Crackback, encouraged, by these tokens, to believe that his wife's sense of duty was gaining the ascendant, ventured another remark.

'I say, my love, what a confounded old fool I was, ten years ago, come next week.'

'Not the least doubt of that, in the world, my dear,' was the reply; 'but why *then*, in particular?'

'Because I showed the world, just about that time, what a silly coot I was, in marrying you!'

Splash came the scalding water, from the pan in which the egg had been boiling, full in the face of the unfortunate cobbler, who, roaring with pain, clutched his stool, and hurled it through the air, in the direction of his wife.

'Here! silence, good friends! or the Caliph shall hear of this!' exclaimed a voice close to their ears.

Crackback and his antagonist turned in astonishment, and beheld, standing in the door-way, two strangers, of commanding presence, habited in loose travelling dresses, covered with dust.

'Whence come ye, good Sirs, and wherefore are ye here?' asked the cobbler, when his surprise had a little abated.

'We are merchants from Damascus, on our way to China,' responded the foremost; 'we are but newly arrived in your goodly city, and would crave a night's lodging, for which you shall be amply remunerated.'

'You mistake, Sirs,' replied Crackback; 'I keep no hotel.'

'I have slept sounder beneath the thatched roof of an humble citizen, than when reposing under a gilded canopy,' said the stranger. 'Can we abide here until the morning?'

'My accommodations are but scanty.'

'Hold your tongue!' interrupted Zilla, strengthening her argument with a secret pinch. 'They'll pay us a good price in advance, before they see the bed, and then if they do n't like it, they can do the other thing.' Then turning to the strangers, she said, with a bewitching smile, 'Ye are welcome, Sirs; enter, in Allah's name, and peace be with you! Crackback, my dear, water and towels. Get 'em quick!' she added, in a whisper, 'or I'll send this hammer at your head!'

When the strangers had washed themselves, our hero set before them his frugal fare, which was no sooner devoured, than a purse of gold was placed in the hands of Zilla, by the principal merchant, in payment for their food and lodging. Delighted with the sum, which far exceeded her highest expectations, she made an excuse to leave the room, and hastened to exhibit her prize to a gossiping neighbor, and speculate upon the character of her company, leaving her husband to entertain them, as best he might.

'You appear to be the happiest couple I have met for many a day,

said one of the merchants, with a shrewd smile, as Zilla left the house.

'Oh, yes,' responded Crackback, in a low tone, not quite sure that she was out of hearing, 'only we *do* have our little difficulties once in a while. Excepting that, I believe we pass as pleasant a life as any in Bagdad.'

'It would puzzle one to tell when you do *not* have your little difficulties, judging from what I saw, as we entered. Come, confess; she's a perfect virago — eh?'

'Good Lord! don't talk so loud!' ejaculated Crackback; 'the devil's always near, when you talk about him; and just as like as not, she is n't so far off but what she's heard you; and if so ——' But I must admit she is a regular vixen, and hanging is too good for her. Oh! I wish I was Caliph!'

The two merchants exchanged glances. 'What would you do, if you were Caliph?' asked the first.

'Do? What *would n't* I do? I'd —— But no matter; I shall never be Caliph.'

'You do n't know that,' said the merchant; 'the Caliph may die to-morrow. It is possible, therefore, that you may yet realize your wish. Who knows?'

'Ay, who knows? Nobody, I guess!' replied the cobbler.

The night waxed late, and when Zilla returned, the strangers desired to be shown to their bed, adding, that they should depart early on the morrow. Crackback conducted them into the next room, which contained the only bed in the house, and wishing them a 'good night and Allah's blessing,' shut the door, and left them to their slumbers. He then made up a couch of garments, upon the floor for his wife, and trimming his lamp, sat himself down to his work again, being determined to go without his sleep, rather than disappoint his customer. Early in the morning, Zilla found her husband asleep upon the floor, and snoring loudly, with the shoes at his side. He had kept his word; but at the last moment, sleep had claimed him. With something of compassion, she threw a cloak over him, and allowed him to slumber on, while she prepared breakfast for the strangers; which being done, she sat herself down to await with patience their rising.

Shop after shop had opened on the street, and the sun was gilding the house-tops; but as yet there was no sound of stirring in the strangers' apartment. Another hour elapsed, and Zilla ventured to tap lightly at the door. She listened, but no answer was returned. Again and again she knocked, with the like success. Surprised, she lifted the latch, and the door gave way beneath her forcible pressure.

Every thing in the room was exactly as she had left it; even the bed was untouched. With fear and trembling, she hastened to the jug in the pantry, where she had deposited the purse of money, together with her husband's earnings, and with a faltering hand lifted the cover. The gold was there, but the strangers had disappeared.

Days, weeks, even a month, had passed over the heads of the cobbler and his wife, since the adventure with the merchants, and yet nothing had occurred which afforded them the least clue to their mys-

terious departure. Crackback swore, by Allah and all the prophets, that they did not pass through the outer room, while his wife was as positive they did not go through the window, for they were all fastened on the inside, precisely as when she went in, on the previous evening, to make up the bed. The neighbors marvelled greatly; and as Zilla took no pains to conceal the purse, or to keep secret the manner in which she had obtained it, the story soon spread, and threw all Bagdad into amazement. Various were the surmises, but none of them satisfied either Crackback or his wife, who came to the conclusion between themselves that other than mortal means were used in conveying them so silently away.

One beautiful summer morning, not long after this occurrence, Crackback was as usual busily at work, on his bench by the little window which commanded a distant view of the Caliph's seraglio. Fast flew the stitches, while the hammer rose and fell with unwonted rapidity. Something, it was evident, had occurred, which did not happen every day. The cobbler was in tribulation. The strangers' gold had been spent to the last farthing; and worse than all, with the departure of the last coin, his darling Zilla had relapsed into her old ways. That very morning, for the first time in a whole month, she had again resumed the reins of household government, and with whip in hand, had again given her husband a spice of her administration, by breaking the broom-handle over his back. The tears rolled slowly down his cheeks; he sighed heavily, and hung down his head. Suddenly, with a manly effort, he checked his grief, and dashing away the drops with the back of his hand, set his teeth firmly together, and wished, once more, that he was the Caliph. At that moment, a heavy gun, from the topmost turret of the seraglio, sent its echoes through the streets and squares of Bagdad, shaking the town to its centre with the shock. Crackback started to his feet at the instant that a vivid flash, followed by a startling report, issued from the gun, and immediately the ponderous bell of the city guard-house, which was seldom rung, save in case of alarm, commenced a slow and solemn toll, and the crescent of the Prophet, which floated day and night from the highest pinnacle of the seraglio, was lowered, and in its place a black flag fluttered, the plaything of the winds.

'Hallo! Zilla! Zilla! come here, quick! There's the deuce to pay at the seraglio!' ejaculated Crackback; 'something or other has happened; *such* a running about! Shoe-leather will soon wear out, that's *one* comfort. I'll go out and hire a dozen journeymen, right away, now!' And he left the house.

'Ah! Crackback,' exclaimed a neighbor, 'bad news! The good Caliph, Haroun the Third, is no more!'

'No! You do n't say so! Do tell!'

'Yes, it is, alas! too true; and where shall we find so good a ruler?'

Crackback said no more. He returned home, and immediately set about increasing his supply of shoes. He 'should sell,' he said, 'a vast number, to be worn at the funeral.'

The cobbler was industriously plying his awl, when his attention was attracted by the distant beating of a drum; and in a moment after, the sound of a full band of music, playing a lively national air,

was borne to his ears. Hastily throwing down his work, he put his head out of the window, and saw, at the upper end of the street, a long procession, moving in the direction of his dwelling. Somewhat puzzled to make out its meaning, Crackback pulled off his turban, that he might salute the Grand Vizier, whom he recognised in the van. They advanced slowly, until they arrived in front of his door; at that moment, a heavy discharge of artillery was fired from the turrets of the seraglio, the brattling trumpets sent forth a sonorous flourish, and the whole body came to a dead halt.

'I see it all,' whispered the cobbler to himself; 'the Grand Vizier has stopped on his way to the mosque, to bespeak funeral shoes, for the royal household! Won't I strike for high prices! How are you, Grand Vizier?' he added aloud; 'how d' you do? Glad to see you.' What was his astonishment, when, instead of the expected patronizing nod, he saw the Vizier respectfully approach, and as he stepped forth to meet him, kneel and press the edge of his old leather-apron to his lips!

'Health and prosperity ever be your lot!' exclaimed the Vizier, rising; 'may you live a thousand years! Shout, 'Long life to Crackback the First, Caliph of Bagdad!' And at the word, the air was rent with the voice of the multitude.

Crackback gazed for a moment in silence upon the Vizier and his attendants, and then, as if a new light had suddenly dawned upon him, replied: 'All this would be dreadful fine, if I was only Caliph; but just stop your fooling, now, and tell me how many shoes you want, and when they must be done.'

'May it please your High Mightiness,' responded the Vizier, deferentially, 'I trust you'll never make another pair of shoes. You are now Caliph of Bagdad, in place of our beloved Haroun the Third, may he rest in peace! who departed this world of woes this morning, at the second crowing of the cock.'

'Now you do n't? — you *do n't* mean to say I'm really Caliph, do you?' said Crackback, doubtingly.

'Even so,' replied the Vizier. 'When the deceased Haroun felt his end approaching, he called me and the members of the household to his bed-side. 'Well-beloved Selim,' said he, 'I feel that I am dying. When I am gone,' and here his voice trembled, 'I could desire that my respected friend, Crackback, the cobbler, should reign in my place. All the virtues of manhood, and the best qualifications of a Caliph, are in him combined.' Having said this, he fell back and breathed his last. Such was his will and pleasure, and who shall gainsay it?'

At this moment, Crackback's wife appeared at the door, when her husband, in great glee, informed her of the news.

'You're a goose!' she replied; 'what's the use o' lying?'

'I am, eh!' replied Crackback; 'very well, madam, you shall see. Here! a dozen of you there, obey my first order. Put that woman under arrest; she is a dangerous person, and jeopardises the peace and safety of the state.'

Six of the soldiers immediately advanced to lay violent hands on Zilla, but it was not without a severe struggle that the termagant yielded to superior numbers.

'Away with her!' exclaimed Crackback; 'we'll see who's the goose now! Convey her to the lowest dungeon of the fortress, and there let her await my royal will and pleasure. Am I not Caliph?'

'Most assuredly!' replied the Vizier, bowing obsequiously.

'So I *am*, Grand Vizier,' continued the sometime cobbler, 'and you are a true and loyal subject; and as a token of my gratitude, for the intelligence you have brought me, I'll find you in shoes for a year to come.'

'Your highness is too good.'

'No I a'n't,' interrupted Crackback; 'I know what I'm about, I guess.'

'Will it please you to proceed to the seraglio?' asked Selim.

'Oh certain — by all means! But stop; let me shut up shop.'

Selim made a motion to the troops, who suddenly divided, and between the ranks a tall and stately elephant advanced.

'Eh! what's all this?' demanded Crackback, not a little alarmed at the appearance of the huge animal. 'You do n't expect me to climb up to the top of that crittur, do you? — 'cause if you *do*, you're almighty mistaken, I can tell you.'

'This was Haroun's favorite beast,' replied the Vizier, 'and you are to ride, as his successor.'

'I wont, that's flat!' replied the shoe-maker, hastily retreating. Good Lord! I would n't mount him for a dollar!

'Your highness, there is no other way.'

'Vizier, shut up! will you?' interrupted Crackback. 'I choose to walk; but if you're a-mind to get up into that tottleish castle, I've no objections. All I can say, is, that if you *do*, you're a greener gander than I took you for, that's all!'

THE whole city rang with the fame of Crackback the First. Save Selim, the Vizier, every officer of the royal household had been displaced, and cobblers substituted. Edicts had been issued, prohibiting all kinds of work, upon pain of death; and those who had depended upon their labor for their daily food, were supported from the bounty of the treasury. Idleness reigned triumphant. In place of the once stirring, busy industry, sloth usurped its seat. Each man was as good as his neighbor; and hence discontents and petty grievances every day increased.

'May it please your highness,' said Selim, one day, 'you do wrong in thus putting cobblers over your faithful servants; depend upon it, Sire, they will prove treacherous.'

'Grand Vizier, you're a fool!' interposed Crackback.

The Vizier bowed.

'You're not fit to be Vizier, and from this moment I banish you from the kingdom. Never let me see your ugly phiz here again; if you do, I'll chop it off!'

Having thus got rid of the only one who dared to interfere with his government, Crackback determined that his reign should be one uninterrupted series of pleasure. To Shadrew, his former apprentice, he resigned the cares of ruling the Turks, while he gave himself to every species of amusement.

'Shadrew, my Vizier,' said he, 'I've some idea of treating my friends; I do n't mean our old comrades, but high families of distinction in Bagdad. Where is a good place for a spree?'

'May it please your royal insignificance,' replied Shadrew, 'the harem is just the place.'

'So it is!' replied Crackback; 'and do you go and invite all the wives which Haroun used to own, to be present; and tell them we shall make use of their lower hall.'

Away went Shadrew, as he was bid; and in a few minutes returned, saying that 'all the women were so overwhelmed with grief, at the loss of their beloved lord, that they intended to shut themselves up for a month, but that Crackback was welcome to the use of their hall.'

'So they won't do as I want them to, eh?' said the Caliph. 'Well, let 'em work; we'll have their hall, any how, and raise such a row in it, that they'll be thunderin' glad to come down, for the sake of keeping the peace.'

But while preparations were going on for the sumptuous banquet, alarming intelligence reached Bagdad. Ali Whiskero, Bashaw of ten tails, brother of the Caliph, having heard of his death, had collected all his forces, and was now in full march upon the kingdom. Damascus, Aleppo, and other cities, had already acknowledged the power of his invincible arms, and he was now within a few days' march of Bagdad, inflated with victory, and counting upon an easy triumph.

What was to be done? In the first moment of adversity, Crackback was astonished to see how his prime ministers, whom he had raised from their low stations to the rank of generals, viziers, and captains, and upon whom he had counted as a sure defence from foreign invasion, fell off, and suddenly changed from blustering, valorous champions, to cringing, trembling cowards.

'The enemy will be at the gates to-morrow!' said a courier, just returned from a reconnoitering expedition.

'Allah, have mercy on us!' ejaculated Crackback.

'Amen!' responded the Grand Vizier, and all the household. But during the day, news arrived that Ali, in attempting to ford a swollen river, had lost all his baggage, and a good portion of his troops, and that consequently his coming would be delayed for some days. This put an entire new face upon things. Crackback, stroked his beard, exclaimed 'Allah is great!' and came to the conclusion that guardian angels had been despatched from Paradise, to take part with him. The Grand Vizier, and all who, but a few minutes before, were ready to expire with fear, now recovered their courage, and whipping out their weapons, cut in the air divers flourishes, and concluded by sticking their points, with tremendous force, in the wall, swearing, with big oaths, that they were ready to shed the last drop of their blood for the good of their country. Feeling immensely important, at the moment, Crackback issued a flaming proclamation, offering large rewards for the head of Ali, the Usurper, stipulating, however, that it should be void of life before it was brought into the royal presence, and that the body should by no means accompany it.

That night, a grand repast was given by the Caliph to all his offi-

cers. Mirth and hilarity reigned; the hall resounded with joy. The night waxed late; the company were nearly all obviously fuddled, and half of them were reposing beneath the table. The Caliph sat at the head, and by his side his faithful sycophant, Shadrew. Few, indeed, were able to resist the sleepy god, who had stolen unperceived into the room. Here and there an eyelid opened, and from beneath the shade, something glistened for a moment, like a coal, and the next, a heavy fall, and a loud snore, frequently mingled with the sound of breaking glass, and falling seats, told that another and another had joined their comrades under the table.

Suddenly the clock struck two. The sound came like a dirge upon the ears of the remaining company. Crackback was standing on his feet, one hand resting upon his seat, in the endeavor to balance his body, while the other, not exactly steady, was trying to raise a glass of wine to his lips, while he stammered out a toast. It was a ludicrous scene. Not more than a dozen retained their places, and of these a goodly portion were not certain where they were.

'My friends,' ejaculated Crackback, 'here's confusion to Ali! May he be ——'

At this juncture, when not a voice but the Caliph's was audible, a solitary trumpet, waking the night with its echoes, sent its piercing peal into every corner of the room.

'Good God! what's that?' exclaimed Crackback; 'Grand Vizier, go to the door!'

But the Grand Vizier was just at that moment seized with an extraordinary fit of deafness. Another and another peal rang through the streets; the clattering of a horse's hoofs upon the pavements was heard; then the door of the hall was thrown wide open, and a man, armed cap-à-pie, stalked in.

'Oh Lord! I'm done for!' cried Crackback. 'Who—who are you?'

'Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Ali Whiskero to Crackback, the cobbler, self-styled Caliph of Bagdad, greeting! You are commanded instantly to surrender all pretensions to the throne, or your head shall be cut off, and exposed upon a pike at the north gate, a warning to usurpers.'

'Oh Lord! you do n't say so! I'll—— yes, I'll give up, and be a cobbler again!'

'You'll do no such thing, said a clear, deep voice; and a figure advanced slowly from a corner of the room. 'Shame on you, Crackback the First! Is this your boasted courage? Arouse your slumbering spirit. Call your followers to battle; lead them on to victory! Up! shout 'Mahomet!' and on for Allah and the holy cause!'

Crackback turned, and beheld in the utterer of these stirring words the person of the banished Selim, the Vizier. Surprise for a moment held him dumb; but recovering his self-possession, he pointed, with trembling finger, to the figure who still stood in the door-way, with folded arms, and a consequential air, awaiting with patience an answer to his summons.

'Shall I hustle him out?' asked Selim.

The cobbler nodded, and Selim, seizing the envoy, gave him a single kick, which relieved them of his presence.

'Now, then, prepare yourself for battle, while I go and alarm the city,' said Selim. 'The enemy, to the number of ten thousand, are now beneath the walls. Gird on your sword, and show yourself to the people. Lead them on to victory, and your name shall be a watchword to certain conquest.'

'Here 's a pretty how-de-do !' soliloquized Crackback ; ' I go out and fight ! I'll see him hanged first ! They may use my name for a watchword, if they like, but as to using my body, they sha n't. I'll look on at a safe distance, and see 'em fight ; and if the enemy retreat, why then I'll come up and help 'em chase 'em ; but as to fighting myself, of course that 's all gammon. What do *you* say, Shadrew ?

'Eh ? Yes, I say so, too,' replied Shadrew, rubbing his eyes.

'That 's just my way of thinking,' continued Crackback, forgetting that Shadrew had only waked up in time to hear the concluding words of his soliloquy ; 'you 're a philosopher, Shadrew ; you are one of the wise men, you are.'

'Is all ready ?' cried the stentorian voice of Selim, appearing at the door. 'Come, your soldiers are assembled, and impatient for battle. They cry loudly for the Caliph, and refuse to follow any other leader.

'Let 'em cry,' said Crackback.

'Come,' said Selim, impatiently, 'are you resolved ?

'Yes, I *am* resolved.'

'Then why do you tarry ? Come !'

'Grand Vizier,' said Crackback, 'I *am* resolved, that if there is any fighting to be done, you must do it ; that 's all.'

'What !' exclaimed Selim.

'Just so,' replied Crackback ; 'I sha n't fight ; that 's flat.'

The answer Selim would have made, was drowned by the sudden discharge of cannon and musketry ; the drums beat ; the bells sent up their clanging peals ; shouts and imprecations, and clashing of swords, were heard ; cavalry galloped through the streets ; bonfires glared, and the thousand sounds of battle swelled upon the ear.

'Here he is ! down with all traitors !' shouted a whiskered barbarian, rushing into the banqueting-room, at the head of a score of soldiers. Selim threw himself in front of the Caliph, fighting furiously with the enemy, but he was soon overpowered by numbers, and bound.

'Where 's Crackback, the Caliph ?' shouted a score of voices ; but Crackback was not to be seen.

'Confusion !' cried the leader ; 'your heads will pay for it, if he has gone ! Hush ! here 's the Bashaw.'

At that moment, a body of the Bashaw's guard entered the room, and in the midst marched the leader, the renowned Ali Whiskero, Bashaw of ten tails.

'Where 's the traitor !' exclaimed the Bashaw, in an angry voice ; 'bring him to me, and let me cut his head off !'

A half-stifled exclamation of fear was plainly heard by all ; but whence it came, no one could tell.

'Where is he ?' cried the Bashaw.

'Please your Majesty,' said an officer, 'he has escaped.'

'Escaped!' he thundered; 'search the room; and if he has indeed vanished, all your lives shall pay the forfeit!'

'Here he is!' cried an officer, seizing the unfortunate cobbler's legs, and dragging him from under the table where he had secreted himself.

'Is this the fellow who offered a reward for my head?' said the Bashaw, looking down upon the little cobbler with the utmost contempt; 'away with him to the bow-string!'

'Oh, good Bashaw! just let me say my prayers, and take leave of my wife!'

'Bring the bow-string!'

Crackback struggled with the officer, and in vain essayed to bite the string. It was wound around his neck, and firmly pulled. He shut his eyes. A single gasp, and all was over!

CRACKBACK started to his feet, and rubbed his eyes. Where was he? There was his shop, his bench, and his tools; there was the sun streaming through the diamond hole in the shutter; there were the shoes upon the floor, which he had worked all night to finish; and in the next room, he could hear his wife singing at her work. He had been asleep; it was all a dream! He had never been Caliph; he had never suffered the bow-string; and he was again plain Crackback, the cobbler. 'Allah be praised! The Caliph's post was one of danger!'

A knock at the door startled him. It was his neighbor come after the shoes.

'Have you heard the news, Crackback?' asked the visiter; 'the Caliph's treasury was broken open yesterday afternoon, while the household were at prayers, and all the coffers of gold and jewels stolen!'

In an instant, the two merchants flashed upon his mind. He said nothing, but so soon as his customer left him, he went in search of his wife, and inquired where the two merchants were, who had supped with him the night before.

'They went off last night, without touching the bed,' was the reply.

'Allah be praised! I was afraid they were still here. 'Tis they who robbed the Caliph!'

From that moment, Crackback was an altered man. He never again repined at his lot, nor desired to become a Caliph. In a few months, Zilla died; and although he shed a few natural tears at his loss, yet he survived her many years; and when at last death visited his door, he carried down to his grave the reputation of having been for fifty years the best cobbler in all Bagdad.

A LAWYER'S DECLARATION.

Ah me! thy beauty, with severe control,
Has brought its action against every sense,
And served its sweet subpoena on my soul,
To which, alas! I dare not take defence!

TO MY MOTHER.

WHEN I retrace the valley of my years,
 Down which I've wandered toward th' eternal sea,
 Though sometimes there the gloomy shade appears,
 And the sad ruin of the leafless tree,
 Yet forms of beauty throng along the way,
 And words of love, and tones of melody,
 With the aroma of embosomed flowers,
 Blend, in the quiet of its many bowers.
 Still, there's no beauty which e'er greets the eye,
 In all the thousand forms where beauties lie,
 No delicate tracery on leaf or shell,
 Or sculptured loveliness, which types so well
 Immortal beauty, as what seems to be
 Wrought in the spirit God has given to thee!

New-York, May, 1830.

G. T.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

BREAK, Phantasm, from thy cave of cloud,
 And wave thy purple wings,
 Now all thy figures are allowed,
 And various shapes of things.
 Create of airy forms a stream;
 It must have blood and nought of phlegm;
 And though it be a walking dream,
 Yet let it like an odor rise
 To all the senses here,
 And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
 Or music on their ear.

BEN JONSON.

'THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy,' and among these may be placed that marvel and mystery of the seas, the Island of St. Brandan. Every school-boy can enumerate and call by name the Canaries, the Fortunate Islands of the ancients; which, according to some ingenious and speculative minds, are mere wrecks and remnants of the vast island of Atalantis, mentioned by Plato, as having been swallowed up by the ocean. Whoever has read the history of those isles, will remember the wonders told of another island, still more beautiful, seen occasionally from their shores, stretching away in the clear bright west, with long shadowy promontories, and high, sun-gilt peaks. Numerous expeditions, both in ancient and modern days, have launched forth from the Canaries in quest of that island; but, on their approach, mountain and promontory have gradually faded away, until nothing has remained but the blue sky above, and the deep blue water below. Hence it was termed by the geographers of old, *Aprositus*, or the Inaccessible; while modern navigators have called its very existence in question, pronouncing it a mere optical illusion, like the *Fata Morgana* of the Straits of Messina; or classing it with those unsubstantial regions known to mariners as *Cape Flyaway*, and the *Coast of Cloud Land*.

Let not, however, the doubts of the worldly-wise sceptics of mo-

dern days rob us of all the glorious realms owned by happy credulity in days of yore. Be assured, O reader of easy faith! — thou for whom I delight to labor — be assured, that such an island does actually exist, and has, from time to time, been revealed to the gaze, and trodden by the feet, of favored mortals. Nay, though doubted by historians and philosophers, its existence is fully attested by the poets, who, being an inspired race, and gifted with a kind of second sight, can see into the mysteries of nature, hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals. To this gifted race it has ever been a region of fancy and romance, teeming with all kinds of wonders. Here once bloomed, and perhaps still blooms, the famous garden of the Hesperides, with its golden fruit. Here, too, was the enchanted garden of Armida, in which that sorceress held the christian paladin, Rinaldo, in delicious but inglorious thralldom; as is set forth in the immortal lay of Tasso. It was on this island, also, that Sycorax, the witch, held sway, when the good Prospero, and his infant daughter Miranda, were wafted to its shores. The isle was then

—— ‘full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.’

Who does not know the tale, as told in the magic page of Shakespeare?

In fact, the island appears to have been, at different times, under the sway of different powers, genii of earth, and air, and ocean; who made it their shadowy abode; or rather, it is the retiring place of old worn-out deities and dynasties, that once ruled the poetic world, but are now nearly shorn of all their attributes. Here Neptune and Amphithrite hold a diminished court, like sovereigns in exile. Their ocean-chariot lies bottom upward, in a cave of the island, almost a perfect wreck, while their pursy Tritons and haggard Nereids bask listlessly like seals, about the rocks. Sometimes they assume a shadow of their ancient pomp, and glide in state about the glassy sea; while the crew of some tall Indiaman, that lies becalmed with flapping sails, hear with astonishment the mellow note of the Triton's shell swelling upon the ear, as the invisible pageant sweeps by. Sometimes the quondam monarch of the ocean is permitted to make himself visible to mortal eyes, visiting the ships that cross the line, to exact a tribute from new-comers; the only remnant of his ancient rule, and that, alas! performed with tattered state, and tarnished splendor.

On the shores of this wondrous island, the mighty kraken heaves his bulk, and wallows many a rood; here, too, the sea-serpent lies coiled up, during the intervals of his much-contested revelations to the eyes of true believers; and here, it is said, even the Flying Dutchman finds a port, and casts his anchor, and furls his shadowy sail, and takes a short repose from his eternal wanderings.

Here all the treasures lost in the deep, are safely garnered. The caverns of the shores are piled with golden ingots, boxes of pearls, rich bales of oriental silks; and their deep recesses sparkle with diamonds, or flame with carbuncles. Here, in deep bays and harbors, lies many a spell-bound ship, long given up as lost by the ruined

merchant. Here, too, its crew, long bewailed as swallowed up in ocean, lie sleeping in mossy grottoes, from age to age, or wander about enchanted shores and groves, in pleasing oblivion of all things.

Such are some of the marvels related of this island, and which may serve to throw some light on the following legend, of unquestionable truth, which I recommend to the entire belief of the reader

THE ADALANTADO OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

A LEGEND OF ST. BRANDAN.

IN the early part of the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal, of worthy memory, was pushing the career of discovery along the western coast of Africa, and the world was resounding with reports of golden regions on the main land, and new-found islands in the ocean, there arrived at Lisbon an old bewildered pilot of the seas, who had been driven by tempests, he knew not whither, and who raved about an island far in the deep, on which he had landed, and which he had found peopled with Christians, and adorned with noble cities.

The inhabitants, he said, gathered round, and regarded him with surprise, having never before been visited by a ship. They told him they were descendants of a band of Christians, who fled from Spain when that country was conquered by the Moslems. They were curious about the state of their father land, and grieved to hear that the Moslems still held possession of the kingdom of Granada. They would have taken the old navigator to church, to convince him of their orthodoxy; but, either through lack of devotion, or lack of faith in their words, he declined their invitation, and preferred to return on board of his ship. He was properly punished. A furious storm arose, drove him from his anchorage, hurried him out to sea, and he saw no more of the unknown island.

This strange story caused great marvel in Lisbon and elsewhere. Those versed in history, remembered to have read, in an ancient chronicle, that, at the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, when the blessed cross was cast down, and the crescent erected in its place, and when Christian churches were turned into Moslem mosques, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of pious exiles, had fled from the peninsula, and embarked in quest of some ocean island, or distant land, where they might find seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested.

The fate of these pious saints errant had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had faded from memory; the report of the old tempest-tossed pilot, however, revived this long-forgotten theme; and it was determined by the pious and enthusiastic, that the island thus accidentally discovered, was the identical place of refuge, whither the wandering bishops had been guided by a protecting Providence, and where they had folded their flocks.

This most excitable of worlds has always some darling object of chimerical enterprise: the 'Island of the Seven Cities' now awakened as much interest and longing among zealous Christians, as has

the renowned city of Timbuctoo among adventurous travellers, or the North-east Passage among hardy navigators; and it was a frequent prayer of the devout, that these scattered and lost portions of the Christian family might be discovered, and reunited to the great body of christendom.

No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Ulmo, a young cavalier, of high standing in the Portuguese court, and of most sanguine and romantic temperament. He had recently come to his estate, and had run the round of all kinds of pleasures and excitements, when this new theme of popular talk and wonder presented itself. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night; it even rivalled his passion for a beautiful girl, one of the greatest belles of Lisbon, to whom he was betrothed. At length, his imagination became so inflamed on the subject, that he determined to fit out an expedition, at his own expense, and set sail in quest of this sainted island. It could not be a cruise of any great extent; for, according to the calculations of the tempest-tossed pilot, it must be somewhere in the latitude of the Canaries; which at that time, when the new world was as yet undiscovered, formed the frontier of ocean enterprise. Don Fernando applied to the crown for countenance and protection. As he was a favorite at court, the usual patronage was readily extended to him; that is to say, he received a commission from the king, Don Ioam II., constituting him Adalantado, or military governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso, that he should bear all the expenses of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the profits to the crown.

Don Fernando now set to work in the true spirit of a projector. He sold acre after acre of solid land, and invested the proceeds in ships, guns, ammunition, and sea-stores. Even his old family mansion, in Lisbon, was mortgaged without scruple, for he looked forward to a palace in one of the Seven Cities, of which he was to be Adalantado. This was the age of nautical romance, when the thoughts of all speculative dreamers were turned to the ocean. The scheme of Don Fernando, therefore, drew adventurers of every kind. The merchant promised himself new marts of opulent traffic; the soldier hoped to sack and plunder some one or other of those Seven Cities; even the fat monk shook off the sleep and sloth of the cloister, to join in a crusade which promised such increase to the possessions of the church.

One person alone regarded the whole project with sovereign contempt and growing hostility. This was Don Ramiro Alvarez, the father of the beautiful Serafina, to whom Don Fernando was betrothed. He was one of those perverse, matter-of-fact old men, who are prone to oppose every thing speculative and romantic. He had no faith in the Island of the Seven Cities; regarded the projected cruise as a crack-brained freak; looked with angry eye and internal heart-burning on the conduct of his intended son-in-law, chaffering away solid lands for lands in the moon, and scoffingly dubbed him Adalantado of Lubberland. In fact, he had never really relished the intended match, to which his consent had been slowly extorted, by the tears and entreaties of his daughter. It is true he could have no

reasonable objections to the youth, for Don Fernando was the very flower of Portuguese chivalry. No one could excel him at the tilting match, or the riding at the ring; none was more bold and dexterous in the bull fight; none composed more gallant madrigals in praise of his lady's charms, or sang them with sweeter tones to the accompaniment of her guitar; nor could any one handle the castanets and dance the bolero with more captivating grace. All these admirable qualities and endowments, however, though they had been sufficient to win the heart of Serafina, were nothing in the eyes of her unreasonable father. Oh Cupid, god of Love! why will fathers always be so unreasonable!

The engagement to Serafina had threatened at first to throw an obstacle in the way of the expedition of Don Fernando, and for a time perplexed him in the extreme. He was passionately attached to the young lady; but he was also passionately bent on this romantic enterprise. How should he reconcile the two passionate inclinations? A simple and obvious arrangement at length presented itself: marry Serafina, enjoy a portion of the honeymoon at once, and defer the rest until his return from the discovery of the Seven Cities!

He hastened to make known this most excellent arrangement to Don Ramiro, when the long-smothered wrath of the old cavalier burst forth in a storm about his ears. He reproached him with being the dupe of wandering vagabonds and wild schemers, and of squandering all his real possessions, in pursuit of empty bubbles. Don Fernando was too sanguine a projector, and too young a man, to listen tamely to such language. He acted with what is technically called 'becoming spirit.' A high quarrel ensued; Don Ramiro pronounced him a mad man, and forbade all farther intercourse with his daughter, until he should give proof of returning sanity, by abandoning this mad-cap enterprise; while Don Fernando flung out of the house, more bent than ever on the expedition, from the idea of triumphing over the incredulity of the gray-beard, when he should return successful.

Don Ramiro repaired to his daughter's chamber, the moment the youth had departed. He represented to her the sanguine, unsteady character of her lover, and the chimerical nature of his schemes; showed her the propriety of suspending all intercourse with him, until he should recover from his present hallucination; folded her to his bosom with parental fondness, kissed the tear that stole down her cheek, and, as he left the chamber, gently locked the door; for although he was a fond father, and had a high opinion of the submissive temper of his child, he had a still higher opinion of the conservative virtues of lock and key. Whether the damsel had been in any wise shaken in her faith, as to the schemes of her lover, and the existence of the Island of the Seven Cities, by the sage representations of her father, tradition does not say; but it is certain, that she became a firm believer, the moment she heard him turn the key in the lock.

Notwithstanding the interdict of Don Ramiro, therefore, and his shrewd precautions, the intercourse of the lovers continued, although clandestinely. Don Fernando toiled all day, hurrying forward his nautical enterprise, while at night he would repair, beneath the grated balcony of his mistress, to carry on, at equal pace, the no less

interesting enterprise of the heart. At length, the preparations for the expedition were completed. Two gallant caravels lay anchored in the Tagus, ready to sail with the morning dawn; while late at night, by the pale light of a waning moon, Don Fernando sought the stately mansion of Alvarez, to take a last farewell of Serafina. The customary signal, of a few low touches of a guitar, brought her to the balcony. She was sad at heart, and full of gloomy forebodings; but her lover strove to impart to her his own buoyant hope and youthful confidence. 'A few short months,' said he, 'and I shall return in triumph. Thy father will then blush at his incredulity, and will once more welcome me to his house, when I cross its threshold a wealthy suitor, and Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

The beautiful Serafina shook her head mournfully. It was not on those points that she felt doubt or dismay. She believed most implicitly in the Island of the Seven Cities, and trusted devoutly in the success of the enterprise; but she had heard of the inconstancy of the seas, and the inconstancy of those who roam them. Now, let the truth be spoken, Don Fernando, if he had any fault in the world, it was, that he was a little too inflammable; that is to say, a little too subject to take fire from the sparkle of every bright eye: he had been somewhat of a rover among the sex on shore, what might he not be on sea? Might he not meet with other loves in foreign ports? Might he not behold some peerless beauty in one or other of those seven cities, who might efface the image of Serafina from his thoughts?

At length, she ventured to hint her doubts; but Don Fernando spurned at the very idea. Never could his heart be false to Serafina! Never could another be captivating in his eyes! — never — never! Repeatedly did he bend his knee, and smite his breast, and call upon the silver moon to witness the sincerity of his vows. But might not Serafina, herself, be forgetful of her plighted faith? Might not some wealthier rival present, while he was tossing on the sea, and, backed by the authority of her father, win the treasure of her hand?

Alas, how little did he know Serafina's heart! The more her father should oppose, the more would she be fixed in her faith. Though years should pass before his return, he would find her true to her vows. Even should the salt seas swallow him up, (and her eyes streamed with salt tears at the very thought,) never would she be the wife of another — never — never! She raised her beautiful white arms between the iron bars of the balcony, and invoked the moon as a testimonial of her faith.

Thus, according to immemorial usage, the lovers parted, with many a vow of eternal constancy. But will they keep those vows? Perish the doubt! Have they not called the constant moon to witness?

With the morning dawn, the caravels dropped down the Tagus, and put to sea. They steered for the Canaries, in those days the regions of nautical romance. Scarcely had they reached those latitudes, when a violent tempest arose. Don Fernando soon lost sight of the accompanying caravel, and was driven out of all reckoning by the fury of the storm. For several weary days and nights he was tossed to and fro, at the mercy of the elements, expecting each moment to be swallowed up. At length, one day, toward evening, the storm subsided; the clouds cleared up, as though a veil had sud-

denly been withdrawn from the face of heaven, and the setting sun shone gloriously upon a fair and mountainous island, that seemed close at hand. The tempest-tossed mariners rubbed their eyes, and gazed almost incredulously upon this land, that had emerged so suddenly from the murky gloom; yet there it lay, spread out in lovely landscapes; enlivened by villages, and towers, and spires, while the late stormy sea rolled in peaceful billows to its shores. About a league from the sea, on the banks of a river, stood a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. Don Fernando anchored off the mouth of the river, which appeared to form a spacious harbor. In a little while, a barge was seen issuing from the river. It was evidently a barge of ceremony, for it was richly though quaintly carved and gilt, and decorated with a silken awning, and fluttering streamers, while a banner, bearing the sacred emblem of the cross, floated to the breeze. The barge advanced slowly, impelled by sixteen oars, painted of a bright crimson. The oarsmen were uncouth, or rather antique, in their garb, and kept stroke to the regular cadence of an old Spanish ditty. Beneath the awning sat a cavalier, in a rich though old-fashioned doublet, with an enormous sombrero and feather.

When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board. He was tall and gaunt, with a long, Spanish visage, and lack-lustre eyes, and an air of lofty and somewhat pompous gravity. His mustaches were curled up to his ears, his beard was forked and precise; he wore gauntlets that reached to his elbows, and a Toledo blade, that strutted out behind, while in front, its huge basket hilt might have served for a porringer.

Thrusting out a long spindle leg, and taking off his sombrero with a grave and stately sweep, he saluted Don Fernando by name, and welcomed him, in old Castilian language, and in the style of old Castilian courtesies.

Don Fernando was startled at hearing himself accosted by name, by an utter stranger, in a strange land. As soon as he could recover from his surprise, he inquired what land it was, at which he had arrived.

‘The Island of the Seven Cities!’

Could this be true? Had he indeed been thus tempest-driven upon the very land of which he was in quest? It was even so. The other caravel, from which he had been separated in the storm, had made a neighboring port of the island, and announced the tidings of this expedition, which came to restore the country to the great community of christendom. The whole island, he was told, was given up to rejoicings on the happy event; and they only awaited his arrival, to acknowledge allegiance to the crown of Portugal, and hail him as Adalantado of the Seven Cities. A grand fête was to be solemnized that very night, in the palace of the Alcayde, or governor of the city; who, on beholding the most opportune arrival of the caravel, had despatched his grand chamberlain, in his barge of state, to conduct the future Adalantado to the ceremony.

Don Fernando could scarcely believe but that this was all a dream. He fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon the grand chamberlain, who, having delivered his message, stood in buckram dignity, drawn up to his full

stature, curling his whiskers, stroking his beard, and looking down upon him with inexpressible loftiness, through his lack-lustre eyes. There was no doubting the word of so grave and ceremonious a hidalgo.

Don Fernando now arrayed himself in gala attire. He would have launched his boat, and gone on shore with his own men, but he was informed the barge of state was expressly provided for his accommodation, and, after the fête, would bring him back to his ship; in which, on the following day, he might enter the harbor in befitting style. He accordingly stepped into the barge, and took his seat beneath the awning. The grand chamberlain seated himself on the cushion opposite. The rowers bent to their oars, and renewed their mournful old ditty, and the gorgeous, but unwieldy barge moved slowly and solemnly through the water.

The night closed in, before they entered the river. They swept along, past rock and promontory, each guarded by its tower. The sentinels at every post challenged them as they passed by.

‘Who goes there?’

‘The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.’

‘He is welcome. Pass on.’

On entering the harbor, they rowed close along an armed galley, of the most ancient form. Soldiers with cross bows were stationed on the deck.

‘Who goes there?’ was again demanded.

‘The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.’

‘He is welcome. Pass on.’

They landed at a broad flight of stone steps, leading up, between two massive towers, to the water-gate of the city, at which they knocked for admission. A sentinel, in an ancient steel casque, looked over the wall. ‘Who is there?’

‘The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.’

The gate swung slowly open, grating upon its rusty hinges. They entered between two rows of iron-clad warriors, in battered armor, with cross bows, battle-axes, and ancient maces, and with faces as old-fashioned and rusty as their armor. They saluted Don Fernando in military style, but with perfect silence, as he passed between their ranks. The city was illuminated, but in such manner as to give a more shadowy and solemn effect to its old-time architecture. There were bonfires in the principal streets, with groups about them in such old-fashioned garbs, that they looked like the fantastic figures that roam the streets in carnival time. Even the stately dames who gazed from the balconies, which they had hung with antique tapestry, looked more like effigies dressed up for a quaint mummerly, than like ladies in their fashionable attire. Every thing, in short, bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back a few centuries. Nor was this to be wondered at. Had not the Island of the Seven Cities been for several hundred years cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and was it not natural that the inhabitants should retain many of the modes and customs, brought here by their ancestors?

One thing certainly they had conserved; the old-fashioned Spanish

gravity and stateliness. Though this was a time of public rejoicing, and though Don Fernando was the object of their gratulations, every thing was conducted with the most solemn ceremony, and wherever he appeared, instead of acclamations, he was received with profound silence, and the most formal reverences and swayings of their sombreros.

Arrived at the palace of the Alcayde, the usual ceremonial was repeated. The chamberlain knocked for admission.

‘Who is there?’ demanded the porter.

‘The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.’

‘He is welcome. Pass on.’

The grand portal was thrown open. The chamberlain led the way up a vast but heavily moulded marble stair-case, and so through one of those interminable suites of apartments, that are the pride of Spanish palaces. All were furnished in a style of obsolete magnificence. As they passed through the chambers, the title of Don Fernando was forwarded on by servants stationed at every door; and every where produced the most profound reverences and courtesies. At length they reached a magnificent saloon, blazing with tapers, in which the Alcayde, and the principal dignitaries of the city, were waiting to receive their illustrious guest. The grand chamberlain presented Don Fernando in due form, and falling back among the other officers of the household, stood as usual curling his whiskers, and stroking his forked beard.

Don Fernando was received by the Alcayde and the other dignitaries with the same stately and formal courtesy that he had every where remarked. In fact, there was so much form and ceremonial, that it seemed difficult to get at any thing social or substantial. Nothing but bows, and compliments, and old-fashioned courtesies. The Alcayde, and his courtiers resembled, in face and form, those quaint worthies to be seen in the pictures of old illuminated manuscripts; while the cavaliers and dames who thronged the saloon, might have been taken for the antique figures of gobelin tapestry suddenly vivified and put in motion.

The banquet, which had been kept back until the arrival of Don Fernando, was now announced; and such a feast! such unknown dishes and obsolete dainties; with the peacock, that bird of state and ceremony, served up in full plumage, in a golden dish, at the head of the table. And then, as Don Fernando cast his eyes over the glittering board, what a vista of odd heads and head-dresses, of formal bearded dignitaries, and stately dames, with castellated locks and towering plumes!

As fate would have it, on the other side of Don Fernando, was seated the daughter of the Alcayde. She was arrayed, it is true, in a dress that might have been worn before the flood; but then she had a melting black Andalusian eye, that was perfectly irresistible. Her voice, too, her manner, her movements, all smacked of Andalusia, and showed how female fascination may be transmitted from age to age, and clime to clime, without ever losing its power, or going out of fashion. Those who know the witchery of the sex, in that most amorous region of old Spain, may judge what must have been the fascination to which Don Fernando was exposed, when seated beside

one of the most captivating of its descendants. He was, as has already been hinted, of an inflammable temperament; with a heart ready to get in a light blaze at every instant. And then he had been so wearied by pompous, tedious old cavaliers, with their formal bows and speeches; is it to be wondered at that he turned with delight to the Alcayde's daughter, all smiles, and dimples, and melting looks and melting accents? Beside, for I wish to give him every excuse in my power, he was in a particularly excitable mood, from the novelty of the scene before him, and his head was almost turned with this sudden and complete realization of all his hopes and fancies: and then, in the flurry of the moment, he had taken frequent draughts at the wine cup, presented him at every instant by officious pages, and all the world knows the effect of such draughts in giving potency to female charms. In a word, there is no concealing the matter, the banquet was not half over, before Don Fernando was making love, outright, to the Alcayde's daughter. It was his old habitude, contracted long before his matrimonial engagement. The young lady hung her head coyly; her eye rested upon a ruby heart, sparkling in a ring on the hand of Don Fernando, a parting gage of love from Serafina. A blush crimsoned her very temples. She darted a glance of doubt at the ring, and then at Don Fernando. He read her doubt, and in the giddy intoxication of the moment, drew off the pledge of his affianced bride, and slipped it on the finger of the Alcayde's daughter.

At this moment the banquet broke up. The chamberlain with his lofty demeanor, and his lack-lustre eyes, stood before him, and announced that the barge was waiting to conduct him back to the caravel. Don Fernando took a formal leave of the Alcayde and his dignitaries, and a tender farewell of the Alcayde's daughter, with a promise to throw himself at her feet on the following day. He was rowed back to his vessel in the same slow and stately manner, to the cadence of the same mournful old ditty. He retired to his cabin, his brain whirling with all that he had seen, and his heart now and then giving him a twinge, as he recollected his temporary infidelity to the beautiful Serafina. He flung himself on his bed, and soon fell into a feverish sleep. His dreams were wild and incoherent. How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke he found himself, in a strange cabin, with persons around him of whom he had no knowledge. He rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether he were really awake. In reply to his inquiries, he was informed that he was on board of a Portuguese ship, bound to Lisbon; having been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean.

Don Fernando was confounded and perplexed. He retraced every thing distinctly that had happened to him in the Island of the Seven Cities, and until he had retired to rest on board of the caravel. Had his vessel been driven from her anchors, and wrecked during his sleep? The people about him could give him no information on the subject. He talked to them of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of all that had befallen him there. They regarded his words as the ravings of delirium, and in their honest solicitude, administered such rough remedies, that he was fain to drop the subject, and observe a cautious taciturnity.

At length they arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the

famous city of Lisbon. Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore, and hastened to his ancestral mansion. To his surprise, it was inhabited by strangers; and when he asked about his family, no one could give him any information concerning them.

He now sought the mansion of Don Ramiro, for the temporary flame kindled by the bright eyes of the Alcayde's daughter had long since burnt itself out, and his genuine passion for Serafina had revived with all its fervor. He approached the balcony, beneath which he had so often serenaded her. Did his eyes deceive him? No! There was Serafina herself at the balcony. An exclamation of rapture burst from him, as he raised his arms toward her. She cast upon him a look of indignation, and hastily retiring, closed the casement. Could she have heard of his flirtation with the Alcayde's daughter? He would soon dispel every doubt of his constancy. The door was open. He rushed up stairs, and entering the room, threw himself at her feet. She shrank back with affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

'What mean you, Sir,' cried the latter, 'by this intrusion?'

'What right have you,' replied Don Fernando, 'to ask the question?'

'The right of an affianced suitor!'

Don Fernando started, and turned pale. 'Oh Serafina! Serafina!' cried he, in a tone of agony, 'is this thy plighted constancy?'

'Serafina?—what mean you by Serafina? If it be this young lady you intend, her name is Maria.'

'Is not this Serafina Alvarez, and is not that her portrait?' cried Don Fernando, pointing to a picture of his mistress.

'Holy Virgin!' cried the young lady; 'he is talking of my great grandmother!'

An explanation ensued, if that could be called an explanation, which plunged the unfortunate Fernando into tenfold perplexity. If he might believe his eyes, he saw before him his beloved Serafina; if he might believe his ears, it was merely her hereditary form and features, perpetuated in the person of her great grand-daughter.

His brain began to spin. He sought the office of the Minister of Marine, and made a report of his expedition, and of the Island of the Seven Cities, which he had so fortunately discovered. No body knew any thing of such an expedition, or such an island. He declared that he had undertaken the enterprise under a formal contract with the crown, and had received a regular commission, constituting him Adalantado. This must be matter of record, and he insisted loudly, that the books of the department should be consulted. The wordy strife at length attracted the attention of an old gray-headed clerk, who sat perched on a high stool, at a high desk, with iron rimmed spectacles on the top of a thin, pinched nose, copying records into an enormous folio. He had wintered and summered in the department for a great part of a century, until he had almost grown to be a piece of the desk at which he sat; his memory was a mere index of official facts and documents, and his brain was little better than red tape and parchment. After peering down for a time from his lofty perch, and ascertaining the matter in controversy, he put his pen behind his ear, and descended. He remembered to have heard

something from his predecessor about an expedition of the kind in question, but then it had sailed during the reign of Dom Ioam II., and he had been dead at least a hundred years. To put the matter beyond dispute, however, the archives of the Torve do Tombo, that sepulchre of old Portuguese documents, were diligently searched, and a record was found of a contract between the crown and one Fernando de Ulmo, for the discovery of the Island of the Seven Cities, and of a commission secured to him as Adalantado of the country he might discover.

'There!' cried Don Fernando, triumphantly, 'there you have proof, before your own eyes, of what I have said. I am the Fernando de Ulmo specified in that record. I have discovered the Island of the Seven Cities, and am entitled to be Adalantado, according to contract.'

The story of Don Fernando had certainly, what is pronounced the best of historical foundation, documentary evidence; but when a man, in the bloom of youth, talked of events that had taken place above a century previously, as having happened to himself, it is no wonder that he was set down for a mad man.

The old clerk looked at him from above and below his spectacles, shrugged his shoulders, stroked his chin, reascended his lofty stool, took the pen from behind his ears, and resumed his daily and eternal task, copying records into the fiftieth volume of a series of gigantic folios. The other clerks winked at each other shrewdly, and dispersed to their several places, and poor Don Fernando, thus left to himself, flung out of the office, almost driven wild by these repeated perplexities.

In the confusion of his mind, he instinctively repaired to the mansion of Alvarez, but it was barred against him. To break the delusion under which the youth apparently labored, and to convince him that the Serafina about whom he raved was really dead, he was conducted to her tomb. There she lay, a stately matron, cut out in alabaster; and there lay her husband beside her; a portly cavalier, in armor; and there knelt, on each side, the effigies of a numerous progeny, proving that she had been a fruitful vine. Even the very monument gave proof of the lapse of time, for the hands of her husband, which were folded as if in prayer, had lost their fingers, and the face of the once lovely Serafina was noseless.

Don Fernando felt a transient glow of indignation at beholding this monumental proof of the inconstancy of his mistress; but who could expect a mistress to remain constant during a whole century of absence? And what right had he to rail about constancy, after what had passed between him and the Alcayde's daughter? The unfortunate cavalier performed one pious act of tender devotion; he had the alabaster nose of Serafina restored by a skilful statuary, and then tore himself from the tomb.

He could now no longer doubt the fact that, somehow or other, he had skipped over a whole century, during the night he had spent at the Island of the Seven Cities; and he was now as complete a stranger in his native city, as if he had never been there. A thousand times did he wish himself back to that wonderful island, with its antiquated banquet halls, where he had been so courteously received;

and now that the once young and beautiful Serafina was nothing but a great grandmother in marble, with generations of descendants, a thousand times would he recall the melting black eyes of the Alcayde's daughter, who doubtless, like himself, was still flourishing in fresh juvenility, and breathe a secret wish that he were seated by her side.

He would at once have set on foot another expedition, at his own expense, to cruise in search of the sainted island, but his means were exhausted. He endeavored to rouse others to the enterprise, setting forth the certainty of profitable results, of which his own experience furnished such unquestionable proof. Alas! no one would give faith to his tale; but looked upon it as the feverish dream of a shipwrecked man. He persisted in his efforts; holding forth in all places and all companies, until he became an object of jest and jeer to the light-minded, who mistook his earnest enthusiasm for a proof of insanity; and the very children in the streets bantered him with the title of 'The Adalantado of the Seven Cities.'

Finding all his efforts in vain, in his native city of Lisbon, he took shipping for the Canaries, as being nearer the latitude of his former cruise, and inhabited by people given to nautical adventure. Here he found ready listeners to his story; for the old pilots and mariners of those parts were notorious island-hunters and devout believers in all the wonders of the seas. Indeed, one and all treated his adventure as a common occurrence, and turning to each other, with a sagacious nod of the head, observed, 'He has been at the Island of St. Brandan.'

They then went on to inform him of that great marvel and enigma of the ocean; of its repeated appearance to the inhabitants of their islands; and of the many but ineffectual expeditions that had been made in search of it. They took him to a promontory of the island of Palma, from whence the shadowy St. Brandan had oftenest been descried, and they pointed out the very tract in the west where its mountains had been seen.

Don Fernando listened with rapt attention. He had no longer a doubt that this mysterious and fugacious island must be the same with that of the Seven Cities; and that there must be some supernatural influence connected with it, that had operated upon himself, and made the events of a night occupy the space of a century.

He endeavored, but in vain, to rouse the islanders to another attempt at discovery; they had given up the phantom island as indeed inaccessible. Fernando, however, was not to be discouraged. The idea wore itself deeper and deeper in his mind, until it became the engrossing subject of his thoughts and object of his being. Every morning he would repair to the promontory of Palma, and sit there throughout the live-long day, in hopes of seeing the fairy mountains of St. Brandan peering above the horizon; every evening he returned to his home, a disappointed man, but ready to resume his post on the following morning.

His assiduity was all in vain. He grew gray in his ineffectual attempt; and was at length found dead at his post. His grave is still shown in the island of Palma, and a cross is erected on the spot where he used to sit and look out upon the sea, in hopes of the reappearance of the enchanted island.

THE LAST GREAT WRECK.

THIS mighty globe, with all her flowing sails,
 And streamers set, is speeding, wildly fast,
 For that dim coast, where thunder-cloud and gales
 Will rend the shroud, lay low the lofty mast,
 And bear her down, 'mid night and howling wave,
 With wail and shriek, to her engulfing grave!

No pharos there will cast its cheering ray,
 To show the mariner a welcome shore,
 No friendly star come forth, as dying day
 Darkens above the ceaseless breakers' roar;
 No signal-guns at distant hearths impress
 The frenzied terrors of her last distress.

Monarchs will seize the helm to stay her roll,
 Tremble, and fall upon their knees in prayer;
 The learned search again the chart's wide scroll,
 But drop its idle drafts, in mute despair;
 While pallid myriads, on the plunging deck,
 Grapple with death, in this stupendous wreck!

Till down she sinks, amid the tide of time,
 And leaves no relic on the closing wave,
 Except the annals of her grief and crime:
 The pitying heaven shall weep above her grave,
 And universal nature softly rear
 A dewy urn to this departed sphere.

Philadelphia.

W. C.

THE FINE ARTS

IN THE UNITED STATES, WITH A SKETCH OF THEIR PRESENT AND PAST HISTORY IN EUROPE.

BY THOMAS E. HOFLAND.

THE gradual advancement which the United States have made in every department of the fine arts, must be a source of gratification to every lover of his country, who considers the important influences exercised, by their cultivation, upon society. We have established the falsity of the assertion of the London Quarterly, that 'a high genius for art is incompatible with a republican form of government.' This, with sundry other profound apothegms, was fulminated by a writer in the 'Review,' under the signature of 'Titian,' some years since. 'It would seem,' says he, 'that a high and refined genius for art is indigenous to monarchies; and under such a form of government alone, can it flourish, either vigorously or securely. The United States of North America can never expect to possess a fine school of art, so long as they retain their present system.' 'Titian,' however, does not attempt to support this declaration, by analogy, or indeed any other species of argument than his mere *ipse dixit*. It is a little singular, that not many years before this writer issued his decrees of outlawry in art against these States, BENJAMIN WEST, a native of the republic, occupied the presidential chair of the British Royal Academy, with distinguished honor, both to himself and the institution. 'Titian' evades this fact, in the remark, that though

'West, by birth, might have been an American, he was essentially an English painter;' an assumption very necessary to his theory of *indigenous* monarchical genius! But this in passing.

That the United States can yet claim equality with Europe, in the arts, as touching a general diffusion of taste and patronage, it would be ridiculous to assert. The strength and powers of infancy do not vie with the full vigor of manhood; but that the germs of these exist among us, promising as plenteous a harvest as any nation in modern Europe can boast, may fearlessly be maintained. France and Great Britain are indeed now the only nations that can claim fine schools of art. Italy, the idol of the painters' dreams, and poets inspirations, retains but a faint shadow of her pristine splendor. The modern Italian school, despite the advantages its professors enjoy, of immediate access to the immortal works of the old masters, is tame and affected. The works of the Roman artists, particularly, with one or two exceptions, are proverbially bad, all over Europe. Alas for the world's mistress! In arts and arms, she is alike degenerate. Her genius slumbers with her liberties; but it is not an eternal sleep. By the divine relics of her former glories, making her beautiful even in decay; by the undying inspirations that cling around the memories of her illustrious dead; by the holy spirit of grandeur and loveliness which resteth evermore upon her azure skies, her 'heaven-kissing hills,' and her flower-clad valleys; and above all, by the regenerating influences which, under Providence, are spreading over and illuminating the whole earth; it shall *not* be eternal! The hand of tyranny and oppression shall not always be upon that lovely land. The accumulating wrongs of many centuries are brooding over Europe, with mutterings of retribution. The storm, fearful but salutary, will one day burst; art will revive, and unborn generations shall marvel how so dark a spot as the history of the last few centuries, could ever have sullied its bright renown. But leaving prophecy, let us glance briefly at the past and present state of the arts in Europe.

France has probably, at the present moment, a finer school than she has enjoyed at any former period. In the departments of drawing and design, she has always occupied a prominent position; but the coloring of the French school, until within the last half century, was of a very ordinary character; and even now, is very inferior to the English schools, or even the American, imperfect though it be. Indeed, it is much to be doubted, when we consider the great advantages enjoyed by the French, in the noble specimens of the old masters, which adorn the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and other public edifices, whether it can be deemed to possess an extraordinary genius for art. After Poussin, Le Brun, Berthé, Vernet, and Lamartine, it would be difficult to mention any other names of remarkable excellence, whose works exhibit their undeniable sublimity of conception, and power of execution. France abounds with artists of respectable merit, with men who have taste and skill to avail themselves of the genius of the old masters; but for the mighty minds which conceive and originate styles and schools, we may, for the most part, look in vain. The works of Dubufe, several of which, within the last few years, have been exhibited in the principal cities of the United States, are good specimens

of the character of French art. Always respectable and interesting, admirably correct in their drawing, and in the established principles of composition, they are yet never essentially original or sublime. The celebrated picture of 'Adam and Eve,' for example, which has been so liberally praised, would scarcely seem to claim the high consideration which has been awarded to it. The merit of exceeding neatness and good drawing, with a tolerable style of coloring, must be conceded to them; but here ends their pretensions. The dignity of sentiment and poetry is wanting. We have, in Adam, a good-looking man, with orthodox whiskers, and Eve is merely a pretty woman. She has none of that ethereal and exquisite loveliness, with which the imagination of mankind has delighted to invest the mother of the human race, so gloriously described by Milton. Let any one, with common ideality, rise from a perusal of the glowing description in 'Paradise Lost,' and then seek for an embodiment of his own conceptions in this picture, and he will be sadly disappointed. It may be said, that painting cannot realize the mind's imaginings; but it is not so. Human mind, in its loftiest inspirations, never conceived any thing more spiritually sublime and beautiful, than is embodied in the Virgin of Correggio. It possesses that holy, chaste, and perfect loveliness, whose brightness reflects itself upon the soul, and not upon the sense.

Roscoe, in one of his beautiful criticisms on Italian art, relates an interesting anecdote concerning this picture. 'Sheridan,' he says, 'was walking with a friend through the gallery of the Vatican, and, as was his wont, his remarks on many of the pictures were characterized by a strain of indelicate levity; but when he came to this great work of Correggio, he stood gazing upon it for more than half an hour, in profound silence. His friend at length rallied him on his unwonted abstraction. 'Ah!' said Sheridan, turning away with a tear in his eye, 'I did not dare to open my lips, while contemplating *that* picture, lest the violated spirit of sublimity and beauty should strike me dumb!'

A worthy tribute to the power of art, from one whose imagination, gorgeous as it appeared in his oratory and works, was any thing but spiritual or refined, in the common intercourse of life.

The French school is of that middling respectable character, in which it is equally difficult to instance remarkable excellence, or flagrant defect. It is, however, steadily improving; and it has the advantage of the fostering care of a government indefatigable in its endeavors to promote and encourage taste, by the endowment of free schools of drawing and design, and above all, by throwing open freely to the people, the invaluable works composed of the more admirable productions of art, the remnants of those with which the conquests of Napoleon enriched the capital, formerly adorning the galleries of Rome, Florence, Turin, Naples, and the cities of the Austrian Netherlands. A great number, it is true, were restored after the fall of the emperor, but very many brilliant specimens yet remain.

There is also generally diffused a strong relish for art in France. The lower classes of Paris have their savants, and cognoscenti, who will talk to you learnedly and enthusiastically of the glories of the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and the Place Vendome. The public exhi-

bitions, on all festival occasions, are thronged with the same classes that, in England, are rioting in taverns, or at best are engaged in wrestling, cricketing, and other physical exercises. With all these favorable and propitious influences, it will be strange indeed if France does not one day assume a position in the fine arts far more eminent than she at present occupies; a position conforming to her greatness in arms, in science, and in letters.

The Germans, who are decidedly an imaginative and ingenious people, have scarcely at the present day a school of art, worthy of distinguished consideration. At the time when art, first emerging from its barbarous state, began to be cultivated in Europe, Germany had some artists of eminence; but being altogether unacquainted with the works of the old masters, and having limited access to those of their contemporaries in Italy, they contracted the stiff, unnatural style, which forms what is termed the 'Gothic manner.' Their immediate successors were educated partly in Italy, and partly in Flanders; but it was long before any perceptible advantages could be traced from their increased opportunities. Albert Durer was the first German painter, of decided excellence. He was a man of extraordinary genius, and was equally celebrated as a painter and engraver. His pictures are remarkable for variety of composition, and truth and brilliancy of coloring. John Holbein, nearly contemporary with Durer, was celebrated as a portrait painter, and also painted some good historical pictures; but these were the only high German artists, of distinguished merit, and their mantles seem to have fallen but clumsily on the present generation. The success of Germany in the fine arts is very partial; not to be compared with either its mechanical or literary genius.

The Dutch have a very decided school of their own, but it is of an inferior order; embracing none of the exalted attributes of art, with the exception of that of good coloring. Grandeur of conception, or poetic feeling, is rarely discernible in their works; but it must be acknowledged, that in what they aim at, a correct mechanical imitation of nature, they are eminently successful. In fruit, flowers, etc., the Dutch painters are unrivalled; and in landscape, considered as mere representations of actual scenery; but for the beautiful poetry, grace, and refinement, which we find in the works of Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, Poussin, and others, we look in vain. The Dutch paint nature, but it is nature in its lower and more degraded forms. What must we think of the taste that leads an artist to labor for a month in making a fac simile of a cabbage or a herring? — or which induces him to choose a set of boors, carousing in an inn, as a favorite subject of his pencil? And this is the character of Dutch art. These subjects are certainly executed with a truth and power perfectly marvellous; but this fact only leads us the more to regret the perversity of taste that can thus desecrate genius. Holland has not indeed been wholly destitute of artists of a higher order. We may instance Octavius Van Been, and Vanderhilst, the contemporary and rival of Van Dyke; but it is not in the works of these artists, that we must look for the character of the Dutch school.

The choice of low, grotesque figures was a prominent characteristic in the works of the celebrated Rembrandt Varyn. He spent

as much time in copying Dutch boors, and market women, as did the great masters of Italy in the study of the Apollo Belvidere, or Medician Venus. His pictures, although wonderful in their effects of light and shade, and *chiaro-scuro*, in color, and in delicacy of touch, can never be viewed with the same delight which is felt in contemplating the sublime conceptions of Raphael, Correggio, Guido, Domenichino, etc.; yet in the qualities we have just named, he fully equalled, if he did not surpass, the best of them. His subjects were generally chosen from the smith's shop, the tavern, or derived from the vulgar amusements of the lowest peasants. His expressions are wonderfully marked; but they are expressions that lead the mind rather to mourn over the debasement of human nature, than to delight in the nobility and grandeur with which it may be invested. Notwithstanding this low and grovelling taste, however, such was the consummate skill with which Rembrandt managed his effects, so beautiful was his coloring, and so profound his mastery of the mechanism of his art, that his works will never cease to be admired. Descamps, a French amateur painter, and a very accurate critic, assigns him a place among the greatest artists, despite his many faults. How much is it to be regretted, that he had not a refined taste, as well as a natural genius; the power of penetrating to the poetry, as well as the mechanism of nature! Without doubt, Rembrandt must be ranked at the head of the Dutch school. The works of Gerard Dow, Wouvermors, Berghem, and Van Huysen, are also highly prized. At the present day, Holland is making rather a retrograde than advancing movement in the arts. Merys and Dietrich have indeed rendered themselves famous; but these are the only names of great excellence, which she can at present boast; although there are a multitude of artists of respectable merit, in the inferior departments.

The Flemish school is of a very high order, and is famous from having been the first that introduced the practice of painting in oil, and also from its numbering among its professors the celebrated Peter Paul Reubens, perhaps the most extraordinary artist of modern times, if we consider the vast number of works he produced, and his variety of manner and invention. His principal characteristics are boldness and freedom of touch. There is a pomp and majesty about his expressions, almost superhuman; but they lack delicacy and grace. His effects are gorgeous and vivid, but rarely sweet or pleasant. Sir Joshua Reynolds, probably the best critic of the last century, estimates Reubens very highly, but comments much upon his incorrect drawing, and want of simplicity in composition. The Flemish school, at the head of which Reubens must undoubtedly be placed, is distinguished by extraordinary knowledge of the magic of *chiaro-scuro*, and by strong natural nobility and grandeur of expression; but it has not cultivated, to a great extent, beauty or elegance of form. It is essentially a natural school, formed neither upon the ancient models, nor the Roman or Lombard schools; but it is one of high merit, and is deservedly estimated. There are some very fine Flemish painters at the present day. Eubert Van Eyk, a portrait painter in Bruges, has produced some pictures worthy to be compared with those of Lawrence, in England, or Sully, in America. There are annually numerous exhibitions of paintings in various cities of Flanders, and of a high order of merit.

We have thus slightly sketched the past and present state of art in those parts of Europe which can lay claim to present schools, with the exception of that of England, into which we shall enter more fully hereafter.

We have not mentioned the Venetian, the Florentine, or the Lombard schools, because they no longer exist, and because our object has been to contrast the past and present condition of living schools. Another reason, too, for not dwelling on these schools, is, that the most interesting portions of the history of European art, from the thirteenth down to the middle of the seventeenth century, is so connected with them, that we should despair of doing them any thing like justice in a single article. The history of the Carracchi, Lewis, Augustine, and Annibal, who formed what is called the 'second Lombard school,' and sometimes 'the school of Bologna,' is a perfect romance in the variety and poetry of its incident, as is also that of Correggio, the pride and glory of the Lombard school. The Florentine school, honored and immortalized by Michael Angelo, 'the divine,' as Reynolds, in the enthusiasm of his admiration, terms him; Michael Angelo, the poet, painter, sculptor, architect; and by Leonardo da Vinci, the high priest of sensibility, the portrayer of all the gentle and sweet affections of the soul; the Venetian, distinguished by the magnificent genius of Tiziano Veccelli, commonly called Titian, Giorgione, Domenichino, Giachimo, Gentile, and Giovanni Bellini; each abounds with rich material for the historian.

It strikes us as somewhat singular, that our popular lecturers, so indefatigable in their researches after the history of poets and politicians, should never choose artists for their themes. We have discourses on Shakspeare, Milton, Goëthe, Schiller, Wolsey, Cromwell, *et hoc genus omne*, in abundance; but in the lives of the painters, they seem to find nothing worthy of note. Like the learned Smell-fungus, they may travel from Dan to Beersheba, but on this point, all is barren. And yet how rich an opportunity does it afford for the display of judgment, taste, and critical analysis, to say nothing of the sentiment and poetry of which it is capable! What a glorious subject would be the life and works of Michael Angelo, of the Carracchi, and many others in the hands of a genius! Subjects of this nature are favorite ones in France and Great Britain, and why should they not be in the United States, which may certainly compare with either of them, in natural perception of the beautiful and true, and in the gifts of eloquence and oratory?

In speaking of art in Europe, we made no allusion to Russia, because in that vast empire there has not yet been even an attempt made to form a native school. The court indeed affects to patronize art, but the artists of St. Petersburg are composed entirely of foreigners. We are not aware that Russia has produced a tolerable painter; nor is it to be expected she will do so, while her people remain ground down under the iron heel of oppression. The graces and refinements of life are frowned upon by despotism; they are crushed and confined in the strongest bonds that tyranny has ever invented, the bonds of ignorance. How is it possible that a people, feeling themselves to be a race of slaves, mere lumps of clay, or beasts of bur-

then, destined to 'groan and sweat under a weary life,' can produce poets or painters, or any thing requiring an animating soul?

The painter, as he looks upon nature, feels that he himself is a great and governing part of the magnificent creation he beholds. He looks upon the azure heavens, and the consciousness that the Being who reigns in glory there, hath gifted him with a spark of his own immortal spirit, and hath formed him in his own image, fills him with a high and holy, yet a humble pride. His spirit is imbued with images of grandeur, and loveliness, and sublimity; whether wandering in lovely valleys, he rests in pleasant contemplation over the consummate hues and tracery of a flower, or gazes upon the rushing cataract, dashing its wreathing foam upon the rocks below, which, Titan-like, have braved for centuries the fury of its wrath. Whether he rejoices in the pastoral loveliness of wood and stream, or in the epic grandeur of cloud-capped mountains and the roar of ocean, it matters not; to him all is glorious, for he feels that all was created for him and for his kind.

So looks not the unhappy serf upon creation. The beauty which speaks so thrillingly to the eye and heart of the freeman, is lost to him. His soul has nothing kindred with the free divinity of nature, and she spurns him from her bosom, that gracious bosom, which to her true children she unveils with the yearning tenderness of a mother. The being who has no innate sense of self-respect and dignity, can be but a drudge, a hewer of wood, and drawer of water; a thing to live, and die, and be forgotten, like the brute that perisheth. And this is but too true a picture of a majority of the Russian people; a vast, overwhelming, unwieldy mass of matter, clumsily kept together by physical force, instead of the nobler agents of mind and soul. Can art, or science, or literature, flourish in such a soul? Never!

But let us turn to a brighter and fairer prospect; the state of art in Great Britain. The English school is the youngest in Europe. It is connected with the Royal Academy of London, which was founded in the year 1776; but although no positive school existed anterior to that time, yet ever since the renovation of the arts in Europe, England has possessed artists of ability. They have been indeed chiefly portrait painters: it is only since the foundation of the Academy, that she has cultivated the nobler branches of historical and landscape painting. Hans Holbein, a German artist, executed some of his best works in England, under the patronage of Henry VIII., who, emulous of the fame his contemporaries, Francis I. and Charles V. had acquired as encouragers of the arts, became a connoisseur. He even invited Titian, then at the head of the flourishing Venetian school, to his court, making him magnificent offers; but the great master rejected the overture. Isaac and Peter Oliver, who flourished at the latter period of the reign of Elizabeth, were native artists of great merit. Cornelius Jansen, a Dutchman by birth, came to England from Amsterdam, in the reign of James I., but his merits being eclipsed by the splendid genius of Vandyke, and the civil wars breaking out, he fled the country. Vandyke painted his finest pictures in England, at the court of Charles I., who loaded him with favors, and conferred on him the honor of knighthood. He married one of the celebrated beauties of the court, the daughter of Lord Ruthven,

Earl of Gowry. Toward the latter part of his life, he went to France, in hope of being employed in the grand gallery of the Louvre; but not succeeding in his project, he returned to England, and proposed to Charles to paint cartoons for the banqueting house in Whitehall. He was, however, so unreasonable in his terms, that the king, though not very prone to economy, demurred; and while treating with him for a lower sum, the gout and other distempers put an end to his life. He demanded eighty thousand pounds sterling for his proposed work.

Contemporary with Vandyke, was Dobson, whom Charles honored with the title of the '*English Tintoret*.' He was the father of the English school of portrait painters, and executed some good historical works. His '*Recollection of St. John*,' at Wilton, and '*The Astronomer and his Family*,' at Blenheim, are much admired.

Lely commenced painting at the close of the reign of Charles I. During the protectorate of Cromwell, he fled to Italy, but on the restoration of Charles II., he returned to England, and was knighted by that monarch, who made him his principal painter. After the death of Charles, during the gloomy reign of the bigot James II., art made but little progress in England. Kneller, however, flourished at that period. He painted a vast number of portraits, among which it was his pride to number ten crowned heads. He was a man of genius, but his works are careless; which may be accounted for from the fact, that the desire of gain, rather than fame, animated his pencil. Thornhill, his son-in-law, Hogarth, deservedly celebrated for his humorous pictures and moral satires, Richardson and Hudson, all were artists of merit, who flourished before the formation of a decided school.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, who was born in the year 1723, must be acknowledged as the great founder of the English school, in the establishment of the '*Academy under Royal Patronage*,' in 1776. The pure precepts of art which he inculcated in his numerous lectures, adorned with all the charms of classical language, and refined oratory, produced the happiest effects, and a galaxy of genius sprang up under his influence, among which we may mention the names of Opie, Fuseli, Barry, the Smiths, of Chichester, Gainsborough, Wilson, Moreland, Northcote, etc.

BENJAMIN WEST, whose name should be cherished by every true American with a feeling of honorable pride, lent the aid of his dignified and consummate genius to the young school. It is the fashion, with some of the flippant critics of the present day, to depreciate the works of this great master; but they 'bite at a file.' His pictures of the Institution of the Order of the Garter, '*Christ Healing the Sick*,' '*The Death of the Stag*,' '*The Battles of La Hogue and the Boyne*,' '*The Death of General Wolfe*,' one of the most beautiful compositions the human mind ever conceived, these and many others, which in the multiplicity of his productions we cannot enumerate, will be estimated and admired, so long as a spark of just perception of the beautiful, the sublime, and the true, shall remain in the world. 'But oh,' say these critics, 'West wont do in this day; there's a sort of a — a kind of a — a something — a — in his works, that really is

not the thing !' Admirable delicacy of taste ! wonderful profundity of logic ! And yet this is the general character of the criticism of West's detractors. They find fault, and cannot tell us why. Verily this age is grievously pestered with quackery. We have quacks in literature, quacks in art, quacks in philosophy, quacks in physic, and, worst of all, quacks in criticism. These pests have settled like a vapor upon London ; they have enveloped in a thick cloud the classical precincts of Edinburgh ; have crossed the Atlantic, and, unpurified by the passage, are busily establishing themselves in the flourishing cities of the United States. Malediction on them ! If Dante had known them, he would have given critical humbugs a high place among the torments of his 'Inferno.'

At the present day, Great Britain abounds with artists of merit. Hanfield, Turner, Harding, Westall, Paris, Reinagle, Martin, whose gorgeous conceptions may vie with those of the first masters of the world, Linton, Shee, the president of the academy, and a host of others, are deservedly distinguished. We may mention Leslie, the American, whom all England delights in cherishing ; and whom a celebrated critic has pronounced to be the first living painter, in his line. The works of the late Stuart Newton, also an American, are esteemed by their possessors as 'bright particular stars,' even among the most brilliant gems of their galleries.

Unlike France, art has had to make its way in England, independent of government patronage. The royal patronage of the academy has been merely nominal. Very lately, indeed, we believe, the government has voted a sum of money for the erection of a new national gallery ; but after all, art in England must depend chiefly upon the strong natural genius of the people. And this will carry it triumphantly through. It is improving every year, and will continue to improve, with the diffusion of knowledge and intelligence.

We have dwelt at some length on the state of art in Europe, because, we believe it to be but little understood in this country. America is accustomed to look with a feeling of awe and reverence, and a shrinking sense of inferiority, toward the old world, upon this point of art. She forgets, that in most instances she is there contemplating the glories of the past, and not of the present. We have shown that France and Great Britain are the only nations in Europe which can lay claim to present schools, of any excellence. The rest live only in memory. But America, in the glow of her young enthusiasm, associates their past glories with vivid ideas of present greatness ; and the name of an eminent European artist excites in her a kind of instinctive veneration. Now in fact it would be a desecration of the American school, partially as it is formed, to compare it with any modern European one, with the exception of those of France and Great Britain ; and even with these, we think it need not fear a just and philosophical comparison.

The United States have been hitherto too much engaged in the cultivation of the *utile*, to have been able to reach an extraordinary eminence in the *dulce*. In the true spirit of wisdom, her first care has been to establish her political and social system, being content to prosecute the arts, and all the refining influences of society, in the leisure moments she has been able to spare from the construction of a

solid and substantial basis, on which they might eventually be founded, with no obstacles in the way of their onward course. Wonderful, indeed, is it, that she has accomplished so much; that in her very infancy, she has given to time-consecrated Europe names in art which will endure for ever upon its proud annals. We shall not stop to dwell upon the early history of the arts in the republic; upon the glories of Stuart, Trumbull, and the rest of that school; but shall pass to the consideration of what the republic *is* in the arts, and what she promises *to be*. Unlike the hoary nations of the old world, whose glories are of the past, this is emphatically the country of the present and the future. An American looks back, indeed, upon the short annals of his country, with pride and exultation; but it is with a different feeling from that which animates the Roman, as, wandering by the crumbling ruins of the capital, he ruminates upon the ancient greatness of *his* country; but mingling with his proud retrospections the melancholy consciousness, that if he think of the present, or the prospect of the future, the smile of triumph must change to the tear and blush of shame. Not so the American. He loves to muse upon the past, because he draws from it bright prophecies of future glories; and in nothing may he more reasonably indulge this feeling, than in the contemplation of the arts. 'If,' he may say, 'in its first dawnings, our young republic has achieved so much, what may not be anticipated of its meridian splendor?'

In discussing the question whether the United States possesses the true genius for art, we have no difficult task; for decisive evidence of the fact greets us on every side, not only in the flourishing cities of the land, but in the extreme west and south-west; in the very wilderness, it is triumphantly proved. We have seen works by young, uneducated western artists, which exhibit an originality and freshness of genius perfectly delightful. Knowing nothing of the technicalities and manners of schools, they derive their inspiration from the pure teachings of nature; an inspiration as true, as it is generous and unconfined. We would not, however, be understood to advocate the doctrine, that real greatness in art can be achieved without the aid of other study than that of nature. We have no such faith in the omnipotence of uncultured genius. Genius and Study must go hand in hand, to produce permanently great results; and it is to be lamented that they are so often apt to regard each other with feelings of dislike and distrust. Genius is wont to look with contempt upon the dry and tedious rules of study; and Study laughs disdainfully at the brilliant but too often meteor-like emanations of genius. One thing is certain; they are eminently necessary to each other; and it should be the ambition of every young artist to establish between them a mutual and affectionate regard.

It is a favorite theory with the European idolaters of the day, that the United States can never equal the nations of the old world in the arts, because there is a lack of the inspiration of poetical associations. It is difficult, perhaps presumptuous, to combat with the deeply-rooted prejudices which, in the minds of the many, have generated this idea; but it really does seem to us groundless and absurd. If we search in the spirit of truth, we shall find almost every corner of this vast and magnificent land teeming with poetry

and with romance; rich in the glorious associations which may inspire the painter's pencil, and the poet's pen. America is called the new world; sometimes, contemptuously, 'the country of to-day.' More honored be she, for the work of her 'day!' But are her spreading and magnificent forests new?—the things of to-day? Were the rushing waters of Niagara sent dashing over the massive and enduring rocks *to-day*? Did the glorious Hudson, the sweet and placid Connecticut, the beautiful Ohio, the sublime, ocean-like Mississippi, the mountain-fed Kennebec, begin to flow to-day?

But apart from the associations of natural grandeur, has not the new world been always animated by human feeling, mind, and soul? Has it not had its wars, and rumors of wars; its buildings up, its destroyings, its dynasties; its loves, hopes, fears, ambitions, perils? When Cæsar led his victorious legions to battle, perchance amid his native woods or mountains, some red chief marshalled his fearless warriors for an unchronicled Pharsalia; and though no Indian Zenophon or Thucydides has left us record of the fact, doubtless the western hills and forests have echoed to eloquence as sublime as that which Demosthenes poured forth from the gorgeous temples of immortal Athens. Even in the present fallen and degraded condition of the red man, enough of poetical and romantic incident may be found, to redeem the new world from the stigma of barrenness; and the fund of ancient Indian legend and tradition is inexhaustible. Again, what can be more replete with sublime and thrilling romantic incident, than the events of the revolution? If deeds of high heroic courage, of pure and lofty patriotism, are legitimate sources of inspiration, surely the American painter and poet have no need to remain idle. The life of WASHINGTON, alone, might furnish matter for a hundred epics. It is high time that the prevailing cant should be abandoned, that 'our scenery loses from want of association, and our writers' genius is damped, from lack of natural historical interest;' for which piece of fustian a Boston periodical, of some repute, stands accountable; as do many of its brethren, in various parts of the Union, for similar oracular croakings.

In considering the progress of art in the United States, we must remember that it has contended with, and still labors under, many disadvantages. The principal one consists in the lack of means of education, a deficiency which students have felt severely. Very few of our cities have any schools of drawing and design, approaching excellence; and the majority are entirely without them. The expenses consequent upon a visit to Europe, preclude the greater portion of students from such a tour, and thus much valuable time is too often expended in acquiring, by severe experimental labor, general principles, which good instruction could have imparted with ease and expedition. The disadvantages under which a self-teaching artist labors, are very severe, and doubtless have caused many to abandon a profession, which, under more favorable influences, they might have adorned. Another impediment in the way of American art, has been the want of encouragement. Sheer necessity has frequently driven artists of merit to seek that recompense for their labors abroad, which they could not hope for at home. Let us hope that the time is drawing near, when our men of wealth and influence will be willing

to spare some little time from the engrossing pursuits of business or politics, to foster and encourage talent, and unite in forming a national taste for art.

All these discouragements go to prove the possession of a strong natural genius in the people, inasmuch as the country has made a more than reputable progress, in despite of them. In one department of art, and an elevated one, that of landscape painting, we venture to predict, a few years will see the United States occupy a very distinguished rank. Indeed, at the present time, the works of Cole, Doughty, Fisher, etc., may vie with the most eminent of their European contemporaries. The American school of landscape is decidedly and peculiarly original; fresh, bold, brilliant, and grand. Without wishing to institute invidious comparisons, we may mention Doughty, of Boston, as eminently combining these qualities in his various works. He must undoubtedly be considered the master and founder of a new school — no small honor in this imitative age. We allude chiefly to his pictures of American autumnal scenery. They are conceived and executed in the spirit of free, untrammelled genius, deriving its inspiration from a gorgeous and unhackneyed species of scenery. We cannot think that any European artist could produce such pictures. He would not dare to lay aside, sufficiently, the orthodox principles of schools. He would shrink from the dazzling variety of color, even though he saw it *in* nature, as ‘unnatural,’ ‘unchaste,’ ‘unharmonious,’ and so forth. When Doughty exhibited in London, the cognoscenti first stared, then wondered, and finally admired. All agreed that the style of the American painter was unique, and all heartily concurred that it was ‘magnificent, though odd.’

For grand poetical conception, the works of Cole are deservedly distinguished. There is an epic sublimity and grace about his pictures, which, without imitation, reminds us of Claude Lorraine’s and Salvator Rosa’s best manners, united. Our limits will not allow us to speak of the many other, not merely good, but excellent, landscape painters in the United States.

In the department of historical painting, the American school, though not numbering a multitude of names, can boast of some of great excellence. Among the names of the living, that of WASHINGTON ALLSTON confessedly stands preëminent. This artist has produced works unexcelled by any of his contemporaries, in any part of the world, and equalled by but few. Allston, with Cole, Rembrandt Peale, and others of decided merit, whom we might name, entitle the young school to a respectable position, even in the high and difficult department of historical composition.

Of portrait painters, we have good ones, in abundance; perhaps, on the whole, too many. We are far from thinking lightly of this popular branch of art. We know that some of the finest talent in the land is employed in giving it lustre; but it must nevertheless be admitted, that in the scale of art, mere portrait painting can occupy but a secondary station. It is, however, the especial favorite of the many, and therefore the most profitable and the most practised. Sully, Harding, Alexander, Inman, Nagle, Otis, and a host of others, are deservedly distinguished in this branch; but those we have named need not rest their reputations upon their portraits alone; they have all produced compositions of merit.

In sculpture, the United States may well be proud of Greenough, Hughes, and Hiram Powers. The celebrity of the former, in particular, is widely extended in Europe, as well as in his own land, and the merits of the latter two are steadily becoming more and more appreciated. It is much to be regretted that this sublime branch of art should meet with so little encouragement; but that it is sadly neglected, is undeniable. In this we have unwisely departed from the example left us by the ancients, who held the art of sculpture in high veneration, cherishing it as one of their greatest glories; and hence the immortal models that have been transmitted from age to age, the wonder and admiration of successive generations.

But to return. We have established, we think satisfactorily, our position, that the United States possesses the true genius for art; let us now briefly consider the means best calculated to promote its advancement and prosperity. We have before stated, that the worst obstacle art has had to encounter in this country, has been the imperfect means of education. No one, in the slightest degree conversant with the subject, will dispute this point. It becomes, then, the duty of the friends of American art, and they should consider it their exalted privilege, to endeavor to remedy this evil. It would redound much to the honor and dignity of THE GOVERNMENT of this great and flourishing commonwealth, if it could be induced to lend the sanction of its influence toward the formation of *a national taste for Art*. In this it has a good example in the wholesome though tardy spirit of enlightened policy, which lately impelled the English government to vote a splendid appropriation for the erection of a grand National Gallery.

Now this is precisely what we need in the United States. A NATIONAL ACADEMY OF CONFEDERATED ARTISTS, from all parts of the Union, branches of which shall be established in all its principal cities; each having a good collection of casts from the antique, and the best approved modern works, a good library, and competent professors, elected periodically from among the members.

The advantages promised by such a plan would be inestimable; nor do we esteem it impracticable. True, it would take time to establish such a system as we have here slightly sketched, nor could it probably be accomplished without more extended means than the friends of art at present possess. But once set in motion, the system would speedily support itself; and it may reasonably be assumed, that, should it become generally known, it would find friends among the wealthy, public-spirited, and influential of our citizens, who would willingly assist in its foundation.

We cannot but think, also, that the government should do something in the matter; not that we would wish it to exercise any control over the institution, when in operation, but for the sake of its own honor and dignity, which in fact is the honor and dignity of the nation, we would have it lend its assistance in some way. There would be both sound and honorable policy in such a course; for it cannot be doubted that it is the legitimate and high province of popular governments to foster and encourage, by every means in their power, those refined and elevated tastes among the people, which operate

as more effectual securities against immorality and vice, than can all the terrors of the law.

Europe would congratulate us on such a plan, and England, particularly, we feel assured, would not only rejoice, but would lend us aid in the scheme. Thank heaven, the time has passed away, when America and England could look with feelings of jealousy upon each other's greatness and prosperity. The few lingering remnants of ancient prejudice and bitter feeling which exist, are confined, on both sides, to unworthy and uninfluential classes. The interchange of honorable and pleasant courtesy, is becoming more and more frequent. She, from her old and time-honored dominion, looks with an eye of mingled tenderness and pride upon the budding glories of this land; 'for,' she inwardly exclaims, 'we share the triumph, when, in future years, this fair promise shall have reached its full and perfect consummation.' The patriotic son of America, in his proudest contemplations of his country's greatness, will dwell with pride upon his British origin. 'She,' he will say, 'gave us language, manners, laws; and above all, from her we derived the true, warm blood, that has made us what we are. God bless her!' England, we repeat, will assist us in any scheme for the improvement of the arts, to the best of her ability. What American would not be proud to hear of 'The National Academy of the United States' vying with the Royal Academy of England?—not in the spirit of mean and envious rivalry, but in that of fair and honorable competition; such as may worthily exist between two noble nations, separate but still kindred, and each equally proud of the relationship?

We sincerely hope that some of our master minds may think this subject worthy their attention. For himself, the writer has felt his incompetency to do it justice. He desires these remarks to be considered but as a mere outline of it; yet if they should happily induce other and abler hands to undertake the task of giving it form and substance, then he will not have written in vain.

SONNET.

'I TURN to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills mine eye!'

FAIR one! half known in memory, half ideal,
That in my morning dream wast by my side,
Walking in sweet communion, like a bride
Leaning upon my arm! ah, why not real,
Beautiful vision, that white, dream-like form,
Those soft dark eyes, those clustering tresses, curling
So tendril-like, adown thy cheek? Lo! whirling
In my chaotic fancy, comes a storm,
Silent and shadowy; but enough to scare
The bright form from my side, while ran my joy
Fullest and deepest. What dost thou destroy,
Relentless Day! Waking, I murmur, 'Where,
Where is bright Ethelinde? Is it all o'er?
Then close my eyes, and strive to dream of thee once more.

C. F. C.

THOUGHTS IN THE WILDERNESS.

To dwell upon the lordly mountain's brow,
 To love the proud community of pines,
 And the society of water-falls;
 To gossip with the merry birds, that build
 Their airy citadels upon the tops
 Of the sky-piercing minarets of rock;
 Or, half-enraptured, watch the far-off storm,
 What time the crinkled lightning writes its creed
 Upon the sable canvass of 'old night,'
 And the terrific thunder's sounding bass
 Doth shake the great rotunda of the sky!
 To commune with the lordly forest-kings,
 That stand, a great and valiant brotherhood,
 Upon their rocky and cloud-girdled thrones,
 Scarred with the lightnings of a thousand storms,
 And bending 'neath their load of royalty;
 To mark the flight of the dark hurricanes,
 That meet upon the ever-sounding sea,
 To hold conspiracy with the fierce crew
 Of hungry breakers, and devouring waves,
 That drench the gasping mariners, who yell
 Upon the masts of princely argosies;
 This is the soul's most perfect happiness;
 For there is that within us which doth hold
 No fellowship with earthly vanity,
 But seeks a greater, grander element,
 Where it may taste that high sublimity,
 Which elevates, refines, and warms the heart,
 And fills its chambers with proud imagery,
 And excellence, and beauty, all divine!

FATHER! these are thy works! I see thee here,
 In the great wilderness, and I have marked
 Thy pathway on the cloud-compelling storm,
 And I have seen thy awful majesty
 In the tree-twisting whirlwind, and have heard
 Thy deep voice in the dying thunder's roar;
 And therefore, in this great and glorious fane,
 Father! I would for ever worship;
 Whether the soft wind's flute-like harmony
 Runs through the reeds at night-fall, and the stars
 Look down into the streams, and the great sea
 Offers to thee its hymn; or whether thou
 Dost bid the dreadful lightning wink in heaven,
 And call the trembling thunder from its couch,
 What time the mountains echo back the crash
 Of its vast palaces, and the high dome
 Of heaven reverberates the awful peal!

Oh! ever let me be a worshipper
 In temples so magnificent; for here
 Religion sits upon the eternal hills,
 And the imperial mountains, and doth make
 Her great divan amid the cloistered gloom
 Of ancient wood; or, pillowing her head
 Upon the bosom of the thunder-cloud,
 Investeth Night with great magnificence,
 And grander makes the long-contested wars
 Of the loud-roaring storms, that fright the stars,
 And vex with rage old Ocean's mighty soul;
 And she doth plant her foot upon his breast,
 When the hoarse-sounding hurricanes have woke
 The anger of the mighty monarch waves,
 And lifting up her queenly head in heaven,
 Doth smile to hear the solemn thunder roll
 Along the concave of heaven's echoing dome!

THE WATERLOO ALBUM.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

'And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!'

BYRON.

DID it ever happen to you, reader, in opening one of those books appertaining to most public establishments on the continent of Europe, known as 'salons de lecture,' and 'cabinets littéraires,' one of those *livres de louage*, which pass into every body's hands, and come under all eyes, to remark, beside the stains of tobacco, of coffee, of chocolate, and a variety of grease-spots, the notes, reflections, critiques, remarks, and observations, which also blot its margins, if the book contains any discussible idea, or any new proposition, which enlists the prejudices and excites the bile of the subscribers; divides them, sets them by the ears, for or against, as friends and enemies? Then commences the polemical, at the first page, to finish but at the last. The most buffoonish attacks, the queerest replies, questions, and answers; the most apposite, warm, and original; crossing and following each other, from the beginning to the end, in an inexhaustible vein, with a humor knowing no academical rules, and with a freedom always without fear, and with a taste which is never *sans reproche*. The entire book is thus peppered with commentaries, under which the subject is forgotten, like the body of a Turk, lost beneath the vestments with which he is overloaded.

Thus it was, that I forgot Waterloo, that immense text, that Homemical subject, that modern epic, before the notes, of all sorts and sizes, grave or light, gay or sad, sensible or stupid, which were written *à propos* of this grand event. It was thus that I forgot Napoleon, Wellington, Blucher, France, England, and Germany, all the Iliad of our day, before an ALBUM, that I met with, during a visit which I paid last summer to the field of Waterloo.

I had hardly arrived there, and put up at the famous 'Auberge de la Belle Alliance,' when the bar-maid handed me two volumes, which were endorsed with the pompous title of 'THE WATERLOO ALBUM.' 'Here,' said she, at the same time tendering a pen, 'write your name, and add, if you will, whatever idea may be created in your mind by the spot where you are; it will cost but ten sous.'

'That is nothing,' said I, impressed with the idea that I was about to give birth to one of those sentences *à grand effet*, which at once make and establish one's reputation, and I seized the pen.

Unfortunately, my head was too full; not a single idea could make its *sortie*; perhaps I should have returned the pen without farther troubling myself, if the idea had not suggested itself of scrutinizing the contents of the volume, with a view to inspiration. 'Capital idea!' said I; 'I shall certainly find something good; I cannot do a saner thing;' and thereupon I seized the Album, and opened it with the most profound respect.

The first line that struck my eye, was this:

'TALMA: M'LE MARS.'

Being desirous, and in search, of something less laconic, I passed on.
'Mr., Mrs., and Miss LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM visited the plain of Waterloo, the seventeenth of August, 1826.'

'D. Who the devil are these Ramsbottoms?'

'R. *Demandez-le à John Bull.*' 'Ask John Bull.'

This question and response, written under names so boldly cut, of the family of the Ramsbottoms, but more particularly the fear that a member of *le grand famille* of John Bull might reply to the *interpellation*, by some discourteous remarks, caused me to pass these lines as I had the first. I therefore turned the leaf, and my eyes fell upon the following :

'This plain, celebrated by the valor of the English, has been visited by three English travellers. They are three geese, you will say, to come so far to see the theatre where so many friends and enemies, mortally wounded, now lie confounded, and where poor Napoleon received a fatal blow. Our English hearts beat with pleasure; and this being the case, we hasten to bid you good night!'

A vexed commentator added the following note :

'*Que de stupidités, hélas ! Nous fournit ici la plume d'un sot Anglais !*' 'What stupidity, alas ! is here exhibited, from the pen of a silly Englishman !'

The annexed lines, written on the back of the cover to the first volume, breathe, without doubt, much liberalism :

'Avromfort, and his friend Gaslebois, have run through this book, and have shuddered to see its pages soiled with abuse. To a man *de cœur*, there is no nation.'

But the absurd paused not for this. *Voici*, what is to be found by the side of these lines :

'Mr. Burra, of London, writes upon this book, in the hope that his friends will remember his name. This is a very bad pen.'

Farther on :

'Tom Serle, an English actor, who played the principal parts at the Brussels theatre, has visited this place, with Bob Roberts ; both have been *assez bêtes*, to feel hot, and to be tired.'

The words *assez bêtes* were underlined, and a critic makes this remark :

'*Celle est la nature de Tom Serle et de Bob Roberts.*'

Farther on, are the following lines, applied to the same personages :

'*Vilains animaux*, if you should ever attempt to get up a subscription at Brussels, instead of giving any thing, I shall most certainly claim back the four francs which I was *assez bête* to pay to see you !'

* UNPARDONABLE ignorance ! Did not this distinguished traveller, grammarian, and linguist, describe at large, among the various sights which she beheld, while on her 'tour to explode the European continent,' her visit to Waterloo ? She tells us, if we remember rightly, that when she reached the ground, her 'feelings was so overcoming, that she thought she should have perspired.' An old gray-headed Frenchman, from 'Sancleu,' near Paris, who 'wore rusty tips on his lips, like a poodle,' pointed out to LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM the very spot where he himself, during the battle, 'saw a body of artillery officers a-firing away, with their bombs in mortars, like any thing.' Moreover, he showed her the 'tuch-whole of a gun that he took away clandestinely at the time, and that bu'sted in the hands of an Englishman, who was p'nting it directly at Napoleon's hat, when his head was in 't.' Not know Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM ! *Credat Judas !*

The following inscription, '*Montargé, Ali Ben 29me, année de l'Hégire 1169,*' gave rise to this annotation :

'This is a Turk, I suppose !'

Then came this *petit morceau* of prose, dictated by that military sentiment which the French call *chauvinisme*, and written by an old soldier :

'Here I am, returned to the spot which has been the witness of the high deeds of the heroes of the Iberical peninsula. The remembrance which they recall, is of a nature to rejoice the heart of an old soldier. The task was a hard one : we had a critical position on the eighteenth of June. Poor Buchanan ! But the fortune of war so willed it. A day will come, when I also must quit this world ; whatever may happen, I shall never be able to do so in a more honorable manner, than those brave fellows who fell on the field of battle. Oh ! if they had seen with what intrepidity the whole line charged the enemy in the evening ! Huzza !

UN OFFICIER QUI A VINGT ANS DE SERVICE.'

The corrective of these lines is close upon them :

'O age, reasoning and reasonable ! A hundred thousand Frenchmen came here for the purpose of destroying an equal number of their fellow-beings, and of sacrificing themselves, to defend the cause of a despot, whose iron hand would never have accorded to them the advantages of a representative government. O the wisdom of our generation !

B. STEELE.'

Lower down :

'Here was spilled the blood of the young and the brave ; here fell the hope of a father, the lover of the young maiden, and the husband of a young wife, *tendre et fidèle*. Here death was triumphant ! This earth was made drunk with human blood, and the scene of carnage of which this place was the theatre, was the work of the ambition of a single man, of *une pauvre creature humaine*, who received life and intelligence in the same way as did the most humble of the soldiers who perished for him. O men ! men !'

Others, instead of philosophizing, turn their sympathy for the dead into a matter of speculation, by giving birth to an announcement, a sign, or an advertisement, after this fashion :

'Fitz Patterley has come here to render homage to the manes of his father, who died upon the field of honor, and who was furnishing saddler to the first regiment of dragoons. Fitz Patterley has inherited the patriotism and the trade of his father ; and he continues in the practice of both, at London, Number 40, Leicester Square.'

Underneath is this remark of a Frenchman :

'This reminds me of the following epitaph, which I read one day upon a tomb *au Père la Chaise* :'

'*Ci-git N. N . . . , marchand mercier de la Rue St. Dennis, Nombre . . . ; la veuve, désoléé, continue le même commerce, et espere conserver la faveur public.*' 'Here lies N. N . . . , a haberdasher of Number . . . , Rue St. Denis. His afflicted widow continues to carry on the same business, and hopes for a continuance of public patronage !'

Farther on, we read :

'Irving Brook, of London, has visited, for the third time, the plain of Waterloo, this 26th of July, 1826. He thanks heaven that it has freed the world, by the bravery of his countrymen, of the cruellest tyrant that ever wielded a sceptre.'

This tirade is followed by these epithets :

'Chien d'Anglais ! Brute ! Bête.'

Lower down, are these Anglo-Français lines :

'Goddem, Goddem, pour moi bateau à vapeur, moi partir pour Londres, les Français ménager pas nous !'

BIFSTER ET ROSSIF.'

Near these lines, is this phrase :

'Benies soient les ames des braves, qui sont morts pour sauver leur pays !' 'Blessed be the souls of those brave men who died in the defence of their country !'

UN HABITANT DE LONDRES.'

Then this *vivat* *bachique* :

'Waterloo, Belle Alliance ! Imperishable name ! Huzza for old England, and the English army ! Let's drink ; here goes !'

George D. Clark, from London, who visited this place the fourteenth of September, 1838.'

M. Goubau, a lithographer from Brussels, expresses the sentiments which his journey to Waterloo inspired within him, thus :

'As putrefaction engenders life, and misfortune happiness, so the field of Waterloo, which saw the destruction of so many people, gave life to lithographs. I rejoice, then, at this common misfortune, or ill, as it has made my own particular happiness.'

GOUBAU.'

Mr. Goubau is thus anathematized :

'Brigand, dog, hog, and egotist, of the first order ! Without doubt a Flemish man.'

It is worthy of remark, that the softer sex has been the first to renounce this exclusive spirit of patriotism. *Les femmes* have first attempted that fusion and system of alliance, subsequently accomplished by M. de Talleyrand. Thus have they written :

'Je rougis de la haine et de l'orgueil des Anglais.'

'J'aime les Français, de tout mon cœur et j'espère toujours vivre parmi eux ; car les Anglais sont des préjugés et des bêtes.'

'Une Anglaise, nommé Georgiana, qui a un amant officier Français : twelfth September, 1826.'

'Et les Français sont des amours.'

'I blush at the hatred and pride of the English.'

'I love the French with all my heart, and I hope I shall always live among them, for the English are full of prejudices, and are brutes.'

'An English woman, named Georgiana, who has a lover, a French officer : twelfth September, 1826.'

'And the French are loves.'

'One Englishman can lick three Frenchmen at once !' exclaims, in burlesque French, writing *battir* for *battre*, some cockney, scandalized at this avowal. But this explosion in no way arrests the sensibility of our *belles* compatriots. In another passage, are these two inscriptions :

'My soul experiences here no sentiment of pleasure or of pain.
My lover, who is a Frenchman, is not with me.

MARIA TEMPLETON.'

Then follow these two lines :

'Je verse une larme de regret,
Sur le sort des braves Français.

'Emily Payne, an English woman, who loves the French with all
her heart. Twelfth October, 1826 : now staying at St. Omer.'

'May I lose the remembrance of this fatal battle !' writes Signor
Caravillo.

Next come some lines in Spanish, of which the following is the
sense :

'Napoleon received at this place the price of his perfidious invasion
of Spain. Thus perish all those who would wrong my country !'

Farther on, are these words, the imprint of a mind imbued with a
sense of justice and generosity :

'I have ran through this book, and I have found in it an *esprit de
parti*, and of partiality, which should never be allowed to exist in
well cultivated minds. '*Honneur au courage*,' is my device, whether
it be the courage of a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, or
of any other nation ; honour to all those who have said '*La garde
meurt, mais ne se rend part !*' They have as much right to celebrity
as those who, during one entire day, resisted a whole army. I speak
of the brave Forty-Second Highlanders.

GEO. CRAVEN DE Saxe.'

Here I paused, well satisfied with what I had read. I could not
say any thing more reasonable than this. I had no desire to register
my name, nor had I any will to the manufacturing of prose or poetry.
I gave the girl ten sous, the price exacted for the honor of scribbling
in the Album, and went on my way.

SONNET

BY A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING BOY.

O, I could gaze for ever on that brow,
Where innocence and peace in beauty rest !
Upon those curls, that seem a cherub's nest ;
That quiet smile, of sweet and heavenly glow,
And the dark silken lash, which gently now
Falls on that roseate cheek, so oft impressed
With love's warm kiss, when folded to this breast.
And will thy face in manhood's slumbers show
These tokens of a soul within serene ?
Or in their stead, by time, will marks of care,
And disappointment's traces, there be seen ?
No, if a widowed mother's fervent prayer
Prevail with Heaven, the ills which *here* have been,
Shall never blight *thee*, bud of promise fair !

B. C. S.

SACRED MELODY.

BY G. HILL, AUTHOR OF 'THE RUINS OF ATHENS,' 'TITANIA'S BANQUET,' ETC.

I.

WHEN from the flower of life has fled
 The sweetness of its early bloom,
 And o'er its fading tints are shed
 The dark, cold shadows of the tomb;
 O, then for hopes we cease to care,
 That light us not to worlds on high,
 But forms of seeming brightness wear,
 And, as we think to grasp them, fly!

II.

When, bright but fleet as morning dew,
 From Pleasure's cup the sparkle flies,
 And Love but feeds a flame, if true,
 That even as he lights it, dies;
 Friendless and lone, by sorrow tried,
 O, then we turn from earthly bliss,
 To worlds where purer spirits bide,
 Beyond the false, cold smiles of this!

FOURTH OF JULY THOUGHTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR OWN COUNTRY.'

BUT little more than a year ago, the guns of a steam-ship, at the earliest day-break of a misty morning, announced off the Battery the presence of a strange trans-atlantic visitor. The surprise of the population that hastened in battalions to see this new-comer, was not so intense as it would have been, but for the quiet attitude of the steam-ship, and her small size; for when the masses of the people first put their eyes upon her, she was at rest on the bosom of our beautiful harbor; and but few of us felt the magnificence of this great idea of a new steam-bridge thus *discovered* for the old world and the new. When, however, at high sun, the tell-tale telegraph on Staten Island reported in the distance another smoking monster, of leviathan size, and strange proportion, hurrying thus the stream of population to the Battery, all our citizens began to feel an inflation of the heart, as this idea burst in its full magnitude upon them; when that black-sided monster of the deep, the Great Western came, without wind or sail, thrashing with her wheels into the midst of our shipping, and discharging her cannon, in honor of the triumph of Vulcan over Neptune. They who had seen the progress of Fulton's vast idea upon these very waters, and had felt in every thing the revolutions of society it had wrought on this continent, expanded their conceptions to the limits of a world; for man by matter, now they saw, ruled the ocean and the wind; and he who was but matter, felt within his bosom the sparkling divinity that is part and parcel of God himself. Then it was, that the enthusiasm of the thousands on that Battery, of all occupations, and all the various

shades of education, burst forth in cheers of tremendous grandeur, swelling from voices feeble, even in their highest pitch, to utter the height and depth of the joy within. The European-born almost kissed the bridge that reached, as it were, to the hills and yales of his own dear home. The emigrant felt now he had not parted with every thing, for he had but to cross *the river*, and he was at his own hearth, with his own dear mother and his own dear sister at his side. The American, with the pride of a countryman of Fulton, rejoicing over another victory won for his immortality, felt that worlds had been taken up and moved, as it were, by some almighty arm; for America and Europe were now almost one; and he shadowed forth, in imagination of American brilliancy, the momentous consequences to society, to commerce, to agriculture, and to government, of the august revolution this sovereignty of steam was developing. The inhabitants of Palos were not more impressed with the mightiness of achievement, when Christopher Columbus returned from the discovery of America, than when this new Christopher Columbus of steam seized Neptune by the beard, and demolishing his trident, exalted Vulcan to his throne; and the natives of Hispaniola could not have been in much more amazement than we, when, in the short space of six hours, two steam-ships came into our port, in the teeth of all the cries of science, and in mockery of the three thousand miles of barrier. The hearty welcome of the people, the throngs of thousands that visited these ships, the public demonstrations of the authorities of the city, which called from the gallant sailor, now in command of 'the British Queen,' the hearty exclamation '*This is the proudest day of my life!*' we do not purpose to dwell upon, for we hasten to explain what we consider are to be the revolutions of this now ocean-extended sovereignty of steam.

This virgin world in which we dwell, demands of the old world but two influences — MEN and MONEY. Our wildernesses are rank for want of men, and on our own geography is written, in river, lake and hill, 'THE PROMISE TO PAY,' in abounding interest, all rational investments of money. The Swiss who is perched on a declivity of the Alps; the Irishman who earns but a miserable livelihood in rejected bogs; the Hollander, who can rescue no more of soil from the sea; the Sicilian, who has hardly enough of macaroni and wine for his being; the Swede, from his sands of pine; the Pole, hunted by the Russian cossack; the German, from the historic battlements of the Rhine, or the rich graperies of the plain, we invite; we welcome here, each and all; whether they come from the burning land of the Moor, or the frozen regions of Siberia; for this ever has been the asylum, the refuge, of every people of the old world, from the time the puritan Englishman landed on the rock of Plymouth, to the landing of the Swedes on the Delaware; the Dutch in our own New-York; the Germans in Pennsylvania; the Spaniards in Florida or Alabama; and the French in Louisiana. It is the glorious prerogative of a republic, to mould all nations into one; to change the subject to the citizen; to tame the monarchist to the republican; and to raise up the disorganizer and the agrarian to the dignity and grandeur of a sovereign himself. True, in this fusion of conflicting elements, there is often danger; but the experience, not of

the half a century alone of the constitution, but of the TWO HUNDRED YEARS of the prevalence of republicanism in America, proves it can all be done.

The introduction of emigrant population, which ocean steam navigation is to effect, has scarcely attracted public attention as yet. This navigation is so much in its infancy, that we have not thought of its ultimate influence upon the tide of population that has for two hundred years been running to America, with a swell and force increasing every additional day. Nor is it probable that this influence will be immediately felt, on account of the high price of the passage money, and the greater pay the steam-ships can have for passengers on business or pleasure; but it is as sure to be felt anon, as was the like influence in settling the great west of this country, the states of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas, which, without steam navigation, could have been hardly settled even to this day. The frequent and rapid communication by the steam ships, through letters as well as by passengers, is constantly leading to an interchange, and a similarity of thought, that break up the foundations of society in the old world. The amount of foreign letters that have gone through the New-York post-office is prodigious; amazing, indeed, to those who mark its yearly increase. London now is as near to us as New-Orleans, and Liverpool is better known than St. Louis. Paris exerts over us a local influence, as if it were but just over the Hudson. The milliners of the Boulevards are omnipotent in Broadway. An American lady is awed and abashed, if she disobeys the fiat of a Parisian *femme des modes*. German musicians are dictating law in the language of the soul. German soldiers, the guardians of our republic, parade our streets in uniform. Rossini is as well known here as on the Rue de Rivoli. We almost fancy we can at times hear the prolonged notes of the Grisi. Europe reigns in our saloons. Even the kitchen has yielded at last, and Paris is now complete master of that important cabinet. Thus the European that comes here, finds here a home. He has journals of his own tongue to read, and a society of his own to live in. Thirty or forty thousand Germans are among us in our city. They have two newspapers, in their own language, of opposite politics. Twenty-five thousand Frenchmen are here. They have two journals of their own. The Spaniards and the English have their journals, also, and we are flooded with English literature. Indeed, one of the penny papers, the Dispatch, republished a whole number of Nicholas Nickleby, within three weeks after its publication in London, and in less than a week after its arrival here, which it sold for only three cents!

‘Colum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt, was the remark of a Roman. Such a remark is emphatically true of many parts of New-York city. COLOGNE is not more German than parts of the eleventh ward of this city. CORK abounds in many of its streets and lanes. The English Chartists are here a powerful body of men. Even the Welch have a church, and a periodical. The French amalgamate more with us than any of our foreign population. But the language of each prevails in its own circle, to its full extent. It is well known, that on a Sunday, the people of the continent of Europe resort

to the suburbs of their cities for exercise and air; and now let those who wish to see how even this European habit prevails in New-York, visit Hoboken on a Sunday afternoon; a place which then appears to us more like the suburbs of Antwerp, or some other European city, than American ground.

We have thus dwelt upon the European associations of New-York, in order to show how little sacrifice of habit a European makes, in leaving his own land to come to this. This sacrifice having been made less and less every day by the packet-ships, is now made less than ever by the steam-ships; and thus stronger temptations are held out for the emigrant to come. A German who embarks from Rotterdam, is not much farther from home, than he is there from the Upper Rhine. Hamburg is about as near to us as Vienna is to Hamburg. Rome is farther from Havre than Havre is from New-York. The Tyrolese, the Alsatian, the Bernese, who leave their mountains as mercenaries, to go and fight Neapolitan or Austrian battles, would be, practically, but little farther from home, if they were upon the Alleghanies, or even in Wisconsin, or Iowa. Ocean steam navigation, monthly and semi-monthly developing these facts, will break up the thickly-settled societies of Europe in the end. Steam-ships will anon take over emigrants cheaper, and of course quicker, than the packet-ships or transient ships now can. The freight of human beings, we foresee, will be a great trade of the world. Steam-ships are the bridges, on which the Pole, the Austrian, the Prussian, the Hungarian, the Norwegian, the Swede, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, perhaps the Turk, and Circassian, and Georgian, anon, will pass over to us, as the Goths and Vandals passed to their land of promise.

Well, let them come! We feel no great alarm, in this embryo Rome, for the august destinies the Father of men is forming for his children. As we receive them in our imperial city, we can pass them on to the untrodden vales of Iowa, or to the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains, or beyond, upon the shores of that Pacific Ocean, where the Anglo-American is one day to dictate trade to China. All these people come, even if they come wild among us, not only to till our virgin land, but to be moulded and re-formed for republican citizens. If we can make nothing of them, we can make much of their children. If the emigrant son of Erin will not 'change his own mind,' his children make the best of Americans. If the German or the Arcadian will not become one of us, we will become one among them. Before the invincible spirit of Anglo-American chivalry, we see every thing fall, and thus we have but little to fear. Again, what importation is there so rich as that of human beings? Our English ancestors perilled their lives on the coast of Africa, and violated every rule of right, to take human beings to make slaves of in America; but here, beings of our own color, with whom we can amalgamate, and whom we can exalt; full grown men, paying their own freight, and of their own free will, are hurrying to our shores, and why have a doubt in welcoming them to our interior? Europe has trained them for us, at great expense. Their purses are at times full, to be expended upon us. But even if they come without a purse, they come with brawny arms and strong limbs; with bodies and souls, which

are always *capital* in America. We thus keep Europe nursing men for us. Europe becomes the cradle of America. We take from the mother's arms the full grown boy, upon whose rearing she has spent one fourth of a life. Ay, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, all Germany, are but a nursery for our country. They *make* men ; we *take* them, and work them. What Great Britain went to war with us about, she has yielded in peace — the right of a *subject* any where to become a *citizen*. The power of impressment is not confined, with us, to what England has claimed over her sailors ; for we exercise a moral impressment over all mankind. We make it the interest of a world to become AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Ocean steam navigation, thus building a floating bridge between the old world and the new, is about to give us THE MEN we want, and with the men, comes THE MONEY.

I was standing one day in the cathedral at Westminster, with a highly educated Englishman, proud of his own country, and with the houses of our common glorious ancestors around us, both inspired with the teeming associations of that august pile of British glory, when he exclaimed, in a kind of sorrowful enthusiasm, as we passed by the tombs of the slaughtered sailors and soldiers who had fallen in America, 'What a misfortune for us all, was that horrible revolution ! We have lost you, but you have lost all !' I did not agree in opinion with him, and we fell there, amid the tombs of Norman kings, and grave old poets, and statesmen, and soldiers, into a generous discussion, which gave an impulse to thought that exalted, even in my own visionary eyes, the glory of what I believe to be inseparable from my country. 'What can you do,' he continued, 'in the disunited energies of a democracy ? What great work ? What immortal achievement ? What old Westminster, about which, if possible, you are more frantic than I ? You must always be poor. You can have no entailed estates. You have no aristocracy. You can effect nothing, for you can never work long together ; and you have no select body of men, who have time to be educated *above* the public ; and then money enough to spend in bringing *up* the public to them.'

While I was ready to admit that the tendency of a Republican Democracy was to keep down the few, I was, also arguing that it exalted the many ; but I soon saw that he had fallen into the common error of all Europeans, of all shades of opinion ; that a republican democracy could have no aggregated energies ; that men could not do together, what they could do apart ; that an association of republicans could not bring to pass what was admitted to *one titled man*.

Republicans, whose government is founded on *faith in man* ; whose CONSTITUTION is but the pledge of man to man ; where the governors have a trust from the governed, credited but for a limited time, upon an express promise to return it when that time expires, have necessarily discovered a new power of human action. The Declaration of Independence, as John Quincy Adams justly observes, in his late oration upon the Jubilee of the Constitution, was the first promulgation of this power among men. The constitution of the United States was but the embodiment in government of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, without which the Declaration was but mere words. This newly-discovered power of the

Adamses, the Franklins, the Washingtons, and the Jeffersons, that links together a people in one government, governing themselves without any intervention of hereditary machinery, is the faith of man in man; the confidence one man trusts to his fellow man; a species of partnership alliance, in which a government is the great factor. This new power of human wisdom, developed in the Declaration of Independence, which immediately exalted man, from the condition of a subject to that of a sovereign, and which justifies American citizens in the exclamation, 'We are all princes of the blood-royal, of the common sovereignty of the people,' operates, however, upon all society; upon the physical as well as upon the political condition of man; upon the earth and ocean, too, as well as upon the character and mind of man.

Every observing man, who notes and contrasts what he sees in the old world and in the new, is struck by the amazing activity of the *republican* man, in contrast with the *monarchical* man. The life of the Austrian, the Russian, the Italian, uninigorated by the inspiring influences of republican liberty, differs as much from the progress of the American, as the motion of the snail from the lightning velocity of the locomotive. Even so, in proportion, do the activity, the enterprise, the multiplied powers of man here, differ from the man of France, or the man of England; not so much, we grant, as in the cases cited, for liberty is an inspiration in France and England, as well as in America. This striking contrast written upon our soil, has been observed by Mrs. Jameson and Lord Durham, between the subject of the Canadas, and the citizen of the United States, engraved upon the borders of Vermont and New-York, of Ohio and Michigan, in letters so visible that the world marks the contrast of the old institutions and the new, when acting side by side in the virgin world. If we had room to dwell upon this subject, we could evolve and explain the reasons; but as the fact is one demonstrated on our own geography, uttered in our brief but miraculous history, vindicated also by our commerce and manufactures, and our railroads and canals, it is hardly worth the while to dwell upon what every body admits. Such an amazing power have these, our new institutions, upon even the monarchical man, that the moment he feels the inspiring influence of republican associations, new faculties are developed within him. Thus the poor emigrant of Erin, who comes houseless and breechless to our shores, is often, very often, metamorphosed into the man of property; his children make the very best citizens we have; and many of such men's children now hold the high places of our republic.

The faith of man in man, which is the defence of a republican constitution, dispenses with the necessity of a military defence for domestic subordination, and thus leaves to society the full development of all its physical capacities for the culture of the earth, the navigation of the seas, and the progress of science. Where this faith exists, no standing armies are necessary, in which thousands and thousands of men are consumers and not producers. They who in older countries hold the sword and bear the musket, in ours take the pick-axe and the plough, the wheel-barrow and the shovel. Thus a republican man is often double the monarchical man.

The Constitution of the United States, the invisible electricity of which is faith of man in man, thus pervades every valley, and ravine, and hill-top, of the immense confederacy that acknowledges its 'stars and stripes.' This constitution, written in parchment, and preserved in the archives at Washington, has not a single bayonet to defend it; and yet so far, its authority has been more omnipotent than any power that ever directed human affairs, unless it be the power of Almighty God. It is but a charter; it is but a corporation; it is but a contract; not even created by this our generation, but entailed upon us by our fathers; and yet it is as holy as any covenant the Father of the Universe ever left for man.

We come now to trace out the effects of the charter of our forefathers, of which the Federal Government is the corporation, upon this our common country; and we proceed also to see what can yet be accomplished by this new American *lever* of human action; we mean the system of credit, of trust, or of faith of man in man, which we consider the electric power of a republican form of government. When George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Robert Morris, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, and others, first struck out the truths of the Declaration of Independence, they also conceived the idea of levying upon monarchs and monarchies a tribute, or tax, for the defence of the very anti-monarchical truths of that declaration; and for this purpose, they despatched commissioners to raise loans in Holland, France, and Spain, to overthrow the very principles that kept the monarchs of those countries upon their thrones. Success attended them. They knocked the heads of monarchies together, and in the collision, our own country was struck out. Their lever of action was the lever of credit. They borrowed money, and the monarchies had faith that they would return it, with interest. Since peace was declared, particularly since the last war, during which time the country has made its greatest progress, the children of the republic, upon whom has fallen the mantle of their fathers' principles, have adopted corresponding principles of action. European money is now fortunately not wanted for war, but it is daily wanted, nevertheless, for the arts of peace. We want to use Europe now, to develop our strength, just as our fathers used it, in the revolution, for their arms. We want money now, not to fight battles, but to make rail-roads and canals; to build up towns, and villages, and manufactories, and to clear off the wilderness, which is in our way. Fortunately, this American lever of a credit system enables us again to lay all Europe under tribute for our own aggrandizement. We thus take the dollars of European capitalists, and with them we go through our mountains in tunnels, pass over rivers on exalted bridges, and moving thus by the power of steam, on the wings of the wind, as it were, our Union, which was in danger of tumbling to pieces from its over-growth, is now more consolidated than when we first started with the old thirteen states. New-Orleans is nearer New-York now, than Charlottesville, (Virginia,) was, in 1776.

Let us delay, for a moment, to examine the power of this American lever of credit upon the old world and the new. Individual credit is capital. The bones and muscles of the poor, endorsed by industry and character, are thus equivalent to the money-bags of the rich. Thus,

what in other nations is but a *minimum* in society, becomes a *maximum* here. He who has nothing, upon the pledge of his faith, thus becomes something at once. The 'promise to pay' is thus converted into the power to *have*; and the question of the loaner of money is not, 'Is he rich?' but 'Is he prompt? is he capable? is he honest?' which are pledges of faith of more importance than actual wealth. Credit thus becomes a republican agent, and levels society *upward* at once. But aggregated credit, association, is an agent far more plenipotent for republican action. It solves at once the mysterious destiny of a republican democracy.

As my English friend was revelling in the intoxicating associations of his glorious Westminster, I pushed upon him this train of thought. True, we have no Gothic piles of antique grandeur, for we bide our time; but we hesitate not to undertake tasks that old England herself would stagger under now, with centuries of age upon her head, and the wide Asiatic world at her feet. We have no aristocracy, and never can have one, till a revolution changes our laws, and re-models our society; but we can have all the blessings attendant upon their concerted action, without any danger at all. The castles, the cathedrals, the towering fortifications, they create, we do not want; for our concerted energies are needed and used, in clearing the wilderness, in threading its rivers with the steam-boat, or else in linking the river and the lake, or the sea, or the canal, or in saving time that is precious, by a locomotive upon a rail-road. Union, with us, effects all of good an hereditary aristocracy can effect over sea. A democracy, by such an union, turns its vast energies into a monarchical agency at once, but without hereditary power; a responsible agency, to be yielded whence it came, the moment its task is wrought. So, when the people of New-York *willed* the Erie canal, that corporation of the people called the State, fulfilled that will, and the work was done. Thus this unity of republican action is not only capable of great undertakings at home, but it uses the American lever of credit to bring the money of foreigners to do our work. The fact is now as clear as day, of almost all our public works, that foreign money not only builds them, but they are actually built by foreign hands. The Irishman does the work, and the Londoner finds the plenipotent dollar. American mind forms the conception, and directs the labor. It is very true, that at present, utility is the main-spring of American action; but ornament, beauty, and the arts, follow in its train; and the agency that thus suddenly metamorphoses the wilderness of America into a cultivated country, if not a garden, can create a gallery of arts, or the most gorgeous structure of the architect. It would be easier to build a Westminster, than to create a state. The work of the Pyramids was nought, compared with the work of our fathers, who subdued the howling wilderness, alive with savages, to their own will.

The extraordinary spectacle our republic now presents, as it brings to bear the American lever of human action upon mankind, is as novel as it is amazing, to the other nations of the world. The Roman republic, whose sovereignty was on the Capitulum, brought the Thracian, the Gaul, the Briton, and the African, to Rome, and its campaign, to build its temples, its aqueducts, its Pantheons, and its

mausoleums; but it dragged them there as slaves, and poverty was in their train; and what they did, shortened in nothing the distances magnificent of her encumbered empire, or yielded any return. The world rushes, of its own free will, to this our Rome of the West, not to be subject to bondage, but to the enlivening influence of emancipation from what bondage it has. The faith of man in man, which is the elementary principle of all our governments, federal, state, and municipal, has developed in business a system of associated credit, that enables us to command European capital, and to hurry on the natural progress of our new world. We thus exhibit to mankind the amazing spectacle of a people but just settled in a wilderness, taxing the men and money of all Europe, for the execution of its public works; while resting upon the exercise of the higher faculties of man, his contriving, thinking, and directing powers, Americans, as masters, in fact, make Europeans willingly do their work. Thus the world labors for us; and this is, in part, the solution of the mystery of our wonderful progress. Never before did a nation, without arms, thus exercise the power of intellect over the human race! The reaction of this mind upon Europe, strengthened by ocean steam navigation, through letters, visits, and example, we have not time to dwell upon here; but we solemnly believe it must end in an assimilation of the governments of the earth, and in an equality of interests among mankind.

What of change the American lever of faith in man, of credit of man to man, has wrought upon the geography and society of our new republic, every body sees, who has attended to our history. It borrowed money of Europe, in the revolution, to beat back the myrmidons of Europe. The genius of this system of credit was personified in that wonderful man, Robert Morris, who, by it alone, fed and clothed the whole American army. It purchased for us the great valley of the Mississippi. It first sent the American flag to China and the Mediterranean. Without it, commerce flags in an hour. The spindle and the trip-hammer move upon it. The trowel and the hod are lifeless without its agency. The Erie canal was built by it, and every public work is upon the same foundation. The first locomotive was started by its impulse. In short, the moment it is destroyed, the republic has upon it the paralysis of despotism; for credit is the electric power of republicans, and the great agrarian of the age, who, as it builds up fortunes, demolishes them also, and thus keeps society nearly upon that level, without which a republic cannot long exist.

We have not thus dashed off a hasty eulogium upon a well organized system of credit, for the purpose of eulogy alone, but to add to it some brief remarks upon the temperament, the character, the impulses, of our novel society, thus created. We are not English, though we speak English; for the stately grandeur of English society, its timidity and cautious formality, are hardly known here; but we are more French, with much of the excitability, the sprightliness, and the power of adaptation to all circumstances *that* people have. The rush of the whole intellect of the country to politics, that unfortunate mental diversion of its high power, is — but for a moment; for we are now in the crisis — making us a nation of political hypocrites, without the manliness to express and defend a principle, when it is unpopular; but the intellect which is now abandoning politics, and

devoting itself to the elegant pursuits of agriculture and literature' adorned by the illustrious examples of an Irving and a Channing, will soon put the nation on the right road of moral independence; for fame, it will be seen, is more easily obtained by the pen, the pencil, or the chisel, or even by the plough, than in the now overwhelmed paths of the politician. Of character, in our state of American and European fusion, and in the conflicting elements of northern and western and southern society, we can hardly be said to have any at all, that is fixed. Our republic is floating upon a chaos of these elements, the only land-marks of which are our state corporations. New-England character, however, is the great predominating principle, that seems to be subduing others to its power, by the force of immigration, and the better instruction of its immigrants. The press of the country, that powerful engine of American action, is in New-England hands. The professions, generally, are theirs. The manufacturers, and the artisans, and the commerce, are theirs, as a general remark, which all, as agents of action, powerfully predominate over the public mind. We are, also, what foreigners will scarcely believe, an eminently poetical people. Our country is a moving romance of history, and our countrymen are romancers in action, and knights-errant, often, in principle. The pen is not yet our instrument of action upon posterity, we know, but the pick-axe is. What Mind conceives, it writes not upon paper, but scrawls upon the earth. Our imagination wraps itself in powder, and acts upon the rock and on the cliff; now tunnelling the hill, and now blowing up the mountain. Steam is our spirit of poetry. We are Cyclopean writers, with the earth for our tablet, and Vulcan and Mulciber are our ideal gods. The Irishman is our Canova. The shovel is our chisel. The wheel-barrow is the American broom. Steam-boats are our naiads and our nymphs. Gold is our glory. We are not men fat and full, as other nations are; with the round portly bulk of the Briton, the stoutness of the German, or the ruddiness of the man of Italy; but lank and lean men, of but little bones, less flesh, much of muscle, and all blood; spirits in frail tenements of clay; born for a short life, but to live years and years in that life. One of us is two men, thus. Our real population doubles that of our numbers, by the intense activity of our lives. Our bond of union, that faith of man in man, of which we spake, consolidates our power for action. Our lever to lift the old world is the same American engine of faith, of confidence, of credit, which, as our course inspires it, carries power with it. When Romulus was founding the Roman Empire, he went upon the Palatine Hill, and with his face eastward, whence came the father of man, consulted the auguries of the heavens. So did the Washingtons, the Adamses, the Jeffersons, the Hamiltons, the Jays, with their eyes upon the human races of the eastern world, admonished and taught by their examples; and then, invoking heaven, bequeathed to us the principles of liberty and union, in the constitution. If, with our faces eastward, consulting the destinies of the human race there, and invoking the guidance of heaven, we hold up, by our example, to an admiring world, the glorious illustrations of this liberty and union, westward the star of empire *will* take its way; and that Palatine Hill, on which Romulus stood, will be hidden in that dazzling blaze of history, kindled up on the rock of Plymouth by our puritan fathers.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Through the dim rooms of this deserted house,
 I'll wander lone. Oh, what a spirit broods
 Above these shattered walls! — sad, sad and mute,
 Yet eloquent of kindness. Here were heard
 Words of sweet import, and the gentle song:
 Here where I stand, hard by the threshold, worn
 With hourly-passing feet, were seen bright looks,
 That beamed a rapturous welcome; here the arms
 Of the fond husband clasped th' expectant form,
 Sinking with joy to see him home-returned;
 Here children sprang to kiss their sire beloved,
 And here, foretokens of the warmth within,
 Greeted the guest, who entered, free as air.
 Oh! let me pause and dream that, even now,
 I go to meet the happy; to caress
 Dear, innocent children; to exchange my thoughts
 For intellectual coin of nobler worth;
 To look around on quiet household shapes,
 Each lovely in itself, but oh, most fair,
 Surrounded by the atmosphere of home!
 Alas! the wind, that with a dreary sound,
 Sweeps through the corridor, like warning voice,
 Uttered by Desolation, chills my heart,
 And a deep sense of solitude weighs down
 The lifting plumes of Fancy, as I view
 The real scene!

Open, familiar door!
 This was the cheerful parlor; this the hearth,
 Round which, in narrowing circle, as the night
 Grew darker, and the gale of winter rose,
 Sate sire and matron, maiden, boy, and child.
 How lonely now! — deserted, desolate!
 Not even a chair for rest; gone, gone — all gone!
 The dust obscures the windows; woven far
 Along the cornices, the spider's web
 Hangs in fantastic falls, as if to mock
 The memory of the rose-wreaths that were there,
 When some young bride appeared in white array.
 Oh, for a magic mirror, whence the past
 Might be reflected! — every joyous scene;
 But not the mournful, not the weeping group
 Around the coffin, robed in solemn black.
 Answer, ye silent walls! — was mirth or grief
 Predominant within? Which saw ye most —
 Cheeks pale with anguish, or hilarious smiles?
 I bid you speak; and yet, with conscious fear,
 I turn aside, lest deeper gloom, perchance,
 Should shroud the vacant room as with a pall.

Farewell! thou crumbling tenement, farewell!
 Thou hast outlived thy century of years;
 But a few days, and thou shalt sink for aye,
 And fragments of thy structure shall supply
 The poor man's fire; so that, in passing off
 For ever, thou shalt be, as in thy prime,
 The bounteous almoner of warmth and cheer.
 Farewell! I fain would stay awhile to muse
 On all the changes which have rolled around,
 Since thou wast founded in this pleasant spot;
 But such thoughts make me grieve; and there are themes
 Too rife with real sorrow, in my heart,
 For me to sigh above the mouldering past.
 I too, though young in years, have seen decay —
 Decay more sad than thine! Deep in the grave
 Are buried early hopes, with early friends;
 Fortune has been my foe, and love my bane;
 And o'er my spirit sweeps the desolate dirge,
 Like the complaining wind, whose requiem-tones
 Wail o'er the wreck of this once happy home!

CRIME IN THE OLDEN TIME;

OR, THE FIRST CAPITAL CONVICTION UNDER THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JERRY GUTTRIDGE'S REFORMATION.'

SAIL O!' cried young Walter Jordan, from the mast-head of the fishing schooner Betsy, as she was ploughing her way, before a strong east wind, across Casco Bay, in the then province of Maine, and heading for Falmouth, now Portland, harbor.

'Where away?' called out skipper Jordan, who was standing at the helm, and watching the boys, as they were preparing to take a reef in the main-sail.

'Three points on our weather quarter,' said Walter.

'I see her,' said the skipper; 'come down and hand me the spy-glass.'

Walter hastened down, and brought the spy-glass to his father.

'Steady the helm!' said the skipper, as he took the glass, and elevated it toward the distant vessel. 'She's a stranger,' he added, after taking a brief look through the glass, 'and by them colors she's got flying there, I guess she wants somebody to pilot her in. Come, bear a hand; get a double reef in that main-sail, before the wind tears it all to pieces. And we must try to hold on a little, too, and let that vessel come up.'

The boys soon had the main-sail under close reef, and the little Betsy was yawing off, and coming to, and tilting over the waves, like a lone duck that waits for its companions to come up. The strange vessel was nearing them quite fast. She proved to be a schooner of about thirty tons' burthen; and coming down under as much sail as she could possibly bear, she was soon alongside the Betsy. When she had come up within speaking distance, skipper Jordan hailed her.

'What schooner is that?' shouted the captain of the fisherman.

'The schooner Rover, Captain Bird,' was the hoarse, loud reply.

'Where you from?'

'From the coast of Africa.'

'Where you bound?'

'To the nearest American port,' said captain Bird, who had now approached near enough for easy conversation. 'Any port in a storm, you know,' continued the commander of the Rover; 'and I think we have a storm pretty close at hand. What port are you bound to, captain?'

'I'm bound into Falmouth,' said captain Jordan, 'which is the nearest port there is; and it is n't more than ten miles into the harbor. If you a' n't acquainted with our coast, you jest follow in my wake, and I'll pilot you in.'

The captain of the Rover thanked skipper Jordan for his politeness, and kept his vessel in the wake of the Betsy, till they entered the beautiful harbor of Falmouth. The town of Falmouth formed one side of the harbor, and Cape Elizabeth the other; and as captain Jordan belonged to the latter place, after making a graceful curve

through the channel, he brought his vessel to anchor near the Cape Elizabeth shore. The Rover came up, and anchored but a few rods distant. It was now near night; the strong east wind that was driving into the harbor, began to be accompanied by a thick, beating rain; and as soon as his sails were snugly furled, and the little Betsy prepared to ride out the storm, Captain Jordan and his boys hastened on shore, to join the family circle, from whom they had been absent on a four weeks' cruise.

The storm continued through the next day, with heavy wind, and copious rain. Numerous vessels had come into the harbor during the night, to escape from the perils of an easterly storm, on the rough and dangerous coast of Maine; and in the morning their naked masts were seen rocking to and fro, like leafless trees in the autumn winds. The inhabitants of Falmouth and Cape Elizabeth were but little abroad on that day; but many a spy-glass was pointed from the windows, on both sides of the harbor, to scan the different vessels that were there at anchor. None attracted more attention, or elicited more remark, than the little Rover. She seemed to be a strange bird among the flock. All said she was not a coaster, and it was obvious she was not a fisherman. She had a strange kind of foreign look about her, that induced the inhabitants, pretty unanimously, to decide, that 'she did n't belong any where about in these parts.'

The storm passed over. The next day was clear and pleasant, and a gentle wind was blowing from the north-west. The transient vessels in the harbor, one after another, shook out their sails to the breeze, glided smoothly through the channel, and put to sea. Before nine o'clock, all were gone except the strange little schooner, and the vessels that belonged to the port, or such as were there waiting cargo. But day after day passed away, and the little Rover still remained at anchor. It could not be discovered that she had any special object in her visit to Falmouth. She had brought no cargo to the town, and did not seem to be looking for one. Her whole crew consisted of but three men, who were on shore every day, at Falmouth, or Cape Elizabeth, and entering into various little barter-trades with the inhabitants. Public curiosity began to be considerably excited, in regard to the strange vessel; and whenever the crew were on shore, their movements were observed with increasing attention. Day after day, and even week after week, had now elapsed, since the Rover came into port, and there she still remained at anchor, and her crew were spending most of their time in idleness; and no one could discover that they had any definite object ahead. Mysterious whispers, and vague rumors, began to be set afloat among the community, of a character so grave and awful, as to excite the attention of the public authorities.

The time of which we are now speaking, was the month of July, in the year 1789. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts was then holding a session at Falmouth, in the district of Maine, and the session was near its close. When these mysterious rumors respecting the schooner Rover reached the ears of the court, the judges deemed it their duty, before the court should adjourn, to inquire into the matter. They accordingly sent for Robert Jordan and William Dyer, two young men of Cape Elizabeth, from whom many of the

reports in circulation were said to have emanated. Robert and William, being brought before the court, were questioned as to what they knew concerning the schooner *Rover* and her crew.

Robert said, 'he did n't know nothin' about 'em; only he knew when they was piloting of her in, with the little Betsy, he heard the captain tell father they come from the coast of Africa. But what they come clear from Africa here for, without any cargo, and were staying here so long, without trying to get any thing to do, was more than he could tell.'

'Well, have you never said,' inquired the Judge, 'that you did n't believe but that there had been murder committed on board of that vessel? And if so, please to state to the court what were the circumstances which caused your suspicions.'

'Why,' replied Robert, 'William and I have been aboard of her a good many times, bein' she lies off abreast of our house; and a number of times we 've staid aboard in the evening, and played cards with the men. They tell so many different stories about their voyage, and talk so queer about it, that I never could tell what to make of it. They 'most always had some punch or wine to drink, when we was playing; and after we 'd played till it got to be considerable well along in the evening, they would sometimes get pretty merry. Sometimes they said they had come right from England, and had n't been out but twenty days when they arrived here; and sometimes they said they 'd been cruising on the coast of Africa three months, to get a load of niggers, but could n't catch 'em. And then one of 'em says, 'How many times d'ye think old Hodges has looked over the ship news, to try to find out our latitude and longitude?'—and then he looked at the others and winked, and then they all laughed.

'And one time, it was a pretty dark evening, they had drunked up all the liquor there was in the cabin, and Captain Bird told Hanson to go into the hold and bring up a bottle of wine. Hanson kind o' hesitated a little, and looked as if he did n't want to go; and said he did n't believe but they 'd had wine enough, and he did n't want to go pokin' down in the hold in the night. At that Captain Bird called him a pretty baby, and asked him what he was afraid of; and wanted to know if he was afraid he should see Connor there. And then Captain Bird ripped out a terrible oath, and swore he'd have some wine, if the d—l was in the hold! And he went and got a bottle, and give us all another drink. When he came back again, Hanson asked him if he see any thing of Connor there. And Captain Bird swore he'd throw the bottle of wine at his head, if he did n't shut up.

'And another time I was aboard in the day time, and I see a parcel of red spots on the cabin floor, and up along the gang-way, that looked as if there 'd been blood there; and I asked them what that was, and they said it was n't nothin', only where they butchered a whale. And then they all laughed again, and looked at each other, and winked. And that's pretty much all I know about the matter, may it please your honor,' said Robert, bowing to the judge.

William Dyer, being examined and questioned, his testimony agreed with that of Robert Jordan, in every particular, with the addition of one other fact. He said, 'when he was on board the *Rover*

one day, he noticed a little round hole in a board, in the after part of the cabin, that looked as if it might have been made by a bullet from a gun; and there was a parcel of smaller holes spattered round it, that looked like shot-holes; and he took his pen-knife and dug out a shot from one of them. 'And when I asked 'em,' said William, 'what they'd been shooting there, Hanson said, that was where Captain Bird shot a porpoise, when they was on the coast of Africa. And then they looked at each other and laughed.'

These circumstances, related so distinctly and minutely, by two witnesses, were adjudged by the court to be of sufficient importance to warrant the apprehension and examination of the crew of the Rover. Accordingly, measures were immediately taken to have them brought before the court. An officer was despatched, with proper authority, to arrest them; and taking with him eight assistants, well armed with muskets, he put off in a yawl-boat, to board the schooner. The officer stood at the helm, and had command of the boat, while two of the men were placed at the oars, and six stood with their guns all loaded and primed, and ready to give battle, in case resistance should be offered.

When the crew of the Rover beheld the boat approaching, and observed the formidable appearance of the armed men, they were perfectly panic-struck. The thought flashed across their minds, with the rapidity and vividness of lightning, that by some unaccountable secret means or other, their guilt had become known, and they were about to be brought to a just retribution for their crimes. They stood a moment, gazing, first at the boat, and then at each other, with a vacant and irresolute stare. The captain then sprang hastily to the capstan, and ordered the men to help get the anchor on board. They flew to their hand-spikes and gave two or three rapid heaves at the capstan; but a moment's thought told them there would not be time to get the anchor on board, before the boat would be alongside. Captain Bird then caught an axe, and cutting the cable at a single blow, ordered the men to run up the foresail. The foresail and jib were immediately set, and the schooner began to move, before a light breeze, down the harbor. Her speed, however, was slow, compared with that of the pursuing boat; for as soon as the officer perceived the schooner was making sail, he directed two more of his men to lay down their guns, and put out a couple of extra oars. The four oarsmen now buckled down to their work, and the boat was leaping over the water at a rate that struck terror into the heart of Bird and his companions.

'H'ist that main-sail!' cried Bird to his men, as soon as the schooner was fairly heading on her course; 'spring for your lives! Get on all sail, as fast as possible! If we can get round that point, so as to take the wind, before they overhaul us, we'll show 'em that we can make longitude faster than they can!'

The men redoubled their exertions; every sail was made to draw to the utmost of its power; but it was all in vain; the boat was rapidly gaining upon the schooner, and before she had reached the narrows between Cape Elizabeth and House Island, the boat was alongside, and the officer commanded Captain Bird to heave to. The order was not obeyed, and the schooner kept on her course. The

officer repeated his command, and told Bird if he didn't heave to immediately, he'd shoot him down as he stood at the helm. At the same moment, he directed two of his assistants to point their guns, and take good aim. Bird, perceiving the muskets levelled at his head, darted from the helm, and leaped down the companion-way, landing, at a single bound, on the cabin floor. His companions followed with equal precipitation, and left the Rover to steer her own course, and fight her own battles. The vessel, no longer checked by the helm, soon rounded to, and the officer and his men jumped on board. On looking down into the cabin, they perceived the three men were armed, Bird with a musket, and the others with a cutlass and hand-spike, and bidding defiance to their assailants. The officer quietly closed the companion-way, and having some men with him who understood working a vessel, they soon beat up the harbor again, and made fast to one of the wharves, on the Falmouth side. The wharf was lined with people, who had been eagerly watching the result of the chase, and who now jumped on board in crowds, and thronged the vessel. The companion-way was again opened, and Bird and his men were ordered up. Perceiving there were altogether too many guns for them on board, they came quietly up, and surrendered themselves to the officer.

On being taken to the court-house, they were placed in separate rooms, and examined severally. The first, who claimed to be commander of the vessel, said he was an Englishman by birth, and that his name was Thomas Bird. The second said he was a Swede, and his name was Hans Hanson. The third, whose name was Jackson, said he was an American, and belonged to Newton, in the state of Massachusetts. They seemed to possess little confidence in each other; and each feeling apprehensive that the others would betray him, and supposing the one who made the earliest and fullest confession would be likely to receive the lightest punishment, they all confessed, without hesitation, that the captain of the Rover had been killed on the voyage. But all endeavored to urge strong palliating circumstances, to do away the criminality of the deed. They severally agreed, that the vessel was owned by one Hodges, in England; that their captain's name was Connor; that they had been trading some time on the coast of Africa; that Captain Connor was rough and arbitrary, and abused his men beyond endurance; and that, in a moment of excitement, they had sought revenge, by taking his life. They all agreed, too, as to the manner in which the deed was done, and the time and place. It was in the night time; they were in the cabin; Captain Connor had been very abusive and overbearing, and Bird, who was more highly provoked than he could bear, hastily caught up a gun which stood in the cabin, loaded with ball, and shot Connor dead on the spot. They were then exceedingly frightened at what had been done, and tried to dress his wounds, and bring him to. But there were no signs of returning life, and they took him on deck, and threw him into the sea. They were then afraid to return to England with the vessel; and after many and long consultations, they concluded to come to the United States, dispose of such articles as they had on board, sell the vessel the first opportunity they should meet with, and separate and go to their respective countries.

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Upon this examination and confession, the court committed them to jail in Falmouth, to await their trial for the piratical murder of Connor, on the high seas. At this period, the supreme judicial court of the several states, with the maritime or admiralty judge, were, by an ordinance of the old congress, authorized to try piracy and felony committed on the high seas. But before the next session of the Supreme Judicial Court in Falmouth, or Cumberland county, the new congress, under the Federal Constitution, had passed the Judiciary Act, establishing the United States' courts. By this act, piracies and felonies on the high seas were committed to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court of the United States. Although the officers of this court were inducted into office in December, 1789, the court held no session at Falmouth, for trials, till June, 1790. At this term of the court, the case of Bird and his companions was taken up. Jackson was permitted to become state's evidence, and was used as a witness. The grand jury, of whom Deacon Titcomb was foreman, found a bill against Bird, as principal, for the murder of Connor on the high seas, and against Hanson, for being present, and aiding and abetting him therein.

The prisoners were arraigned at the bar of the court, and pleading *not guilty*, the court assigned them counsel, and prepared for the trial, which commenced on Friday morning. So strong was the public excitement on the occasion, and so great was the crowd assembled at the trial, that the court adjourned to the meeting-house of the First Parish, the desk of which was at that time occupied by the Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister settled in Falmouth. Deacon Chase, of Pepperell, now Saco, was foreman of the jury. The cause was heard and argued on both sides, in due form. The jury retired, and in the evening of the same day, came in with their verdict. Bird was placed at the bar, and the names of the jury were called over. The clerk then put the question :

'What say you, Mr. Foreman? Is Bird, the prisoner at the bar, guilty, or not guilty?'

'GUILTY!' replied the foreman, in a low and solemn tone.

Bird dropped his head, and sallied back upon the seat. Although he had no reason to anticipate a different verdict, yet he did not seem to realize its awful import, until the sound fell upon his startled ear. His brain reeled for a moment, and darkness was gathering before his eyes; but tears came to his relief; he hid his face in a handkerchief, and wept like a child.

When the same question was put to the jury in reference to Hanson, the reply was, 'NOT GUILTY.'

On Saturday morning, the court met again, and the prisoner was brought in to receive his sentence. Mr. Syms, one of the prisoner's counsel, made a motion in arrest of judgment, because the latitude and longitude of the sea, where the crime was committed, was not named in the indictment. The court overruled this motion, and proceeded to pronounce sentence of death.

As this was the first capital conviction in a court of this republic, after the Federal Constitution was adopted, the counsel of Bird concluded, on that account, to petition the President of the United States for his pardon, and thus make another and last effort to save his

life. Accordingly, a copy of the indictment and all the proceedings in the case, was forwarded to General WASHINGTON, then residing at New-York. But the President, with that sound wisdom and clear-sightedness for which he was so remarkable, declined interfering with the sentence of the court, either by pardon or reprieve; and that sentence was executed upon Bird, by Marshal Dearborn and his assistants, on the last Friday of the same month of June, 1790.

A F O R E S T W A L K .

'Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot;
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.'

WORDSWORTH'S 'GOD IN NATURE.'

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun, [flowers,
A wind that breathes of leaves and
O'er hill, through vale, my steps have won,
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers;
One of the paths all round that wind,
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind,
In nature's lone recesses lose;
The beech displays its marbled bark,
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scallop'd dome beside:
All weave on high a verdant roof,
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green,
Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest odors have their birth,
From the clothed boughs, and teeming
earth;
Where pine-cones dropped—leaves piled
and dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick elastic carpet spread;
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light:
But now, a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold:
Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shapes of brown and green;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;

Albany, June, 1839.

The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps, as the quick ray strikes her breast,
And as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb, and staring
eye,
He watches, while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted
With rich green grass, invites my tread;
Here showers the light in golden dots,
There sleeps the shade in ebony spots;
So blended, that the very air
Seems net-work, as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing his beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near;
The little milk-snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue laughing sky I trace;
On each side shrinks the bowery shade,
Before me spreads an emerald glade;
The sunshine steepes its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect choir is loud in song:
A spot of light and life, it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy-dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press,
In luxury of idleness;
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky,
Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye;
While murmuring grass, and waving trees,
Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
And water-tones that tinkle near,
Blend their sweet music to my ear;
And by the changing shades alone,
The passage of the hours are known.

A. B. S.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHARLES TYRRELL, OF THE BITTER BLOOD: A NOVEL. By G. P. R. JAMES. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 413. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL: A NOVEL. By G. P. R. JAMES. In two volumes. pp. 489. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE almost simultaneous appearance of these two fictions — for they were both published, in England and here, within a month — makes it proper, as well as convenient, to say what we have to say of them in one article. In fact, the presumption is reasonable, that they were both upon the anvil of the author's invention at the same time; and that his mind, when fatigued with laboring at the one, found the relief of change in taking up the other. That such change affords relief, is perfectly well known to all who have had much practice in composition; and we can very easily imagine, that a writer of such facility as Mr. JAMES, and so thoroughly broken in to the harness of literary drudgery, might readily produce two distinct novels, in little more than the time he would bestow upon one alone. The evidence of his industry and fertility, therefore, is not in his bringing out these two romances in such near conjunction, but in the fact that they were preceded, at an interval of little more than a year, by a voluminous history, by a large volume of tales, by yet another novel, and, if we remember rightly, by some two or three volumes of biography. The *wonder* is, that working at them by turns, as we suppose he did, the two exhibit so little trace of similarity in plot, character, or incident.

The general idea of 'Charles Tyrrell' is, to show the efficacy of trials, coöperating with good principles, in subduing the faults of a violent hereditary temperament, the 'bitter blood' of the title. Charles Tyrrell, the hero, is the descendant of a race which for centuries has been distinguished by a malignant ferocity of disposition, always active, and at times breaking forth in such outrageous fury, as could hardly be accounted for, by any supposition but that of insanity. In his father, this *mauvais naturel* exists in full vigor; proving the life-torment of his gentle and unhappy wife, and only less effectual in crushing the soul and spirit of his son, because in the kindred temper of that personage, it finds a resisting power, almost equal in energy to itself. The contrast to this character is a cold, philosophical skeptic, who has faith in neither virtue nor religion; whose intense selfishness has taught him to control his own passions, and take advantage of other men's; and whose only conception of good and evil is founded upon the consideration of expediency. The other principal personages are the heroine and her mother; and the interest they inspire, is more in the mingling of their destinies with those of young Tyrrell, than in their own qualities or actions.

It will be seen, then, that the range of character laid down by Mr. JAMES, in this novel, is not extensive; and that of incident is but little more so. All turns upon the savage malignity of the father: its development, and the effects it produces on the disposition and fortunes of the son, are the material of the story. What that

story is, we need not indicate; for they who have read the book, are advised of it, and they who have not yet, would probably not thank us for the ill-timed disclosure. We have only to add, that it is largely imbued with interest; that after the progress of the narrative has once commenced, it is kept up with vigor and directness, no impertinent episodes being introduced, to eke out the requisite number of pages and protract the catastrophe; and that the final consummation is brought about naturally, consistently, and to the entire satisfaction of the reader.

In the 'Gentleman of the Old School,' characters entirely different, and a different contrast, are exhibited; the number of personages is greater, and the plot is much less simple. The eminent individual who gives the book its name, is a wealthy English baronet, well advanced in years, but enjoying that hearty and mellow old age, which coexists with health, serenity of temper, virtuous principles, feelings of pure benevolence, high cultivation of mind, unblemished honor, and the consciousness of being revered and beloved. The contrast is, a man destitute of principle, of narrow intellect, placing his trust in cunning, and a slave to avarice. A parallel contrast is exhibited between the hero of the tale, who is a nephew of the 'fine old gentleman,' and his rival, who is the nephew of the avaricious Mr. Forrest; these two being so drawn, as to present the difference between youth and age, in the opposition of their characters, and those of their respective uncles. Another personage, of striking characteristics, and exerting a decided influence in the progress of the story, is an old soldier, who has taken up poaching, not as a trade, but merely from the love of sport, and for the excitement of its unlawful prosecution. This is a finely drawn character; abounding in strong points of originality, and extremely well sustained. The gentle sex is represented by no less than four prominent individuals; the heroine, a loving but high-hearted girl, over whom the bad old man exercises the tyranny of an unloving father; a rich and beautiful widow, whom unrequited love betrays to the verge of crime, but who redeems herself before it is too late; an elderly German domestic, and an orphan girl, who suffers persecution from the licentious love of the younger reprobate, and subsequently plays a very distinguished part in the progress of the narrative.

The incidents of this novel are much more varied and complex than those of the one first mentioned in this notice; they include a greater number of persons, and extend over a much greater lapse of time. As in the other, however, there is no needless interruption; no superfluous delay; nothing to excite the impatience of the reader, and inspire him (or her) with an inclination to skip fifty or a hundred pages, and find out at once what the fate of the parties is to be. There are mysteries, indeed, but they are developed in gradual and regular progression, and not crowded all together at the end, as is the case in too many novels, for the mere sake of keeping the reader in suspense as long as possible. In short, the story is constructed with consummate skill, so as to keep interest alive, and yet give curiosity its progressive satisfaction. The only fault, of any moment, that we can discover, is the somewhat too liberal employment of a disguise, which is not eventually explained, and cannot be, while it appears to be unnecessarily introduced. The novel betrays, also, one point of similarity with 'Charles Tyrrell,' which might have been avoided; the apprehension of the hero, in each, on a charge of murder.

But they are fine novels, both of them; less brilliant, certainly, than BULWER'S, but in every other point superior, as they are infinitely superior, like all MR. JAMES'S fictions, in their perfect freedom from any, the slightest, immoral taint, either in sentiment, precept, example, or expression. This is high praise, which can be awarded to but too few novels, foreign or indigenous, of the present day.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY FRANCO. A Tale of the Great Panic. In two volumes. pp. 525. New-York: F. SAUNDERS.

THE praise which has been bestowed upon this work, by the critics of the weekly and daily journals, has seemed, in our judgment, to fall short of its deserts. 'Harry Franco' is an exceedingly amusing, racy, and original production. The author has struck a fresh and fertile vein, in his local metropolitan pictures, while his descriptions of nature, and of human character, are in a high degree natural and picturesque. There is a conciseness and felicity of expression, too, a general characteristic of the author's style throughout the volumes, which argues well for the career of a hitherto unpractised writer. In short, 'Harry Franco,' although it does not sanctify adultery, shock us with atrocity, stiffen us with horror, nor confound us with the dreadful sublimities of demoniacal energy, is nevertheless quite as entertaining as the most orthodox unnatural and fashionable fiction of the day. We shall suffer our author, however, to present his own credentials. The following scene succeeds a history of his first acquaintance with a dry-goods solicitor, technically called 'drummer, who, mistaking him for a country dealer, had given him his card, on board of the steam-boat, taken him to his hotel in town, sent him his wine, given him theatre tickets, and requested him to call at his store in Hanover Square, where it was his intention to turn these courtesies to profitable account, in the service of his employer. One morning, after the despondency which followed a day and night of accidental dissipation, Mr. Franco seeks out his obliging friend, as a friend in need:

"HAVING dressed myself in my very best clothes, which, to tell the truth, were my very worst also, I set out, soon after breakfast, in search of the store of Messrs. J. Smith Davis and Company, whose names were on the card which Mr. Lummucks had given me.

"It was a bright and pleasant morning; the streets were full of life and animation, and every thing looked promising and joyous to me. Men were hurrying past me in every direction, with looks full of business and importance; and I thought, where all seemed to be so well employed, and in such haste, there could be no difficulty in finding something to do. But, as I was not stinted for time, I did not hurry myself, and walked leisurely along beneath the awnings, stopping occasionally to gaze at the heaps of goods which were displayed in the stores, or to read some curious sign which attracted my attention. After a while, I succeeded in finding Hanover Square, which I was astonished to see was triangular in shape, and soon discovered the large gilt sign of Messrs. J. Smith Davis and Company. Luckily, Mr. Lummucks was standing in the door, with his hat off, and his hair brushed down smooth and glossy. As soon as he saw me, he caught me by the hand, and dragged me into the store.

"How are you this morning, Colonel?" he said.

"Very well, I thank you," I replied, speaking as respectfully as I knew how; "are you well?"

"Fine as silk!" said Mr. Lummucks.

"I was glad to hear him say so, and congratulated myself upon finding him in such a pleasant humor.

"The store of Messrs. J. Smith Davis and Company was not very large, but it was crowded with goods to the very ceiling, and in the middle of the floor were long piles of calicoes, about which were several young gentlemen, as busily employed as bees in a hive.

"A very little man approached us, from the farther end of the store, jerking his little arms and legs with the precision and ease of an automaton. His dress was new, and bright, and neat. Mr. Lummucks introduced me to him. He was no other than Mr. J. Smith Davis himself, the principal of the firm. I was almost struck dumb, to see so much importance confined within so small a compass. He shook me cordially by the hand, and asked Mr. Lummucks if he knew me.

"Know him?—like a book!" replied Mr. Lummucks.

"Mr. J. Smith Davis shook me by the hand again, and said he was very happy to see me; he asked me how the times were, and offered me a cigar, which I took, for fear of giving offence, but the first opportunity I got, I threw it away.

"Buy for cash, or time?" he asked.

"I was a little startled at the abruptness of the question, but I replied, 'for cash.'

"Would you like to look at some prints, Major?" he asked.

"I am much obliged to you," I replied, "I am very fond of seeing prints."

"With that, Mr. J. Smith Davis commenced turning over one piece of calico after another, with amazing rapidity.

"There, Major, very desirable article — splendid style — only two-and-six; we done a first rate business in that article last season; cheapest goods in the street."

"Before I could make any reply, or even guess at the meaning of Mr. Davis's remarks, he was called away, and Mr. Lummucks stepped up and supplied his place.

"You had better buy 'em, Colonel," said Mr. Lummucks; "they will sell like hot cakes. But did you say you bought for cash?"

"Of course," I said, "if I buy at all."

"He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, and looked in it for a moment.

"Let me see," he said; "Franco, Franco, Franco; what did you say your firm was?"

Something and Franco, or Franco and somebody?"

"I have no firm," I replied.

"O, you have n't ha' n't you? All alone, hey? But I do n't see that I have got your first name down in my tickler."

"My first name is Harry," I said.

"Right, yes, I remember," said Mr. Lummucks, making a memorandum; "and your references, Colonel, who did you say were your references?"

"I have no references," I replied; "indeed, I know of no one to whom I could refer, unless to my father."

"What, the old boy in the country?"

"My father is in the country," I answered, seriously, not very well pleased to hear my parent called 'the old boy.'

"Then you have no city references, hey?"

"None at all, Sir; I have no friends here, except yourself."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Lummucks, apparently in great amazement. "Oh, ah! But how much of a bill do you mean to make with us, Colonel?"

"Perhaps I may buy a vest pattern," I replied, "if you have got some genteel patterns."

"A vest pattern!" cried Mr. Lummucks; "what! hav'n't you come down for the purpose of buying goods?"

"No, Sir," I replied, "I came to New-York to seek for employment, and as you had shown me so many kind attentions, I thought you would be glad of an opportunity to assist me in finding a situation."

"Mr. Lummucks' countenance underwent a very singular change, when I announced my reasons for calling on him.

"Do you see any thing that looks green in there?" he said, pulling down his eyelid with his fore-finger.

"No, Sir, I do not," I replied, looking very earnestly into his eye.

"Nor in there, either?" he said, pulling open his other eye.

"Nothing at all, Sir," I replied.

"I guess not!" said Mr. Lummucks; and without making me any other answer, he turned on his heel and left me.

"Reg'larly sucked, Jack?" asked a young man, who had been listening to our conversation.

"Do n't mention it!" said Mr. Lummucks.

"No you do n't!" said the other.

"Mr. Lummucks walked up to Mr. J. Smith Davis, and whispered in his ear a few words, upon which that little gentleman turned round, and frowned upon me most awfully.

"I was about to demand an explanation of this strange conduct, when Mr. J. Smith Davis came up to me, and told me he was not a retailer, but a jobber, and advised me, if I wanted to negotiate for a vest pattern, to go into Chatham-street.

"My first impulse was to take Mr. J. Smith Davis up in my arms, and give him a good smart cuff on his ears. But I restrained my indignation, and merely remarked to him, that if he was not a retailer, he was in a remarkably small way.

"Leave my store, Sir!" said Mr. Smith Davis, turning very pale.

"Don't be frightened," I said, "I would not stay in it upon any account." And without more ado I did leave it; but with feelings very different from those with which I had entered it. To meet with such a rebuff, upon my first application for assistance, was a cruel disappointment to me, and I could scarcely refrain from tears."

It is perhaps unnecessary to state, that although our author sat opposite to Mr. Lummucks again at dinner, yet that gentleman never afterward gave him a look of recognition.

Equally life-like is Mr. Franco's picture of auction practises, phrenological professors, his repulse at the Female Boarding School, etc. To his sea-views and

sketches on ship-board, the same praise may be awarded. Take, for example, the subjoined description of a storm-scene. The vessel is approaching the Gulf Stream :

"The air grew warm and oppressive. We were soon in thick darkness, which was relieved, however, by continual flashes of lightning; the thunder pealed and rattled over our heads, and our ship trembled like a leaf; soon the rain came down in torrents, and sudden gusts of wind assailed us on either quarter. Fortunately, we had shortened sail, and made every preparation for a storm, before it grew dark. The courses were hauled up, the topsails close reefed, the jib and spanker hauled down, and a storm stay-sail set. All hands had been called upon deck, except Snaggs, who, on account of his horrors, was allowed to remain below; and we all stood huddled together, on the quarter deck, that we might be in readiness to carry into execution any orders which should be given. For my own part, I enjoyed the sublimity of the scene highly, and felt not the least fear; indeed, the only thing which annoyed me, was the water running down my back, which rather damped my admiration of the tempest. The sky was pitch black, but the sea was covered with little particles of luminous matter, so numerous and so bright, that they cast a greenish glare upon our ship, and showed in strong relief all her spars and ropes against the sky; in addition to this strange and unnatural light, a ball of phosphorescent matter had gathered at each mast head, and at the ends of the yards, and gave the ship the appearance of being illuminated with goblin lanterns. These were novel sights to me; but to the sailors, and even to Captain Gunnel and the mate, they were sights of terror; these men who, on ordinary occasions, were full of ribald jests and wanton oaths, now stood with hushed voices, apparently waiting for some expected evil. They knew, from experience, the dangers which surrounded them; but I, from ignorance, was without fear or apprehension. I stood looking over the gunnel, watching the lightning as it crinkled along on the surface of the waves, when a shrill cry rising above the tumult of the elements, and the pelting of the rain, and the roaring of the thunder, caused all hands to start with fear. The sound came from the forward part of the ship, and I recognized in it the voice of Jack Snaggs; a flash of lightning the next moment showed the poor wretch standing between the night-heads, with his hands thrown above his head, as if preparing to leap into the ocean. 'Bear a hand forward!' exclaimed the captain, 'and save him! — be quick!' But it was too late."

We do not affirm that 'Harry Franco' is without its faults; for as a 'tale,' strictly speaking, it is somewhat desultory and unconnected. But we think we can perceive that it was not intended for a progressive story proper. It has more the evidences of an unpremeditated, natural sketch of the different phases which the career of an American boy sometimes assumes. We again cordially commend these volumes to the reader, as well calculated to reward, as they will certainly provoke, an attentive perusal.

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS, ETC. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. In two volumes. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

THESE volumes appear to have been got up on the plan, and with the design, of the French *memoires pour servir*; that is to say, as embodying materials heretofore used on divers occasions, and now worth collecting and preserving, for the use of future historians. The first volume contains notices of, and extracts from, speeches delivered by Mr. BROUGHAM, in Parliament and at the bar, on divers topics of great public interest, with short but spirited sketches of individuals who bore a prominent part in the discussion of those topics, or were otherwise connected with them, in some relation of agent or object. For example, Mr. Brougham's defence of a Mr. Drakard, who was indicted for publishing some severe strictures on the practice of flogging in the English army, is made to serve as a hook on which to hang a portrait of COBBETT, who was also indicted for the same offence. Mr. Brougham's speeches against the Holy Alliance, furnish occasion for characteristic descriptions of the Emperor Alexander and Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Brougham's great efforts in Parliament, on the subject of legal reform, are noticed in a page and a half, while in

connexion therewith, twenty-five pages are devoted to Jeremy Bentham, Mr. Dumont, and Sir James Mackintosh. Mr. Brougham's advocacy of parliamentary reform introduces portraits of Mr. Canning, Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, and some others of its supporters. These sketches are vigorous, graphic, and probably correct; and we read them with double interest, on account of the subjects and the limner. The second volume contains collegiate and literary miscellanies.

THE NORTHMEN IN NEW-ENGLAND, OR AMERICA IN THE TENTH CENTURY. By JOSHUA TOULMIN SMITH. In one volume. pp. 364. Boston: HILLIARD, GRAY AND COMPANY.

THIS is a praiseworthy attempt to present, in a popular dress, the accounts which have recently attracted considerable attention, of the early voyages of the inhabitants of the north of Europe to the shores of the American continent, at a period long anterior to their discovery by Columbus. Mr. SMITH has diligently studied the volume published a short time ago at Copenhagen, containing those accounts in the original language in which they were composed, with Latin and Danish translations; and by adopting the form of dramatic dialogue, has succeeded in producing a work well fitted to interest the youthful mind, in a subject extremely curious and entertaining. We cannot say that we agree with him in all his conclusions, or admire the taste of all his methods of illustration; but at the same time, we owe it to him to say, that he has made a valuable contribution to the stock of general information concerning the early history of our continent.

The discovery and colonization of Iceland and Greenland by the people of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, not to say of Great Britain, led to the discovery of America. Nobody doubts that colonies were planted in Iceland as early as A. D. 875; or that Greenland, west of Cape Farewell, was settled from the same quarter in the following century. Is it probable, that having thus advanced more than two thirds the distance from Europe to the American coast, these enterprising mariners of the north stopped short in the progress of discovery? In a few years after establishing colonies in Greenland, they explored the shores of the new world, from Labrador to Long-Island. They sought to establish themselves at several points of the coast, but met with great opposition from the natives. Their adventures on these expeditions are recorded in the Sagas of Iceland, to which the historians of northern Europe are indebted for much of what is known respecting the early annals of their own country; and it is to that source Mr. SMITH is indebted, through the publications of the Danish antiquaries, for the interesting relations contained in his book. There are some trifling matters in the volume to which we object. We differ from the author, for example, in regard to the propriety of calling CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS Christoval Colon. The latter was a Spanish corruption of his real name, which is still applied to him by the writers of old Spain; his original name being Cristofero Colombo, which assumes the Latin form of Christopherus Columbus. As the Latin has come into universal use in English and American books, why undertake to substitute the Spanish, as our author has done, throughout his volume, except now and then, when he forgets the affectation? But he has somehow or other got a crotchet in his head that COLON was the original name. There is more reason for writing Knud instead of *Canute*, and Svend instead of *Sveyn*, as it is more correct, according to the Danish original; but still we dislike the change, especially in the case of the former word. The victorious monarch who subdued Britain at the commencement of the eleventh century, known to the Danes as Knud, is equally well

known to English readers as CANUTE. We heartily commend this handsome volume to the notice of all our readers, who have a curiosity to examine traces of the primitive condition of this vast continent. To such, it must prove a work of rare interest.

POPULAR LECTURES ON GEOLOGY. By K. C. VON LEONHARD, Counsellor of State, and Professor at the University of Heidelberg, Germany. With Illustrative Engravings. Translated by Rev. J. G. MORRIS, A. M., and edited by Prof. F. HALL, M. D., formerly of Washington College, Conn., and afterward of Middlebury College, Vermont. Part First. pp. 100. Baltimore: N. HICKMAN.

WE have no hesitation in warmly commending these Lectures to our readers; since we are well assured that they will search in vain elsewhere for equally comprehensive tracts, or even volumes, upon the subjects of which they treat. We have been especially interested in those portions of the lectures which describe the operations of mining, discovery of ores, the modes of descent into various mines, in the old world, with the utensils employed, etc., etc. Our author depicts a mine at Falun, in Sweden, where, in a subterranean chamber, twelve hundred feet under ground, the officers of the establishment hold their meetings, when the works are examined. It is ornamented with wainscoting, furnished with seats around a table, and from the ceiling is suspended a magnificent chandelier. The names of many crowned heads are here to be seen. An ancient custom obliged every king of Sweden to visit the chamber, at least once during his reign. At Presberg, the downward ladders, conducting from one projecting rock to another, lead the workman 'down to darkness,' which, at the depth of five hundred feet, becomes total; and for a long interval, immense buckets, suspended to rattling and clanking chains, ascend and descend, in this dense and dim-obscure medium. The persons of the workmen, in their descent, soon become 'moist, unpleasant bodies;' the steps of the ladders being covered with damp clay, as well as ice; and if the foot slip, the victim is suspended by his hands over the 'horrible pit and miry clay' below. In Peru and Sweden, rich mines are worked, in vast excavations, under populous towns, the streets of which sometimes rock under the feet of pedestrians. The temerity and industry of miners often lead them to subterranean operations, far under the bed of the sea, as in the coal mines of Cumberland, and the copper and tin mines of Cornwall:

"In the mine *Huel-cock*, in the parish of St. Justus, in Cornwall, which is now almost entirely abandoned, because of the danger, the workmen at some places had only eighteen feet of rock between them and the water of the sea. In clear weather, they could distinctly hear the noise of the waves; and during a storm, the roar of the ocean, and of the masses of rocks violently dashing against each other, was awful. At one place, where the ore was very rich, the workmen were imprudent enough to dig it away to such an extent, that there were but four feet of rock between them and the bottom of the sea over their heads. Here the roar of the waves was so alarming, that the miners, apprehensive of the water breaking through, several times hastily betook themselves to flight. Another, called the *Lerant mine*, at Landsend, in Cornwall, which constantly yields the most productive tin and copper ores, lies very near the coast. In 1834, the shaft was 960 feet, and the galleries branching off, extended more than 900 feet under the bed of the sea. The most remarkable enterprise of this kind, which many regard as fabulous, was accomplished in 1773, near the harbor of Penzance, in the sea. When the water was low, a porphyritic rock, containing rich veins of tin, was observed above the surface. It was 120 fathoms from the shore. Even in summer, the wind occasioned violent breakers, and in the winter, the sea dashed so strongly against the rock, that every attempt to obtain the ore was fruitless. Notwithstanding these formidable difficulties, Thomas Curtis, a poor miner, whose courage and enterprise deserve honorable mention, undertook the task. He spent three summers in sinking a shaft. Only two hours a day could be devoted to the work, and every time he recommenced it, the excavation was found full of water, which it was necessary to bail out. Curtis erected an enclosure of twenty feet high around his shaft, supported by strong iron bars, and made

water-tight; then neither breakers, nor the waves, which rose only eighteen feet high, could seriously affect his operations. A bridge connected the rock with the shore. For a long time this mine was more productive than any in Cornwall. An American vessel, breaking loose from her anchor, was dashed against the enclosure and machinery, and all sunk to the bottom. We may suppose that many years hence, when other deposits shall have been exhausted, submarine mines will be extensively worked."

Other dangers, such as one sometimes encounters in horrid dreams, not unfrequently fall to the lot of these moles of the rocks, 'slaves of the dark and dirty mine.'

"Earthquakes sometimes expose the lives of the miners to danger, and are occasionally destructive to the subterranean operatives. The effects of the terrible earthquakes, which nearly destroyed Valparaiso, were particularly injurious to the gold mines of El Bronce de Petorca, in Chili. When the catastrophe occurred, there were some workmen in the pits, which are many hundred feet deep. Their situation was awful. The mountain quaked so violently, that the ladders could not be mounted without the greatest exertion. Large masses of rock broke loose from all sides; it was every moment expected that the sides of the shaft would fall in. Several miners were struck down by the falling masses, or so hemmed in, that they could not possibly be rescued. One of them reached the mouth of the shaft, but here the dust was so dense that he could not see his hand before his eyes. Immense blocks of stone were separated from the sides of the mountain, and these he heard rumbling down, without being able to see which way to fly, to avoid the danger."

We should not omit to add, that the excellent engravings leave nothing to be desired, to a complete understanding of the wonderful and interesting facts recorded in the well-printed pages.

FIRST GREEK LESSONS. Containing the most Important Parts of the Grammar of the Greek Language, together with Appropriate Exercises in the Translating and Writing of Greek. For the use of Beginners. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. One volume pp. 190. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

EXCELLENT as were the Latin lessons, which were lately published under the direction of the same able and accomplished scholar, and of which we have already spoken in terms of unqualified commendation, these Greek Lessons, the eighth of the classical series, are yet superior to them. The system is the same as that which this great teacher has adopted throughout all his works; of explaining, namely, every thing as he goes along; of leaving no one subject, till it is absolutely mastered; and thus of conducting the learner, step by step, by a process of simple induction, from the very earliest rudiments to the most absolute perfection of the language. The method, however, of these, as of the Latin lessons, is so far new, that in the single volume are combined the three functions of grammar, exercises, and dictionary. The advantage of this combination is manifold: First, that it is much more easy to induce a boy to refer from one page to another of the same book, than to induce him to turn over tome after tome, first looking out the word in his lexicon for the sense, and then hunting up the rule in his grammar for the construction; and secondly, that by these means every part of the *theoretical* grammar, as it may be called, is *practically* explained to the learner, even in the outset. The utility of these Greek lessons we indeed consider almost incalculable. The great error in all teaching, and more especially in all American teaching, is the pushing forward, or forcing system; the hurrying, or to speak more correctly, jumping to the conclusion, without having learned sufficiently the first elements of whatever science or art is the subject of study. Thus our artists paint historical pieces as large as life, when they ought to be patiently learning to draw from the antique; and our classical scholars are pushed into Homer and the orators, when they ought to be working might and main at grammar and prosody. The best cure for this, is the creation of good first books; and these Greek Lessons we think the best First Book of the Greek language ever published, here or elsewhere.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AMENDE HONORABLE. — We yield, and with pleasure, a conspicuous place to the sub-joined 'Amende Honorable to the Memory of a Hero of the Revolution, GENERAL WOODHULL;' and would embrace the occasion to request the editors of the various journals of the Union, who have copied 'The Battle of Long-Island,' to give place to the substance of the accompanying correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: In opening the pages of your Magazine, some two months since, to the memories of the past, you doubtless relied upon the correctness of the historical narrative they embodied. I sincerely believed that the sketch of 'THE BATTLE OF LONG-ISLAND,' derived from authentic sources, and verified, so far as possible, by a collation of the authorities, and a comparison of its details with their various localities, to be an exact and faithful narration; and yet, the annexed correspondence develops the injustice of an imputation on the patriotism and subordination of General WOODHULL, into which I was led, through confidence in the accuracy of others. I allude to the passage wherein that martyr of the twenty-seventh of August, 1776, is accused of having been one cause of the disasters of that unfortunate day, in neglecting to guard the road from Bedford to Jamaica, by which the British succeeded in turning General SULLIVAN'S flank. The interesting documents which follow, will show that this was not a portion of General WOODHULL'S duty; he having been detached upon an expedition of a different nature, and with so inefficient a body of men, that, even had he been aware of so important an occasion for coöperation with the American army, his efforts, unsustained by the necessary troops, would have proved inadequate to the defence of that pass.

I marvel that the life of this interesting personage should not, before now, have been preserved in the various records from which rising generations have to learn the heroism of their forefathers. Few of our illustrious dead lived in a more eventful period than the half century, or more, comprised between the years 1722 and 1776, which respectively saw the birth and death of General WOODHULL; and none were associated in enterprises more numerous or more adventurous. Reared, like many a hardy spirit of our revolution, amidst the healthful and fortifying influences of agricultural pursuits, he obeyed the summons which, in 1758, called him to the ranks, and appointed him a major in the New-York provincial forces. He shared in the vicissitudes and triumphs of the French war; was at Crown-Point and Ticonderoga, at Frontenac and, it is believed, at Niagara; and finally beheld at Montreal, in 1760, the conclusive reduction of Canada.

After some years of repose, we find him, in 1769, elected a member of the assembly of our State, which had already protested against taxation, and maintaining, during the six ensuing years, the rights of his constituents. Deputed from Suffolk, in 1775, to the Convention which gathered together here on the tenth of April, to choose delegates to the Continental Congress, General WOODHULL headed the delegation which represented the same county on the second of May, in the Provincial Congress, of which body he

was elected President, on the twenty-eighth of August. He it was, who presided over that assembly on the ninth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted, and when subsequently, assuming the title of the 'Convention of the Representatives of the State of New-York,' they formed the Constitution of our State.

This catalogue of estimable services was sealed by martyrdom. But though the revolutionary scenes in which he was an actor occurred in our city and its immediate vicinity, still, until the appearance of the late Colonel KNAPP's 'American Biography,' not only was our history a stranger to his patriotic virtues, but, by a singular fatality, a stigma was suffered to rest on General WOODHULL's name. The strictures of Judge MARSHALL, which led me into error, have found a place in other narratives; as if to warn us with what caution and strict impartiality we should censure the men, the actions, and the motives, of the past. But it has, alas! too often been the destiny of the early patriot and martyr to be forgotten. The eyes of mankind dwell upon the bright flame of victory; their admiration encircles glory as with a halo; nor bestows a tear upon the gallant spirits, the self-immolated victims, whose lives are among the ashes beneath the pyre. The subjoined *pièces justificatives* sufficiently explain themselves.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Yours, very faithfully,

L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

SAMUEL WARD, JR.

LETTER OF JOHN L. LAWRENCE, ESQ., TO HON. CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

New-York, February 13th, 1834.

SIR: Although personally a stranger to you, I am sure that you will not consider this letter an unwarrantable intrusion. Its object is to free the memory of an early martyr of the revolution from mistaken imputations, which are contained in your valuable work, the 'Life of GEORGE WASHINGTON.'

If that publication were of ordinary authority, the errors alluded to would be less important. Stamped, however, with your name, its statements will be unquestioned by posterity; and it becomes therefore of importance that any inaccuracies should be corrected, while the author yet survives.

In mentioning the disposition of the American forces, immediately prior to the battle of Long-Island, fought on the morning of the 27th August, 1776, the following sentence occurs, opposite the marginal date of the 26th of the same month:

'The Convention of New-York had ordered General WOODHULL, with the militia of Long-Island, to take post on the high grounds, as near the enemy as possible; but he remained at Jamaica, and seemed scarcely to suppose himself under the control of the regular officer commanding on the island.'

The obvious inferences from this passage, are, that on the 26th August, 1776, General WOODHULL had a considerable body of militia under his command, with which the Convention of New-York had ordered him to take a position in the neighborhood of the enemy; but that, disobeying their orders, and indulging in false punctilio toward the regular officer commanding on Long-Island, he was wanting in his duty to his country, and contributed to the disaster that befel the American arms.

These are grave charges. If true, the errors they impute, were somewhat redeemed by the circumstances which attended his capture and death. If inaccurate, they constitute an unsuitable return for the services and martyrdom of one of the noblest patriots of the revolution.

Before I proceed to show the nature of General WOODHULL's duty, as prescribed by the Convention, the number of his troops, and his fatally strict observance of the rules of military obedience, it may be proper to advert to the charge of insubordination to 'the regular officer commanding on the island.' The officer alluded to, is, I presume, either General SULLIVAN, or General PUTNAM, the latter of whom assumed the command at Brooklyn on the 26th of August, 1776.

No document, that I have found, nor any recollections that I have consulted, sanction the idea that any jealousy or misunderstanding existed between General WOODHULL and either of the officers above named, in relation to their respective commands. Had such an event taken place, some trace of it would probably be found in the letters and papers, of which copies are herewith forwarded. In the absence of positive proof in your possession, I must conclude that the charge is founded in misapprehension. If, indeed, I could suppose that General WOODHULL was required

by the regular officer commanding on Long-Island, to give a direction to his small force inconsistent with the duty assigned to him by the Convention, I should not doubt that he refused obedience. Unconnected with the main army, acting in the execution of a design of which the Convention had General WASHINGTON's approbation, and furnished with written orders from that body for his government, he could not depart from those orders, without violating every rule of propriety, military or otherwise. It is not necessary, however, to dwell farther upon a mere supposed case. I hasten, therefore, to a detail of the facts, which meet the other charges implied in the passage I have quoted.

General WOODHULL, the President of the 'Convention of the Representatives of the State of New-York,' had been appointed by the Provincial Congress of New-York, in August, 1775, to the office of Brigadier General of the brigade composed of the militia of Queens and Suffolk counties, on Long-Island. That brigade was not embodied during the invasion in 1776, the county of Suffolk requiring that the greater part of its militia should remain at home, to repel hostile visits to its coasts, and the county of Queens being so decidedly in the power of the Tories, that the Whigs could not be spared, in great numbers, from their dwellings. In July, soon after the landing of the enemy on Staten-Island, two regiments of Long-Island militia, commanded by Colonel SMITH of Suffolk, and Colonel REMSEN, of Queens, constituting nearly the whole disposable force of the two counties, were marched within the American lines at Brooklyn, in Kings county. General WOODHULL, being obliged to be temporarily absent from the Convention, on his own concerns, that body, on the 10th of August, 1776, appointed ABRAHAM YATES, Jr., Esq. its President *pro tempore*. The British having landed on Long-Island on the 22d of August, the Convention, on Saturday, the 24th of that month, determined to endeavor to deprive them of the supplies which Long-Island would afford them, the positions of the two armies being such as to leave Queens county, and other parts of the island, open to the enemy. Resolutions were accordingly passed, directing General WOODHULL, (whose return to the Convention was then expected,) or in his absence, Lieutenant Colonel PORTER, to march, *not* the militia of Long-Island, but one half of the western regiment of Suffolk county, with five days' provisions, into the western part of Queens, and that the officers of the militia in Queens should immediately order out the whole militia of that county, together with their troop of horse, in order to prevent the stock and other provisions in Queens county from falling into the hands of the enemy. The resolutions farther directed, that the supplies should be removed out of the way of the enemy, or if that could not be effected, they should be destroyed; and that if necessary, the troop of horse in Kings county should join in performing this duty. An express was sent with these resolutions to General WOODHULL, Lieutenant Colonel PORTER, and the major of the brigade. On Sunday, the 25th of August, the General arrived at Jamaica, where he awaited the assembling of his troops. On the succeeding day, (the 26th of August, mentioned in your marginal note,) one hundred men joined him from Suffolk county, fifty from Queens, and forty of the troop of horse of Kings and Queens. These constituted the whole force under his command. Small as it was, he did not hesitate immediately to advance with it, according to his orders, and to attempt, with even such unequal means, their execution. In proof of this fact, I refer you to the copy of his letter to the Convention, forwarded herewith, dated 'Westward of Queens County, August 27, 1776.'

The Convention, knowing that the forces they had ordered to be collected would be insufficient for the purposes mentioned in their resolutions of the 24th, and particularly to effect another object, not expressed in those resolutions, to wit, to repel incursions of the enemy that would be consequent upon the performance of the duty assigned to General WOODHULL, determined to apply to General WASHINGTON for the troops belonging to General WOODHULL's brigade, then within the American lines at Brooklyn, and commanded by Colonels SMITH and REMSEN. A committee, consisting of SAMUEL TOWNSEND, Esq., of Queens, and WILLIAM SMITH, Esq., of Suffolk, was accordingly deputed to wait on the commander-in chief. On Monday, the 26th of August, (the marginal date I have referred to,) these gentlemen reported that at their conference with General WASHINGTON, he seemed well pleased with the intention of the Convention, and promised 'that he would immediately give orders that Colonels SMITH and REMSEN's regiments should march into Queens county, to join General WOODHULL.' The President *pro tem.* of the Convention, therefore, on the same 26th of August, wrote to General WOODHULL, announcing the promised addition to his force, and an expectation that it was, at the moment of writing, on the spot. Enclosed were instructions, passed on the same 26th day of August, under the supposition that the two regiments were with General WOODHULL. These instructions did not, as the 'Life of GEORGE WASHINGTON' states, direct him to 'take post on the high grounds, as near the enemy as possible,' but were better suited to the intended service. As his duty was, to commence as near to the enemy as it would be prudent to approach, in the work of stripping the country of its stock and provisions, and to recede from their position in proportion to his success, it would be desirable to give the protecting force against

the depredations of the enemy such a station, from time to time, as might be most effectual. Accordingly, the instructions of the 26th of August directed him to take post 'on the heights near the western boundaries of Queens county, or in such other place or places in the counties of Queens, Kings, or Suffolk, as he should deem most convenient for preventing the incursions and depredations of the enemy.' In the same instructions, the resolutions of the 24th were referred to, and the duties therein mentioned, in respect to the supplies, were again enjoined, together with other duties, in relation to the disaffected. From the contents of General WOODHULL's letter to the Convention, dated Jamaica, 27th August, 1776, (among the documents herewith sent to you,) which was forwarded by an express, and was evidently written after the one that follows it in the minutes of the Committee of Safety, dated 'Westward of Queens County, 27th August, 1776,' some have believed that the instructions of the 26th did not reach General WOODHULL until the 27th, after the American army had been defeated, and he had retired to Jamaica. If this was so, he had in fact no other orders than those contained in the resolutions of the 24th, (which did not contemplate his stationing a force any where,) until after the marginal date, nor until after the battle of Long-Island was lost. I cannot, however, suppose that the Convention would have failed to communicate their orders of the 26th some time on that day. Certain it is, either that General WASHINGTON omitted to issue the orders respecting SMITH and REMSEN's regiments, or that the regular officer commanding on Long-Island did not obey them. Different as the orders of the 26th were from those you state, General WOODHULL was, in consequence of these omissions, left without the means of carrying them into effect. Circumstances not known, justified, I presume, General WASHINGTON or his officer in withholding the promised force. Why this change of determination was not communicated to the Convention, or to General WOODHULL, is, however, surprising. Acting under the delusion that this force had joined or might join him, the Convention persisted in its purposes long after they ought to have been abandoned; and the General, punctilious in his obedience to their orders and wishes, became, on the 28th, a captive and a victim.

If the statements and remarks I have submitted, are correct, it follows that injustice has been unintentionally done to General WOODHULL's memory. It is consolatory to know, that it has been undesignedly committed, and by one who will be prompt to repair the injury.

I send herewith a book entitled 'The Treasury of Knowledge,' in the biographical part of which, page three hundred and seventy-three, is a connected account of General WOODHULL's proceedings between the 25th and 28th of August, 1776, and of his brutal massacre. The documents which I also forward, are, with one exception, certified extracts from the minutes of the Convention. The excepted document is the letter of Mr. YATES, President pro tempore of the New-York Convention, dated the 26th of August, 1776, of which the copy I send, is, I believe, correct. The documents are as follow:

i. Resolutions of the Convention of Saturday, the 24th of August, 1776, before alluded to. ii. Proceedings in the Convention on Monday, 26th August, 1776; embracing TOWNSEND and SMITH's report of the interview with General WASHINGTON, and of the promise of the latter to issue orders that SMITH and REMSEN's regiments should march to join General WOODHULL; and the instructions of that date, directed to be sent to General WOODHULL, this latter document is on a separate paper. iii. The letter of the President pro tempore of the Convention to General WOODHULL, dated 26th August, 1776, enclosing the instructions of that date, and expressing the expectation that SMITH and REMSEN's regiments had already joined him. iv. Letter received by the Committee of Safety from General WOODHULL, on the 27th August, dated on that day, 'Westward of Queens county.' This letter is the second in order of that date, in the paper sent to you, though written before the next mentioned, which precedes it in that paper. v. Letter received by the Committee of Safety from General WOODHULL, dated Jamaica, 27th August, 1776. vi. Proceedings of the Convention on the 28th August, in consequence of the message sent from General WOODHULL, by Brigade Major Lawrence, embracing: Letter to General WASHINGTON by Major LAWRENCE requesting that SMITH and REMSEN's regiments might be sent to General WOODHULL, by way of Flushing. Orders for the transportation of those regiments by boats to be impressed for the purpose. Letters to Committees of towns in Connecticut, on Long-Island Sound, requesting their cooperation in removing the stock of Long-Island, and the families flying from their homes. Letter to the Governor of Connecticut for a reinforcement of men for Long-Island. Directions to JOHN SLOES HOBART, Esq., and JAMES TOWNSEND, Esq., two of the members of the Convention, to repair to General WOODHULL. vii. Letter of General WOODHULL, dated 28th August, reiterating his call for reinforcements. viii. General WASHINGTON's letter, by Major LAWRENCE, dated 28th August, informing the Convention that SMITH and REMSEN's regiments could not be spared from Brooklyn. ix. Extract of a letter from JOHN SLOES HOBART, Esq., referring to his efforts to obtain General WOODHULL's exchange, which were terminated by intelligence of his death.

These documents show, in addition to the objects for which they are forwarded, that the statement in the letter of the British general, that General WOODHULL was among the prisoners taken at the battle of Long-Island, is inaccurate. In that battle he had no participation. It was fought on the morning of the 27th; and his capture took place on the afternoon of the 28th.

In giving what I fear will be a tedious letter, I have sought to avoid imputations upon others. It

is not my design to attack, but to shield. If any expression has escaped me, of an opposite tendency, it has been unintentional. Above all, if, contrary to my wishes, and to the great respect I bear you, in common with my fellow-citizens, any thing has found its way here, unpleasant to your own feelings, I pray you to believe it has been altogether undesigned.

I shall be much obliged by your acknowledging the receipt of this letter, and by your apprising me hereafter, in order to be communicated to General WOODHULL's now aged and widowed daughter, of your conviction, (if it shall be produced,) of the errors I have pointed out.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient servant,

Hon. JOHN MARSHALL,

JOHN L. LAWRENCE.

Chief Justice of the United States.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL'S REPLY.

Washington, February 21st, 1834.

SIR: Judge EDWARDS did me the favor to deliver, yesterday evening, your letter of the 13th, with the documents to which it refers. It is to me matter for deep concern, and self-reproach, that the biographer of WASHINGTON should, from whatever cause, have misstated the part performed by any individual in the war of our revolution. Accuracy of detail ought to have been, and was, among my primary objects. If, in any instance, I have failed to attain this object, the failure is the more lamented, if its consequence be the imputation of blame, where praise was merited.

The evidence with which you have furnished me, demonstrates, that the small body of militia assembled near Jamaica, in Long-Island, in August, 1776, was not called out for the purpose of direct coöperation with the troops in Brooklyn, and was not placed, by the convention, under the officer commanding at that post. It is apparent, that their particular object, after the British had landed on Long-Island, was to intercept the supplies they might draw from the country. It is apparent, also, that General WOODHULL joined them only a day or two before the battle; and there is every reason to believe, that he executed, with intelligence and vigor, the duty confided to him. I had supposed that the order to march to the western part of Queens county, directed an approach to the enemy, and that the heights alluded to, were between Jamaica and Brooklyn. But I have not the papers, which I read at the time, from the publications then in my possession. I only recollect the impression they made, that General WOODHULL was called into the field for the purpose of aiding the operations from Brooklyn, and that General WASHINGTON, knowing the existence of this corps, had a right to count upon it, in some slight degree, as guarding the road leading from Jamaica. In this I was mistaken; and in this mistake, the statement of which you complain originated.

I think, however, that you misconstrue it. No allusion is made to the numbers of the militia under his command, nor to any jealousy of the military officer, commanding at Brooklyn; nor is it hinted that the convention had placed him under that officer. I rather infer, that it appeared to me to be an additional example of the many inconveniences arising, in the early part of the war, from the disposition of the civil authorities to manage affairs belonging to the military department.

I wish, very much, that I had possessed the information you have now given me. The whole statement would most probably have been omitted, the fact not being connected with the battle, or if introduced, have been essentially varied.

I am Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient,

JOHN L. LAWRENCE, Esq., New-York.

JOHN MARSHALL.

THE DRAMA. — The monthly report of our theatrical correspondent came too late for insertion. We regret this the more, because he has done ample justice to the performances of Miss ELLEN TREE, and that prince of comedians, PLACIDE, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' in which the former took a present farewell of the American stage. Merited castigation, also, is bestowed upon the *murder* of 'Benedict,' by Mr. BALLS, who, in our humble judgment, possesses not a spark of genius, and a very moderate share of professional talent, of any kind. We know that numbers, with too prophetic forebodings, staid away from Miss TREE's benefit, simply because they could not endure the thought of seeing the fine character of 'Benedict' slaughtered outright; nor of hearing the 'sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose.' Beyond a perpetual grin, a soulless laugh, a constant fidgeting about the stage, and a most peculiar vivacity, at all times, Mr. BALLS can claim no distinction. To the praise awarded the TAGLIONI, and the talents, dramatic and literary, of Mr. J. M. FIELD, we yield our hearty assent.

VOL. XIV.

GERMANIC INFECTIONS: DR. CHANNING. — We are sincerely rejoiced to find, in the number of the *Edinburgh Review* for the April quarter, a severe critique upon the literary *Germanosities* of the day, against which this Magazine has repeatedly borne its humble testimony. Within the last three or four years, there has been gradually increasing in England, and among us, especially in the 'Literary Emporium,' par excellence, a vague and shadowy style of writing, which has its origin in a real or affected taste, in three or four writers of distinction, for what is termed the 'deep inner spirit' of a few German authors. COLERIDGE, remotely, and CARLYLE, in later days, are prominent promoters of this school. Their interminable periods, however, and endless interlacings of diction; their countermarchings and inversions of the component parts of sentences; their pompous wordiness, and distension of periods, were relieved by gems of thought, which sparkled amid the clouds they raised. But the author of 'Sartor Resartus' has aroused a crowd of imitators, pigmies that swarm and fret in his wake, who have all his obscurity, without his inspiration; who, under an assuming manner, and in a style beyond example verbose and obscure, disguise the utmost barrenness and feebleness of thought, or mystify some worthless truism; and who are invisible to the common reader, not because they ascend to a great height, but because they always select a cloudy atmosphere. It is at best a soporific employment, to peruse the *labors* of the most eminent of CARLYLE's imitators; but from the Germanists of 'a secondary formation,' to speak geologically, who seek out wild, unmeaning conceits, and pad out their sentences until they are as stiff as the bust of an exquisite, may we ever delivered! One 'sinks slowly in a quagmire of disgust,' in the hopeless endeavor to educe any thing like sense from their windy verbiage. We have three or four of these authorlings in our eye, as we write; and may take occasion, hereafter, to afford our readers some memorable examples of their peculiar manner. Yet these writers triumphantly cite COLERIDGE, or CARLYLE, if the correctness of their style be called in question: and it cannot be denied, we may remark, in passing, that the former *was* often as obscure as themselves. His head was wonderfully capacious of dreams and similitudes; he was often wholly unintelligible, in his long discussions of metaphysics and moonshine; and we are not surprised to learn, from those of our countrymen who have encountered him abroad, and have heard him 'set in with a steady stream of talk,' that he was a most portentous bore; utterly unmindful that, beside himself, any one around him had an idea, and wholly forgetting, that conversation was a property of which all were tenants in common, and in which no one had the right to eject his neighbor. With all the admiration that has been expressed of COLERIDGE's conversations — their 'oneness, breadth, depth, light and shade, and universal dovetailedness' — we never yet saw a person who *enjoyed* them, that could tell 'what they were all about.' An accomplished friend has told us, that he never listened to one of these endless talks, without longing for the deaf man's privilege, to drop his lithe ear-trumpet, and exclaim, in triumph, 'Now I defy you! Talk away!' But we are forgetting the Edinburgh.

It will be remembered, that in Dr. CHANNING's 'Remarks on the Character and Writings of MILTON,' the writer assumed the ground, that in a literary style, there were qualities vastly nobler and more important than simplicity, such as energy and richness; and that the best style was not that which put the reader most easily, and in the shortest time, in the possession of an author's naked ideas. He objects to modern literature, that it is too easily understood; argues that genius should not 'lay aside its natural port, and dwarf itself, that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude;' and avows his predilection for long sentences, that grasp at once vast fields of thought.' He says that writings may be clear through their shallowness; and adds, that the ocean is not to be ranked with the calm inland stream. Did Dr. CHANNING ever sail near the Bahamas, and gaze, on a calm day into the clear, far-down deep? If he has, will he tell us whether that mighty element was less sublime, because its vast abysses could be fathomed with the naked eye? But the Edinburgh reviewer has demolished these

pernicious doctrines, with consummate ability; and has taken up the cudgels against a school 'which has threatened the corruption of all correct taste, and even the subversion of our old and pure English language.' It inculcates the principle contained in a remark of DRYDEN, that 'it needs all we know, to make things plain,' and the maxim of ROBERT ASCHAM, that 'we ought to *think* like great minds, and *speak* like the common people.' The reviewer, in reference to Dr. CHANNING's theory of avoiding to say a plain thing in a plain way, proceeds to remark:

'Though we can with difficulty suppose all this nonsense serious, and more than half imagine it is given as the means of showing what the author thinks his power of fine writing, yet as he certainly acts upon the principles it contains, we are led to enter our early and decided protest against all and every portion of it. Any thing more pernicious, more hurtful to all good writing, and indeed more prejudicial to accurate thinking, cannot be imagined, than the propagation of such wild absurdities, under the authority of considerable names. For, absurd as such a theory is, it falls very easily in with the careless and loose habits in which shallow thinkers and loose reasoners are prone to indulge. Once persuade them that clearness and distinctness is not an essential requisite of diction, and there is no end to the propagation of flimsy trash, under the cover of sounding phrases; nor any limit to the prolixity of the ready and wearisome pen. All men beside Dr. Channing have held, that perspicuity is the first quality of style; that whatever of ornament it may have beside, shall only be taken cumulatively, and not substitutionally (to adopt in courts critical the language of the courts of law;) as an addition, not a substitute; and whoever would give us fine words for clear ones, the life and soul of composition, does a thing quite as fatal to good writing, as the act of depriving a man of air, (while you give him fine clothes and rich food,) would be fatal to his natural life. All other critics, in all ages, have deemed the sense the principal object, and the language only accessory, or rather subsidiary and ancillary to the meaning it is intended to convey. Accordingly, a great writer or a great orator will not suffer us to think of the words he uses, and by which he effects his purpose. 'No,' says the Quintilian of Boston, 'the language is every thing, the sense nothing; and instead of not detaining us from the ideas, it should always be obscure enough to prevent us from too easily and too quickly getting at them.' All other men had thought, that the object of a journey was to reach the end of it: 'No,' says our new guide; 'your true travelling is that which stops you every half mile with the mire or an accident, to make you examine the construction of your carriage or your road.' All other men had supposed that words were used for the purpose of telling one person what another meant—all but Dr. Channing—who conceives that the great object of authors is the same with that of riddle-makers, to display their own skill in hiding their meaning, and exercise the ingenuity of others in finding it out. His favorite is the enigmatical style; not the lucid, not the perspicuous: his cry is 'riddle my riddle;' he stops you after a period, with 'Ha! do you follow me? I'll warrant you cannot tell what that means! And certainly, in one particular, he differs from the old-fashioned riddle-monger, who always had a meaning, and only puzzled you to get at it; while the Doctor sometimes puzzles you when he has not much more meaning than the celebrated person of quality had in writing the well-known song recorded by Dean Swift.

'As to the senseless, despicable trash about 'literature becoming too popular,' and writers now being in danger of sacrificing solid fame (what he is pleased to call very affectingly, the 'deep, thrilling note of the trumpet of fame') to gratify the multitude and 'catch the present shout of popularity,' there never was any delirium more complete. Why, it is all the other way! Dr. Channing is the person who is running after empty shouts, and heedless multitudes; for he wraps up his meaning, which is often so successfully concealed that its existence is very questionable; he is trying to pass off tinsel for sterling metal; fine sounding phrases for distinct and valuable ideas; flimsy, vague, shadowy, half-formed, half-pursued ideas, for deep thoughts; as if every thing that looks magnified in the mist he raises round it by his volume of long words, were therefore larger than what we see clearly in broad daylight; and, having thus done, he gravely tells us that it is the attribute of a great genius to be above ordinary comprehensions, and conceal its meaning under such language, until, like the prophetic enigma of the oracle, their meaning is discovered in some future age of the world.

'When we find authors professing, and indeed laying down, such absurd and at the same time dangerous principles of taste, we cannot wonder at their practice betraying the corruption of their doctrine. It is as little to be expected that their writings should be of the purity required by a just standard, as that men who hold and proclaim a profligate code of morality should lead virtuous lives. The natural temptations of passion are not more powerful allies of such a vicious system of ethics, in seducing men to transgression, than the natural indolence and carelessness which render labor irksome, and the natural self-complacency which makes severe revision and the 'asylum veritas' distasteful; or the natural impatience to appear before the world which shuts the ear to all advice about a 'nine years' suppression,' are incentives to sin against the rules of good taste, and fall into that rapid and slovenly style, which proverbially makes easy writing hard reading.

'To this rule of conduct, we have already seen that Dr. Channing's style affords no exception. In every page we trace its evil influence, in most careless thinking and most faulty diction; a constant mistaking of strange things for strong ones; a perpetual striving after some half-brought-out notion, of which the mind had never formed to itself any distinct picture; a substitution of the glare of words for harmonious ideas; and, we are sorry to add, not rarely that worst vice of bad writers, the assuming to use words and phrases in a sense peculiar to themselves, partly in order to strike by novelty, and partly in order to save the pains of more legitimate and more correct composition.'

After a searching analysis of our author's style, and some comments upon the existing passion for 'unpacking the brain with words,' the reviewer proceeds:

'Sir Walter Scott, whose great art lay in exact descriptions of nature and character, was continually in pursuit of some piece of natural scenery, or some existing character, or some real display

of passion or feeling; and he would only draw on his own fancy for filling up the interstices, or supplying vacancies in the models which nature furnished. So, when the painter has covered his canvass, he spreads over it a clear, pellucid, almost colorless varnish, to soften and harmonize its tints, never to distort or obscure them. But our most clumsy and most inventive artists, despising nature and her works, will have square blue trees, amidst round green rocks, and scarlet lawns watered by yellow streamlets, as far more striking and surprising; and, having so filled in their picture, they must cover it over with a varnish which, by way of giving it expression, is so troubled as to let but little of the outline be seen through it. And so they conceive that, as Dr. Channing hath it, 'they are following the laws of immortal intellect;' 'blending into new forms, and according to new affinities;' 'fulfilling their higher functions of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven;' 'placing generous confidence in other ages; uttering oracles which futurity will expound.'

'If any one thing can be more preposterous than another, in all this, it is the notion taken up by Dr. Channing, that plainness and simplicity are inconsistent with force. He says in the passage, the incredible passage above cited, that though 'simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style, there are vastly nobler and more important ones, such as energy and richness;' as if a man were to say, 'Air is good for health, but perfume is far better.' This is exactly the blunder our author has here fallen into. The perfume is useless to men who are stifled for want of air; and the access of the air, far from excluding the perfume, is required to waft it. Who ever heard before, of clearness and simplicity being incompatible, of all things, with energy? Why, common parlance almost weds the two together. Thus, we say, 'simple energy;' 'simple and energetic;' and did our critic ever hear of one Dante? or, peradventure, of one Homer? Who ever thought that he was solving a riddle, as far as the diction was concerned, when he read the energetic passages of those great masters of the sublime? Not only do the combinations of the words all present the correct solution of the meaning, but the plainest words are always employed in all the passages of greatest energy. To give instances would be endless. We are stating things of proverbial truth, and of every-day observation.'

We commend this article of the Edinburgh to the young writers of our country, and to all such as aspire to be 'baptized into the inner soul of nature,' or in other words, who hanker after German mysticism, as, by contrast, a clear and valuable model for exertation.

SAINT BRANDAN, OR THE 'ENCHANTED ISLAND.'—The reader must not infer that the story of the 'Enchanted Island,' from the pen of Mr. IRVING, in preceding pages, is altogether a sketch of the imagination; or that the 'Seven Cities' are a triumph of ærial architecture. The Island of Saint Brandan is laid down on the globe of BEHEM, projected in 1492, and may be found in most of the maps of the time of COLUMBUS, about two hundred leagues west of the Canaries. In a French map, published in 1704, it is even laid down as one of the Canaries themselves. The belief in the island has continued long since the time of Columbus. It was repeatedly seen, and by various persons at a time, and always in the same place, and of the same form. An unsuccessful expedition, which set off from the Canaries in 1526, to explore it, had no effect in dispelling the illusion. Its appearances were so repeated and clear, that in 1570, another was sent forth. On its return, more than one hundred witnesses, several of them persons of the highest respectability, deposed that they had beheld the unknown island, had contemplated it with calmness and certainty, and had seen the sun set behind one of its points; and there were certain Portuguese, of the island of Palma and Teneriffe, who affirmed that, being driven about by a tempest, they had come suddenly upon the island of Saint Brandan, had anchored in a romantic bay, and landed. A hurricane unexpectedly arose, and they fled to their vessel; and when the storm had subsided, not a trace of the island was to be seen! In 1570, another expedition, on the same quest, was fitted out from the island of Palma, and still another, thirty-four years afterward. Although both were fruitless, a third was despatched in 1721, upward of a century afterward, induced by fresh reports that the island had been again seen. Lemons and other fruits, with the green branches of trees, which floated to the land, from some unknown shore, were considered certain evidences of the existence of such an island. We have no account of any expedition being since undertaken, although the island still continued to be a subject of speculation, and occasionally to reveal its shadowy mountains to the eyes of favored individuals. Some confounded it with the fabled island of the Seven Cities, where seven Spanish bishops, with their flocks, took refuge, on the conquest of Spain by the Moors. The learned Father FEYJOO ('Theatro Critico,' t. iv., p. x.,) attributed all these numerous

and well-authenticated appearances, to certain atmospherical deceptions; yet the populace, even at this day, reluctant to give up any thing that partakes of the marvellous and mysterious, often behold the fairy mountains of the 'Enchanted Island' rising above the distant horizon of the Atlantic. There can be no doubt, that the popular legend of the 'Island of the Seven Cities,' so current during the time of Columbus, may be as implicitly relied upon, as the incontrovertible tradition respecting the island of Saint Brandan. For a more elaborate description of these remarkable regions, the curious are referred to the appendix of the large edition of the 'History of Columbus,' a portion of a book into which the general reader rarely gropes. Mr. Iving has there gathered together, from divers old Spanish and Portuguese authorities, many extremely curious and amusing facts, relative to this subject.

COMPARATIVE EASE AND GRACE OF THE SEXES. — We find, on a dingy leaf of our 'note-book,' of a date some ten years back, a few comments, original and selected, upon the comparative ease and grace of the two sexes. We hold now, as then, that in the quiet self-possession of good breeding and good sense, the fair will always be found to bear away the palm. A married pair, for example, enters a country church. You shall see the husband's head perched stiffly upon his high shirt-collar, conspicuously relieving the burning redness of his huge projecting ears. His spirit is cowed down by the fidgets; while his pretty wife, enters gently, sits quietly down by his side in the pew, opens her pictured paper-fan, (representing, perhaps, a little boy with blue spencer, red trowsers, and yellow locks, holding a stately mother's hand in one of his, and with the other flying his little kite,) and, nibbling carelessly the while at a sprig of 'fennel' or 'caraway,' that peeps from the folded white 'kerchief which she holds in her hand, she looks calmly around upon her acquaintances and friends. In the drawing-rooms of our cities, the contrast is quite as striking. There is here more of *imitative* manner, it is true, on the part of the 'lords of creation;' but as there is no setting another's manners upon one's shoulders, any more than his head, the general result is always in favor of our argument. Look at a young female in the dance or the waltz. How like a sylph she moves! How like a fairy she floats or glides! Glance at the opposite sex: 'Mercy upon us! Is that what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself in motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of bystanders or sitters, and goes puffing and blowing back to his place.' Capitally described; and equally felicitously drawn is the picture of the same biped at the dinner-table, putting himself in a perspiration, in trying to be at his ease: 'A glass of wine — can any thing be more easy? One would think not; but if you take notice, the next time you empty a gallon with a friend, you will see, sixteen to one, that he makes the most convulsive efforts to do with grace what a person would naturally suppose was the easiest thing in the world. Do you see, in the first place, how hard he grasps the decanter, leaving the misty mark of five hot fingers on the glittering crystal, which ought to be pure as Cornelia's fame! Then remark at what an acute angle he holds his right elbow, as if he were meditating an assault on his neighbor's ribs; then see how he claps the bottle down again, as if his object were to shake the pure ichor, and make it muddy as his own brains. Mark how the animal seizes his glass! By Heavens! he will break it into a thousand pieces! See how he bows his lubberly head to meet half way the glorious cargo; how he chucks down the glass, so as almost to break its stem, as ter he has emptied it of its contents, as if they had been jalap or castor oil. Call you that taking a glass of wine?'

DRAMATIC ACCESSORIES. — We take the annexed picture of a Parisian '*claqueur*,' from an admirable paper in the last number of the 'Dublin University Magazine.' The principal theatres of the French metropolis, Mr. SANDERSON informs us, in his entertaining volume, 'The American in Paris,' have attached to them a regular *troupe* of hired applauders, who form an integral part of the *corps dramatique*. These 'delighted auditors,' when they are thoroughly conversant with their business, can show a great deal more enthusiasm than if they were really pleased, as those who cry at funerals can cry better than persons who are really grieved. They are bribed for their 'most sweet voices,' by every prominent actor, (even TALMA was not an exception,) and whenever a new play is produced; otherwise, their influence becomes 'a scorn and an hissing.' Our accomplished American, we remember, gives the instructions of M^{lle} MARS, on one occasion, to this clapper-clawing fraternity. She has been absent three months, and requires extra applause. Hence, when she makes her grand *entrée*, she is to be saluted with a burst of acclamation, which gradually grows louder and louder; she bows, the applause increases, and there must be a great conflict between joy and gratitude, until she has exhausted a clap worth about ten francs. There is another class, however, not mentioned below; the *female claqueurs*, who do the heavy business, when a deep tragedy is performed. 'They are taught, one to sob, another to feign to wipe away a tear, and a third to scream, when a pistol goes off; and they are distributed in different parts of the house. If you see any lady fainting, on these occasions, you are not to pick her up. She is getting her living by it.' But we are forgetting the extract:

'Under the designation of '*claqueur*,' you are not merely to suppose that an individual is meant, whose whole power consists in the voice of a boatswain, and hands familiar with the art of clapping. Nothing of the kind. The true *claqueur* is always possessed of the most soft and insinuating tone of voice, rather inclining to a whisper; his eyes are usually downcast, and his whole expression that of a reflective but submissive cast; he is rarely known to applaud, and never loudly nor vociferously; at the same time, he is frequently observed to appear discontented at any slight interruption to the scene, whether arising from the actors or the audience. In fact, his well-chosen place in the *parterre*, and the great attention he bestows upon the performance, would bespeak him as one passionately fond of theatricals, and loving the drama to distraction. So much for his outward appearance. In reality, this is the greatest comedian of the day. He it is, and a few others, his fellows, who rule the multitude about them; telling them when 'comes the time to laugh or weep;' without him, the point of Potier is powerless, and the pathos of Madame Mars moves you not; the jest of L'Herie does not tell till he has acknowledged it; and the notes of Pauline Garcia are not accepted till he has endorsed them. His influence is absolutely magnetic; those immediately about him can scarcely turn their eyes from him, and even in the *ballet* lose many an *entrechat*, to observe its effect upon him; when he smiles, they laugh; when he is interested, they are eager; when he is sad, their tears begin to fall; but if, carried away by some rare and momentary enthusiasm, he taps his cane upon the ground, the house trembles with the thunder of applause, and the very foundations quake with the clapping. The machinery by which all these wonderful effects are produced, remain, however, unseen, and his practised eye takes in the character and bent of all around him; teaching when and how to make his advances, without a suspicion on their part that the critical gentleman with the spectacles, and the *quene*, is nothing more nor less than a barber in the Marais, who has seen the piece twenty-eight times in succession, and is, in the very climax of his ecstasy, only longing for the fall of the curtain, when he may steal round to the stage door, receive three francs for his services, and hasten home to his supper. I cannot picture to my mind any more wearisome and monotonous existence than this. The comedian on the boards, however hackneyed the part he plays, however 'stock the piece,' is still supported by the occasional applause he meets with, or excited by the chance of its omission: beside that, the interest of the scene has always sufficient to keep attention awake, and banish *ennui*; whereas, the *claqueur* has nothing of all this; his unobtrusive career is cheered by no acclamations, at least in testimony of his own efforts, and he is nightly compelled to devote unwearied, unceasing attention to the piece: suiting the tone of his approval each evening to the style and habits of those around; for, as a high authority in this walk informed me, the points which catch the *bourgeois* of the Rue St. Dennis, will fall quite with the more patriarchal inhabitants of the *Cité*; and herein lies the consummate tact of the *claqueur*, that with one rapid glance he is enabled to see into the very *penetralia* of his neighbor's habits and modes of thinking, and adapt himself at once to them; and all this talent, all this quick-sighted appreciation of character: all this power of feigning every passion, from 'grave to gay,' is recompensed by a paltry three francs per night; while the author of the piece retires from the side box, overwhelmed with the panegyrics of his friends, to sup at the 'Cadran Bleu,' with doviled kidneys and champagne, and hear that he is the equal of Dumas or Victor Hugo.'

The 'American' states, farther, that no new piece succeeds, unless these salaried critics are employed. In some of the houses, there are two rival companies, and the dramatist and actor are obliged to bribe both, or the adverse pack will rise up and bark against them.

MINUTE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. — A facetious correspondent — who has in his eye, we perceive, the ridiculous matters that are sometimes spread before the American public as important items of intelligence — has sent us the following 'Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman just arrived in Liverpool.' 'Here I am in Liverpool. We had a horrid time. The sea yawned as though it had a fit of the ague coming on. Never clamored a nest of young swallows more impatiently for 'grub,' than did the waves for our sixty souls. I proposed to the captain, when we were about half-way across, to let down the anchor, and stop till the storm was over. He laughed as though he would have split. Thus it is, that these captains disregard all reasonable propositions for the safety of the passengers! So we went a-head, and during the storm, 'cut a great swell,' I assure you. Liverpool is a city, and not a country village, as you doubtless supposed. I do not know the number of inhabitants, but I intend to count them before I leave. I should suppose there were more than two hundred thousand people. They live in houses, just as we do at New-York. I have seen females here, likewise, and they eat as heartily as the men. I have been several times into cook shops, and called, as at home, for 'broiled frogs.' Bless me! how they stared. I'm told there are no frogs in all England! Truly, nature is partial to America. Moreover, there are many dishes, luxuries with us, which are not even known, among the English. A servant-maid, at one of the hotels, fell down in a fit, on my asking for 'toad-pie.' Indeed, I have been assured, by a gentleman of great veracity, that rats are not considered as 'delicacies,' and are never eaten, except by the common people; and not even by them, unless cooked. It's all a hoax, that the horses here are tackled *behind* the vehicle. The contrary is true. The seats for those who ride, (as at home,) are made on the *upper*, and not on the *under* side of the carriage; so that people ride with their heads uppermost, just as we do in America. I suppose you are still clinging to the idea, that the English ride on horseback, with their backs turned to the horse's head. *You are utterly wrong.* I have not seen a single instance to sustain you in your opinion, although I have been watching for some days past.'

LATEST FROM CHINA. — We are indebted to our attentive oriental correspondent for copies of several Chinese journals, which we have not found *leisure* to read. Being printed in the Chinese characters, and beginning at the end, we feared it would take quite too long a time to peruse them. They are, the 'Canton Red Paper,' a sort of 'vermillion hint,' as we infer, to the Celestials, published on occasion; the 'Canton Court Circular,' about the size of one's hand, published nearly every day; the 'Peking Gazette,' issued tri-weekly, or thereabout; and a number of the 'Chinese Magazine,' published for a time by the missionaries, but finally discontinued for want of patronage; the sons of Han not desiring to be edified, and the authorities ordering the editors, and all other outside barbarians, who inculcated the 'creed of their chief, named J. CHRIST,' to tarry no longer in the celestial borders, 'waiting, with lingering hopes,' for proselytes, but to go on board the ships, lying in the outer harbor, immediately put up their sails, and at once go away over the top of the ocean. 'Decidedly these were the orders.'

THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA. — In asking attention to the article upon the Fine Arts in the United States, which will be found in preceding pages, we would take occasion to add, lest it should be thought too self-complacent, nationally considered, that it proceeds from the pen of a young ENGLISH artist, a son of Mrs. HOFLAND, an authoress of repute in England, who claims to speak, as well in so far as a knowledge of the state of art in this country is concerned, as on the other side of the water, from personal examination, or experience. The charge of ultra *amor patriæ*, or undue vain boasting, can scarcely hold valid against the writer.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS. — **MR. HOGG'S GARDEN.** — It is related of that great and good man, **WILLIAM WILBERFORCE**, that he loved flowers, with all the simple delight of childhood; and when he came in from his garden, carefully depositing in his own room a few that he had gathered, he would say, as he enjoyed their fragrance, 'How good is God to us! What should we think of a friend, who had furnished us with a magnificent house, and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided, according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no perfumes had been placed in the room? Yet so has God dealt with us; lovely flowers are the smiles of His goodness.' It is gratifying to know, that the love of flowers, and a passion for their cultivation, are increasing in our cities. We have had opportunity to remark, in an occasional and always pleasant visit to the delightful flower-garden and hot-houses of **MRS THOMAS HOGG**, near Twenty-First-street, that great numbers of our citizens are alive to the grateful influences of flowers and plants. They select from his rich stores, to embellish the borders of a narrow walk, or some small verdant plat; and as we traverse the streets, the bright and gorgeous colors which may be seen in his grounds, meet our eyes alike in the windows of the opulent, and the humbler dwellings of the poor. Happily, those who can find no spot of soil large enough to plant a flower, may, for a comparative trifle, cherish a little reservoir of earth, nourishing its flower, or feast the eye with, and inhale the fragrance of, a fresh and various bouquet. To those who 'care not for the flowers,' (for such there be,) and who think them useless, we commend the annexed beautiful lines, by **MARY HOWITT** :

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

I.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all :
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

II.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower,
To make the river flow :
The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall ;
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

III.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night ?
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

IV.

Our outward life requires them not.
Then wherefore have they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;
To comfort man — to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.

BOBLINKIANA. — **GEOFFREY CRAYON'S** vivid sketch of the Boblink, in his 'Birds of Spring,' seems to have the gift of ubiquity. It greets us every where, in the journals of the day, from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Saint Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. Our people are just beginning to realize what a treasure we have in that glorious bird; and sundry amateurs in ornithology, in different quarters, are discussing the various characters which the songster assumes, during his eventful existence. As Boblink, Reed-bird, and Rice-bird, he stands a fair chance of immortality. Moreover, some of his admirers have been reporting his speeches, and one has even gone so far, as to attribute to him a very pretty piece of verse, that he composed one sunny day, while 'rising and sinking with the breeze, on a long flaunting weed' in a Jersey meadow. But his popularity is working him 'much annoy.' A Boston journalist informs us, that worse than the real estate, eastern lands, or *morus multicaulis* fever, is the Boblink mania. Little rascals in the country are crowding into the eastern cities, with caged Boblinks, who are compelled to relieve their captivity, by carolling in the dwellings of the opulent cit. 'Preserve us from our friends!' would doubtless enter into the burthen of their songs, if they knew to whose loving kindness they were indebted for their 'bad eminence.'

THE DEAD. — To those whose thoughts are prone to dwell upon the 'cold obstruction' of the grave; who are wont to look upon the lowliest stone, in a durable erection, with the thought that it will exist, when the artizan's hands that placed it there, have mouldered into clay, and his own form shall have become a brother to 'the clod that the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon;' to such, we recommend the following, from Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments. It explains and exposes a delusion, that is the fruitful source of wide unhappiness. 'It is a common thing,' says an old writer, 'for the countenances of the dead, even in their fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful, do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood, kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.' There is something in this beautiful passage, confirmatory of the accuracy of the following reasoning:

'We sympathize even with the dead; and overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption, and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated, in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgotten by every body; and by the vain honors which we pay to their memory, we endeavor, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that what alleviates all other distress, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of those circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death, the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects society.'

'THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.' — We find on our table the May issue of this monthly journal; and in its pages ample confirmation of the favorable prediction with which we accompanied the recent announcement, that its editorial responsibilities had been assumed by the Rev. WILLIAM WARE, author of the admirable 'Palmyra Letters.' We trace, throughout, the fine taste and style, not less than the liberal and humane spirit, which are the acknowledged characteristics of the editor. The number opens with an elaborate and complimentary, although discriminating, review of Colonel STONE'S *Life of BRANT*, which is succeeded by an article upon American Education, based upon two volumes which have been noticed in these pages, and a clear and well-reasoned paper upon 'Peace, and Peace Societies.' Chiefest among the articles, however, do we esteem that upon the *Life and Writings of WILBERFORCE*, that eminent philanthropist, and altogether noble work of the Great Architect; a man who, in the smallest things, was great in that best of senses which does honor to human nature. We had pencilled a few notes upon the paper on the 'Nature and Proper Evidence of a Revelation,' in which much that has been too long mystified, is brought out of darkness; but our limits do not admit of a more extended notice, which, to render justice to the periodical which this article adorns, should also include a reference, in detail, to another, upon the Report of the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester. The ample department of 'Notices and Intelligence' worthily close the number.

MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER.—The delightful emotions with which, *precisely* a year ago 'at this present sitting,' we traversed the winding walks of the beautiful cemetery of 'Mount Hope,' near Rochester, are vividly recalled by a well-printed pamphlet, which has just reached us, on the wings of the press, and 'Uncle Samuel's newspaper-bags. It is an 'Address delivered at the Dedication of Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, in October, 1838, and repeated, by request, before the Rochester Athenæum and Young Men's Association. By the Rev. PHARCELUS CHURCH, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rochester.' We have heretofore faintly sketched the numerous and peculiar beauties of Mount Hope, which, with the known taste and spirit of the citizens of the flourishing city near it, will soon equal that loveliest of scenes, 'Laurel Hill,' near Philadelphia. Is New-York never to have its 'Mount Hope' or 'Mount Auburn?' Is the awful 'Potters' Field,' which frowns with its long trenches upon the citizen, as he ruralizes toward Harlem, to compose the only suburban cemetery, which this great and affluent metropolis may boast? We recommend the unanswerable reasoning and pure sentiments of this fine essay to the hearts of our readers. A well-drawn and engraved view of the grounds, with the enclosure and entrance to the cemetery, accompanies the Address.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We have several choice papers on hand, which await our next issue. The second of the fine series of 'Familiar Letters from London,' by the author of 'The American in Paris,' came too late, we regret to say, for insertion in the present number. It will grace our next. The papers by the author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' are filed for insertion, with several others, in prose and verse, from old and favorite contributors, which we lack space to specify. We should not forget to mention, by the way, that among our regular contributors hereafter, will be enrolled the author of that clever work, 'Harry Franco.' We do not 'know him from Adam,' nor even his name; and must therefore confess ourselves doubly grateful for the subjoined flattering lines, which he encloses to us, just as our last pages are passing through the press:

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF ENTERING INTO A COMPACT WITH THE PRINCE OF — PERIODICALS.

High was the destiny chalked out for me,
By her who watched my talents as they budded,
While seated on my childhood's throne, her knee,
She saw my dawning sky with honors studded.

But ah! if mother's wishes could avail,
What son had ever known a fortune lowly?
Yet *contre-temps* all manhood will assail,
In spite of prayers, or aspirations holy.

Happily, before a mother's anxious eyes,
Feturity's dark curtain is suspended,
And in its shade bright hopes and phantoms rise,
With fears and doubts (affection's offspring,) blended.

Ah! little didst thou think, dear mother mine,
(And happy I the thought did never pain her,)
That ever it would chance to son of thine,
To sell himself to be OLD KNICK's retainer!

June, 1839.

Ah, good reader! we know what is in store for you, and give you leave to anticipate as liberally as you please. There shall be no disappointment. We shall *deserve* the favor, which has given this Magazine more thousands of subscribers than it once had hundreds. †

*, For 'Adalantado,' in Mr. Irvine's 'Enchanted Island,' read 'Adelantado.' The name of *Stowe* should be substituted for *Howe*, in the notice of the 'National Academy of Design,' in our last number.

† We respectfully solicit the reader's admiration, for the beautiful steel engraving which embellishes the present number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 2.

NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

ROTTERDAM possesses an ample variety of religious edifices, belonging to various communions of Christians and Jews; but none of them are particularly worthy of attention, except the great protestant church of Saint Lawrence. The exterior of this edifice presents a huge, unseemly pile of crumbling little Dutch bricks, flanked with enormous and misshapen buttresses, along the sides, and partly covered by wretched houses and shops, built close against it, as if it were an old city wall, instead of a place of worship. But notwithstanding the poorness of its material, and the want of architectural taste in its construction, and the parsimonious spirit which has suffered it thus to be walled in by the neighboring proprietors, there is something imposing in the mass, and venerable in the general aspect, of the overgrown pile. It is imperfectly formed into the representation of a cross, by means of the roof and upper part of the structure having as usual a massive tower at one end. Being the first of the great churches of the Netherlands which I ever entered, its peculiarities made the more vivid impression upon my mind. The magnitude of the interior of a church three hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty broad, and one hundred high, the roof being supported by twenty large pillars of plastered brick, is naturally the first idea that strikes one, accustomed to the style of building in this country, where the great subdivision into sects, and the prevailing taste for multiplying the number instead of increasing the size of churches, takes from the grandeur of effect that is always associated with vastness. The impression is heightened by the circumstance, that the continuity of view is not broken up by a permanent division, into pews. Seats exist for the magistrates, and some also for ladies; but on the floor of the church, there is nothing but rush-bottomed chairs, for the use of the great body of worshippers. The pavement consists of many hundreds of broad, flat grave-stones, usually bearing short inscriptions, and a coat of arms; so that you walk at every step over the very tombs of the dead, collected for centuries in the vaults beneath. The walls are covered with common plaster. Over the main entrance, is the organ, the altar-piece being at the opposite extremity, and the pulpit on one side, by the pillar.

which support the roof. Such is the general appearance of the interior of this church, which I shall describe the more particularly, as it will afford a general notion of the style of churches of the same class in Holland.

It is generally conceded, that this superb organ, of recent construction, is the rival of the celebrated instrument at Haarlem. It is supported by twelve pillars, of white Italian marble, with brass capitals, and resting upon solid blocks of beautiful variegated marble; all which is protected from injury by a railing of iron. The aspect of the organ itself is equally magnificent, consisting of five thousand five hundred pipes, richly ornamented, bearing aloft angels and cherubs, and surmounted by a figure of David playing on the harp, whose crown seems almost to reach the roof of the church. Nothing can surpass the powers of this noble instrument, either in compass, variety, or sweetness. A large space, facing the organ, sufficient in itself to contain a small congregation, and divided from the nave or main part of the church, by an iron balustrade, forms the choir, and contains the altar. This space is entered by a beautifully constructed gate, an exquisite piece of workmanship, on which is inscribed, 'F. Van Dowe, f.; Anno 1717.' An elegant brass railing, ornamented with marble pillars, and supported on marble abutments, more immediately encloses the choir, which, in the reformed service, is used for little else but the solemnization of marriages. The pulpit is of carved oak, polished and shining like mahogany, and although elegant in itself, is not comparable, as a work of art, to many which I afterward saw in the Netherlands.

Around the walls of the church are many texts from the Scriptures, and other inscriptions, placed in conspicuous situations, but far from well executed. These tablets and escutcheons are sometimes not without interest; but yield, in this respect, to several monumental sculptures, which are also placed against the wall. One of them is the cenotaph of Egbert Kortenaar, in the form of a portico, on four columns, before which lies extended the body of the admiral, in the full dress of his rank, and above him a tablet, adorned with naval insignia. The cenotaph, beside a Dutch inscription, bears the following, in Latin:

Herói incomparabili EGBERTO BARTHOLOMÆI A CORTENAAR, Archithalasso,

Hoc virtutis et gloriosæ mortis monumentum,

Posuere nobiliss Dⁿⁱ Præfecti. Rei Maritimæ ad Mosam.

Opposite this noble monument, is that of the Admiral de Witt. This also bears the recumbent body of the naval hero. A sea-fight is sculptured below, and above, Neptune and Mars support the tablet, which is surmounted by Fame, with her trumpet, and another symbolical figure, of good execution. A Latin inscription enumerates his achievements. This and the other monumental inscriptions contained in these Notes, I carefully wrote down myself on the spot, transcribing the honorary memorials of the heroes and great men of Holland, with feelings of respect and veneration, far more just and natural, it seemed to me, than the eager interest with which classic travellers hasten to record every obscure remnant they may find of

inscriptions, transmitted to us from the ancient times of Greece and Rome.

'Meritis et Aeternitati,

WITTENII CORNELII DE WITT,

Equitis,

Qui magnitudinem suam eodam elemento debuit cui præcipuam
Hactenus Hollandia debet. Totum terrarum ambitum,
Circumnavigavit, utramq. Indiam, nauta, miles, prælectusq.
Nautarum ac militum vidit. Expugnato speculatorio
Navigio cum viribus ipse multum inferior, animo major
Easet, argentiferæ classi Americanæ capiendæ viam pate
fecit. Innumeras variarum gentium naves cepit incendit
Submersit. Per omnes gradus militiæ navalis eluctatus,
Proprietor patriæ classes et expeditiones
Maritimas annis xx rexit, decies quinties classibus
Collatis cum hoste confluxit raro æquato
Clade plerumq. victor ac triumphator e
Præliis rediit. Restabat magnus tot belli,
Facinoribus imponendus dies viii Novembr.
Anni cccccxviii in freto maris Balthici,
Supremum virtutis opus edidit primus in prælium mens.
Prætoriam Suevorum invasit affixit dein
Proprietoriam ac prægrandes aliquot eorundem
Alias armis viris animis instructissimas sola,
Proprietoria sua rejecit affixit submersit,
Donec a sociis undiq. desertus ab hostibus
Undiq. circumfusus, disrepto globis
Corpore, bellatricem animam cælo reddidit.
Corpus ipse rex hostis, generosa forti-
tudinis hostilis admiratione, splendide
Compositum patriæ remisit. Sic redeunt quos honos ac
Virtus remittunt. Vixit annos Lix.'

Several other celebrated Dutch admirals repose in the same church, of whom I shall notice only De Liefde and Brakel. The tomb of the former is designated merely by a large slab, slightly raised from the floor, with carved figures, and suitable inscriptions. That of Brakel is in the same part of the church, and consists of naval insignia, with a tablet shaded by standards, which a child is drawing aside, and the whole surmounted by his bust. The inscription, while it neither possesses the sententious brevity of that of Kortenaar, nor a plain enumeration of facts, like De Witt's, is remarkable for its quaintness and absurdity. It is in these words:

'Invicti herois

JOHANNIS A. BRAKEL,

Prætoris ut vocant nocturni,
Manibus ac memoriæ sacrum.
Hoc tegitur sep. Brakelius æquoris horror.
Cui Flamma et ferrum cessit et unda maris
Fallimur an flammæ et nunc vomit.
Adspice jam jam
Ferreæ qui nepit vincula rumpet humum.'

Leaving the interior of the church, and the objects of attraction and interest which it contains, I ascended the lofty tower, under the guidance of the old sexton, to enjoy the extensive prospect it affords. You mount a narrow winding stair-case, of more than three hundred steps, most of it being constructed of solid masonry, and arrive at a large uncovered flat, at the summit of the tower, surrounded by a

strong balustrade. Here a view equally curious and extensive meets the eye. Beneath you, are the old-fashioned houses of Rotterdam, with their peaked roofs and red tiles, separated by narrow streets, and intersected by numerous canals, while on one side runs the Rotte, and on the other the Maas, with its broad havens, and green islands, and its waters covered with boats and ships. Green fields, with occasional groves of trees, extend all around, while the dead level of the surrounding country leaves the view uninterrupted, over all South Holland, from the Brielle and from Willemstadt to the Hague and Leyden, and even as far as Utrecht, which is just discernible in the distance; the country looking like an interminable meadow, or prairie, stretching out in every direction to the horizon.

Of the drives in the environs of Rotterdam, the pleasantest is to the Plantaadje, or Plantation, just to the eastward of the city, on the banks of the Maas. The road is along the great dyke of the Maas, called Hooge-dyk, being in fact the continuation of the Hoogstraat. The whole country, through which the road passes, is a rich garden, which would be beautiful, notwithstanding the stiffness with which the grounds are laid out, but for the extreme lowness of the soil, and thick, damp foliage of the trees, which seem to envelope the country seats and farm houses in an atmosphere of mist. As you pass along the Hooge-dyke, all the cultivated grounds by the road side seem far below you, and are intersected with stagnant canals, covered with green pond-weed, which flourishes luxuriantly in the still water. Upon one of the broad canals, in the populous suburbs of the city, I observed a large flock of milk-white swans, swimming about unmolested by the boys in the streets; an example, among others, of the same kind, which I frequently noticed, of the great security of domesticated animals, of whatever kind, in Holland. Most of the country seats bear some quaint inscription over the entrance, in Dutch, forming a kind of name by which the house is distinguished. Various manufactories are seen, and among them is a large glass manufactory, near which we met a procession of small mules, marching into the city, loaded with panniers of glass.

But in this quarter, as elsewhere in the neighborhood of Rotterdam, numerous wind-mills constantly meet the eye; and it is the same in every part of Holland; for the absence of water power, in so level a country, and the high price of coal, render it necessary to employ this mode of moving machinery. Indeed, most of the fuel used in Holland, for the ordinary purposes of life, is turf. The only wood consumed, is mere brush-wood, which is carefully tied up in little fagots, or bundles, for sale. All along on the road to the Plantaadje, the huge sails of these wind-mills are seen swinging in the air, reaching out from the misshapen tower to which they belong. The structure consists of three parts. The lower part is a tower, of a conical shape, usually six-sided, which forms the body of the mill, and is often surrounded by, or rises out of, the buildings connected with the works. At the summit of this, is a railed way going around it, and surmounted by another tower, of a figure similar to the first, and of a height sufficient for the arms or sails to play on its side, without touching the railing. Finally, above all, is a kind of head-piece, looking like a huge cap, composed of a frame, in which the

axle of the sails revolves. Large timbers often project from the sides, to give strength to the whole, which increases the singularity in appearance of the fabric.

The *Plantaadje* is a grove of trees and shrubbery, laid out with much taste, as a public promenade, affording a fine view of the river, the city, and many surrounding objects, and serving as a place of resort in the summer season. It is intersected by alleys for walking and driving, and possesses that extreme and rich verdure that a moist climate naturally imparts. On the side of Rotterdam, amid the masts of the shipping, and the lofty dwellings and magazines, the most conspicuous object is the church of Saint Lawrence, with its lofty square tower; and this not relieved by spires and domes, which usually occur in the distant prospect of a great city. But there would seem to be comparatively very little time in which such a promenade can be enjoyed; for although at each of my visits to Rotterdam, in the summer, the weather was mild, yet it was generally changeable and cloudy, furnishing very few of those clear, bright days, in which the thick foliage of an extensive grove would be most desirable. Add to this, the universal dampness of the nights, when the exhalations from the canals and rivers, and the heavy dews, are apt to render exposure to the evening air prejudicial to the health. Still, the *Plantaadje* forms a promenade which would be worthy of any city in Europe.

At the eastern extremity of the city, are situated the Arsenal, and the Navy-Yard. The latter is particularly worthy of attention; this, and the similar establishment at Amsterdam, having so long and so largely contributed to sustain the naval glory of Holland. To reach the Navy-Yard at Rotterdam, you cross the *Oudehaven* in a ferry-boat, and pass along the canal called the *Haringvliet*, upon a broad quay, similar to the *Boompjes*. It is by no means so sumptuous as some of the navy-yards in the United States. Several large ships were on the stocks, some of them new, others old ones undergoing repairs or changes, which are placed, like ours, under cover, but not with the sides built up, so as to form a perfect house. I was gratified to find a sixty-four gun ship on the stocks, copied after an improved American model, which had been adopted at the suggestion of the Duke of Saxe Weimar, after his visit to the United States.

In this place I was also shown two articles of regal pomp, which, it must be confessed, are somewhat appropriate in a country like the Netherlands, of rivers, canals, and islands but half emerged from the sea. These were a steam-yacht, and a rowing-yacht, belonging to the king. The steam-yacht was a beautiful vessel, of the long model, richly ornamented with carved work and gilding, having brass chains, plates, and rods, brass ornaments of the engine and its chimney, brass cannons upon the deck, and every thing as bright and beautiful as Dutch cleanliness and pains-taking could render it. The wheel-house bore the arms of the house of Orange-Nassau, with the motto, '*JE MAINTIENDRAI*,' in large gilt letters. Nothing could exceed the finish and elegance of the engine, which was entirely exposed to view from the deck, and was of domestic workmanship, and not, like so many of the steam-engines which one sees on the continent, imported from England. The interior of the vessel, ex-

cept so far as it was occupied by the machinery, and persons employed in the management of it, was divided into very sumptuous apartments, for the use of the various members of the royal family; panelled with mahogany, and decorated with rich hangings, chairs, bedding, and other furniture, including a very costly service of plate. In short, every thing was, in taste and style, befitting a prince; but the examination of the whole gave me a more vivid impression of the great splendor of our own steam-boats and packet ships; the difference between them and the yacht being by no means considerable. I was informed that the use of this yacht is permitted to any of the great public officers, they defraying the expense of coals, for the time being; because the machinists and mariners remain permanently attached to the vessel, and the king himself does not have sufficient occasion to use her, to keep the machinery in good order, and the men in practice. The rowing yacht, being sixty feet by twelve, was also very beautiful; white outside, with carving and gilding along the gunwale; the inside dark blue, with a canopy of blue over the stern. At the bows were gilt figures of Neptune, in his sea-chariot, preceded by Tritons, and over the stern-board, Fame, protecting the escutcheon of Orange-Nassau.

Of the general aspect of the shops in Rotterdam, and of the market people, I have already spoken. Many other particulars may be stated, as illustrative of the appearance of the city, and of the customs of the inhabitants in regard to trade. Cherries, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, as well as strawberries, were cried in all the streets; and heaps of these fruits, as well as of various kinds of garden vegetables, were exposed for sale in all directions, on little benches in various places, and often upon the pavement itself. Holland is reputed to excel all other countries in the quality of the ordinary vegetables for the table; but I had no reason to believe that their fruits or vegetables were in any respect superior to our own. In fact, other countries, having adopted the same improved mode of cultivation, are able to produce in perfection many things of this kind, for which the kitchen gardens of Holland had gained so much celebrity. At the bake-houses, and on the stalls, in the streets, you see also piles of the coarse black bread, which, with fish, potatoes, and other cheap vegetables, forms the food of the poor. It is baked in solid masses, nearly of the form of a huge brick, and is composed of coarse, unbolted rye. It is harsh, sour, and gritty, and not to be compared in flavor with the worst bread, made of rye and maize, or maize alone, used in the United States.

Rotterdam possesses no market-houses comparable to those of Boston and Philadelphia. The Corn Market and Flax Market are each built with a covered colonnade, or gallery, for the better exhibition of those commodities; but are of very plain architecture and materials. Some few of the buildings, connected with commerce, are spacious and sightly, such as the Oostindisch Huis, or East India House, on the Boompjes, and the West India House, on the Haringvliet; which, since the change in the condition of the East and West India Companies, are chiefly employed as private ware-houses. Enormous quantities of coarse potters' ware and stone-ware may be seen exposed for sale in large vessels, lying in the havens, their decks

heaped up with piles of jugs, pans, and other articles of the same kind.

Great simplicity and plainness are observable in the places of business, of the merchants and others; and in some instances, the absence of external show is quite remarkable. Thus, to reach the counting-room of the principal money-broker, who is a rich Jew, you pass under a low, obscure arched passage, into an inner court, removed from public view; and in this respect widely different from the offices of the same class of persons in this country, which are so generally placed in conspicuous situations. In a country famed for the manufacture of toys, the shops for the sale of them naturally attracted my attention; and in that of Meyer and Blessings, I found many of these amusing specimens of Dutch ingenuity, with other articles of mechanical skill, of a higher class, particularly musical clocks, of uncommon excellence. One of these, valued at nine hundred guilders, was made to play sixteen choice airs, containing within it a fine organ, operated on by machinery, unlike those which are commonly seen, where the music is that of the piano-forte. Indeed a taste for music is evidently one of the traits of the Dutch; as may be inferred from the great sums expended in the chimes of belles, and in the purchase of church-organs, of such extraordinary power and beauty.

Rotterdam has grown up entirely since the fourteenth century, when it was a poor fishing village. Its commercial prosperity depends, in a great measure, upon its local position, which gives it command of the trade of the provinces bordering on the Maas, and renders it in part the market of the Rhine. Its greatest commerce is in madder, sugar, tobacco, and gin; to which, of course, it adds a participation of trade in the other great staples of consumption or production in Holland. Three fourths of the madder produced in the whole country, are disposed of in Rotterdam. Flax, grain, and cheese, are exported abroad in large quantities; while its internal trade, on the canals and rivers, in various imported commodities, and in articles of its own manufacture, is of course extensive.

Nothing here struck me as more singular, than the want of literary taste, and the absence of thirst for intelligence, of which many circumstances convinced me. In a city the second in Holland, and nearly as populous as Boston, there was but one newspaper, and that of small size, and of little merit. Books are neither abundant nor cheap, and the comparatively small number of shops in which they are sold, contain a very meagre assortment. The libraries are few, and but poorly stocked; and there are scarcely any exterior marks of literary cultivation, in the shape of public establishments. Compared with those of Boston, the libraries, publishing houses, literary institutions, and monuments of art, sink into insignificance. And I afterward found the contrast almost equally striking, between Rotterdam and the cities of Belgium; such as Antwerp, Ghent, and Brussels.

But institutions of charity and beneficence abound, some of which are, in several things, peculiar. The Oudemannenhuis, or Old Men's House, situated in the Hoogstraat, was founded for the support of a certain number of infirm old men, part of whom lived entirely upon the proceeds of donations and legacies, given for the maintenance of

the establishment, and part of whom paid a small sum on entering, and were lodged in a better manner. The funds, being vested in public securities, partook of the general reduction which they sustained under the government of the French, and thus proved insufficient to continue the institution on its old footing. The inmates were removed to other establishments, and the buildings are now used as a place of instruction for indigent children, and for the meetings of a society whose object is to give employment to the poor. The Vrouwenhuis, or Woman's House, conducted on the same principles with the Oudemannenhuis, still subsists. The Proveniershuis is devoted to the purpose of lodging aged persons, but only those who are boarded and lodged for life, in consideration of their having paid a certain sum at entering the establishment; and it now contains many of the former occupants of the Oudemannenhuis. Beside these foundations, are several made entirely by benevolent individuals, of which that of Gerrit de Koker may serve as an example. It was finished in 1786, and is situated on the Singel, between the Rotte and the Goudsche Weg. It consists of a large edifice, surrounding a court, where a certain number of aged widows, or unmarried females, are lodged gratis, who are also allowed the aid of physicians and nurses, and receive a small monthly allowance in money. These various establishments afford a refuge to a large number of aged persons, who, without being absolutely paupers, may have outlived their connexions, and become reduced in circumstances, and here gain the quiet and security of the convent, without being obliged to assume the forms and restraints of any particular sect of christianity. The institution exists in other parts of Europe, and deserves to be introduced into the United States, among other objects of benevolence, on which the wealth of our citizens is so freely bestowed. Rotterdam also possesses its Dolhuis, or Asylum for Lunatics; its Gasthuis, or Public Hospital; its Armenhuis, or Alms House; its Spinhuis, or House of Correction; with many other establishments, of the like nature, which do not call for particular remark.

In leaving Rotterdam for Delft, I adopted the then ordinary and most convenient mode of making the journey, by the trekschuyt, or canal boat. To reach the boat, you pass through the gate called Delftsche-poort, a building decorated with columns and sculptures, which is much praised by the inhabitants of the city; and near which is what is called the Hofpoort, a gate surmounted by a fine column, and bearing two lions recumbent at the base of the column, all of considerable beauty. Here, near the point where the Rotte enters the city, I embarked upon the canal of Schie, and bade adieu, for the present, to Rotterdam.

THE TWO PUPPIES.

—
 LINES ON A DOG'S COLLAR, EXAMINED BY A FASHIONABLE DANDY.
 —

STEAL me not! myself and collar
 Both are barely worth a dollar:
 Puppies should befriend each other;
 See me home, then, dearest brother!

STANZAS.

TO A ROSE, BLOSSOMING WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE STATE'S PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">I.</p> <p>Flower of love! why choose thy dwelling
In the prison's gloomy bound,
While its massive bolts are telling
They enclose unholy ground?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">II.</p> <p>Darker than its walls of granite,
Gloomier than its grated cells,
Is the sight of its lone inmates,
And the crimes their history tells.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">III.</p> <p>Had the night-shade sought to blossom,
Here had seemed a fitting home;
Wreathing with the deadly hemlock,
Or the cypress from the tomb.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IV.</p> <p>But for thee, so bright and joyous
In thy beauty, wherefore here?
Dost thou seek some light to scatter
O'er a spot so lone and drear?</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">V.</p> <p>Is it that the lost and wretched
May by thee an emblem gain
Of the love, so long unheeded,
Lingering round their path of pain?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VI.</p> <p>Wouldst thou bid these severed beings
Dream of home, and home's delight?
Wouldst thou wake some kindly feeling,
To illumine the spirit's night?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VII.</p> <p>Like the sunbeam 'mid the tempest,
Seems thy soft and gentle bloom;
Smiling by the frowning fortress,
Made for crime — its living tomb!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VIII.</p> <p>Fare thee well! — 't were vain to question,
Vain to ask thy mission here;
Long, sweet floweret, may thy beauty
With its light this darkness cheer!</p> |
|---|---|

M.

SERINGAPATAM:

OR THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO HAD 'NOTHING ELSE TO DO.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

NEXT to being harassed by duns, run down by constables, and taken up by the gout, I do believe the man who has 'nothing to do,' leads about the most vagabond sort of a life ever allotted by Providence to any thing in the shape of a man. I believe this to be a rule without an exception; a law without the glorious uncertainty of the law. Your man of fashion is a man of business; always busy in his line. His lacquies, his tailors, his stables, and his debts, furnish him with 'a place, and constant employment,' independent of every thing else. Your vagabond has his occupation, his trade, his standing in society. He falls into his place as scientifically as a corn-stalk militia-man, at a regimental review, and goes through all the evolutions of his craft. The strolling beggar carries a sick child, or a greasy piece of parchment from a corporation officer, with a long tale at the end of it, or grinds on a squeaking hand-organ, or plays a fiddle to a dancing baboon. These worthy people all have something to do. You can understand what they were made for. The world would n't have all sorts of people in it, without them.

Well, the point to which I am coming, is this. I once knew a man who had nothing to do. He was the circumstance of an accident and a result. A mere 'circumstance,' for he was about as near nothing

as nobody; of 'an accident,' for a rich old uncle left him a fortune, through forgetfulness to make a will, and leave it to his house-keeper, as he had promised; and 'a result,' for it neither turned his head, nor changed his disposition; it established him, my old friend Jeremiah Lincoln, for that was his name, in the indomitable resolution to be 'a gentleman.' And he had but one definition of that word; 'a man who has nothing to do.' He did n't fish it out of Doctor Johnson; he was his own lexicographer.

This resolution had been formed after mature reflection. It came about in this way. Jeremiah had been overworked when he was a boy. His mother sent him to school to one Stoffe Peeler, a big, brawny Dutchman. I knew him well, and he was a 'peeler.' The school-house was away off at the cross roads, a mile and a half from our village, in a little clump of a buttonwood grove, interspersed with birch sprigs, originally, though they were being thinned out in our time; and it was a tiresome walk, for a lad who carried a half-conned lesson in one side of his head, and a well-conned idea of the quality of the birch sprigs, in the other side. Jeremiah always said it was too much for him; between the mother and the master, he would absolutely be worked to death; and this unhappy result might have actually come about, but for the lucky circumstance I am now to relate, which fortunately dropped in, and not only preserved his valuable life, but secured to the world the materials of this instructive story.

It was this. Our worthy school-master, among other sapient inventions for teaching the young idea how to shoot, had a rule, that the spelling-class should, every Monday morning, reverse its order from head to tail; the lads took each other down, as they caught the missed words, through the week, and on Saturday, the boy who stood head, took home a certificate of approbation in his pocket, and the unlucky urchin who stood tail, was furnished with a contra certificate on his back. The word, one Saturday, was '*Seringapatam*. It took Jerry to the landing-place at the foot, and he went home 'a striped pig.' But that was not all. Master Peeler, for he was a genius in his line, gave poor Jerry the consolatory piece of information, at parting, that unless he spelled that word on Monday morning, syllable by syllable, putting it together as he went along, he should have another 'waking up,' that would be a caution to him all the days of his life.

Faithfully did Jerry strive to master that hard-mouthed word; to him, it was a regular-built jaw-breaker. He 'could n't twist his tongue round it, no how.' He spelled it over a hundred times; he dreamed about it at night; he turned it over, took it apart, and tried it and tried it, until its tingling sound rang in his ears like forty sleigh-bells; and when Monday morning came, he sat by the fire, with his spelling-book before him, the very picture of despair. That word was his Shibboleth. The school hour was approaching; and, with the sensations of a culprit going to the gallows, he buckled his strap around the book, slung it over his shoulder, and flung himself out of the door. As he tracked his way toward the scene of his anticipated ignominy, the fresh and clear breeze of the morning seemed to reinvigorate his mind. His meditations took another turn. 'I wonder,' said he to himself, 'what use there is in going to school for ever?'

What good will it do me to be banged and banged about, like a dog? I wish I was a gentleman! I wish I had nothing to do! Master Peeler is a great rascal. He would n't knock me about so, if I was a man. I'll not go to school, to be hammered in this way;' and his wrath rising with his recapitulated wrongs, he clenched his fists, and broke out aloud, 'I'll be hanged if I do!'

'If you do what?' said a stern voice, behind him.

He looked around, and there was master Peeler at his heels! Not recollecting, at the moment, that all his cogitations, except the last expression, had been confined to himself, and seized with the belief that all the disrespectful thoughts which had been so vividly present to his mind, had been uttered in the ear of the dreaded form whose frown chilled his blood, he uttered one shriek of terror, flung away his book, and taking to his heels, never looked behind him, until he had bolted in at his mother's door, and slammed it at his back. 'Mother,' said he, to the astonished old lady, 'Mother, I'll be darned if I'm going to be licked ag'in, for all the Seringatangtangs in the book! I won't never go to school no more! I won't — I won't!'

The argument that ensued is of no consequence here. The fact is, Jeremiah Lincoln's literary labors terminated at 'Seringapatam.'

The next time I saw him, was in a stuffed and cushioned chair, in the back room of a quiet house, in a retired part of the city. Three years had gone by, and the men and things of the world, like the beads in a kaleidoscope, had assumed, after the successful casts of time, new combinations of shape and coloring. Jerry was enjoying the comforts of three thousand dollars a year; had sunk into the repose of perfect retirement; had reached what he conceived to be the summit of earthly felicity; and even the village school-master had been forgotten, or at least forgiven.

The docile spirit of the boy, which never, except on the one memorable occasion, already alluded to, had risen to fever heat, now slept behind the mirror of his blue eye, as calm and serene as the clear sky in a quiet lake. He never opened a book — they were tiresome; nor a newspaper — they were exciting. He walked around the square, when an umbrella was not necessary, or took an afternoon airing with Tom, in a Tilbury, and a 'family horse.' But in process of time, the 'sights' in his neighborhood became old; the faces he was accustomed to see, familiar; he had told all he knew to every body with whom he was acquainted, and a little enlargement of his sphere of action became perceptible. He strayed one day to the site of a new building, some squares off; and while amusing himself by looking at the hod-men carrying their burdens up the long ladders, a brick fell upon his head. Whatever there was within, however, was so well protected, that the uncivil salutation produced no very alarming consequences. He was picked up, set on his feet, the blood and dirt wiped away, a patch applied to the wound; and to the kind inquiry, 'what the Harry he was about standing there, right in the way,' his unsophisticated answer was, 'he had nothing else to do.'

This little incident might have been of service to him, if he had had any employment at home. But that being out of the question, he was soon abroad again; and the next time I saw him, he wore an

air of sullen disquietude. He had been shamefully, shockingly ill-treated. 'What do you think?' said he; 'I stepped aboard a steam-boat at the wharf, yesterday; I was looking through her — I had nothing else to do, you know — and before I was aware, I found we were travelling up the North River! I could n't think of going from home. I had no money — no clothes — knew no body; and when I politely asked them to put me ashore, and let me go home, they told me I might mind my own concerns, and that I had no business to be on board, if I was n't going to Albany! But that's not all,' said he, looking cautiously around, to see if any body could hear; 'they actually sent me on shore, in a little boat, ten miles off, because I could not pay my passage; and I begged my way down in a truck-cart.' I expressed my sympathy. 'And yet,' continued he, 'when I went to the police office, to complain of this kind of treatment, stealing me away from my home and friends in this way, they actually laughed at me, and said as much as that it served me about right; and that, as I 'had nothing else to do,' I might as well be riding ten miles out in a steam-boat, and ten back in a truck-cart, as not; they did n't see as it made any difference!'

I consoled the poor fellow as well as I could, and we parted.

It was but a few days afterward, that Jerry's man Tom came to me, in great perturbation, and told me that his master had been missing all night, and that he had accidentally found him in the police-office, where he then was, charged with some offence; and he begged me to come down and see what was the matter. I went. Just as I had succeeded in elbowing my way through the crowd, I heard the name of 'Jeremiah Lincoln' called out; and there, sure enough, stood my poor friend, looking as wo-begone and sheepish as the merest drab of a sky-lark in the dock.

'Swear the witness,' said the magistrate; and the witness was sworn. 'What's the offence?' And the witness told his story; how a fellow had been arrested for stealing a pocket-book in the street, last night; how a set of rowdies had rescued him; how they procured assistance, and captured a lot of the chaps, and this was one of them.'

'What do you say to this?' roared the magistrate.

Jerry mumbled over a miserable explanation, the amount of which was, that, seeing the crowd, he just stepped over, and was trying to find out what was the matter, having nothing else to do, when he was seized, and carried to the 'lock up.'

'Ah!' said the magistrate, recollecting himself, 'I have seen you before; you are the man about town, that *has nothing else to do*. You may go; but,' and he shook his finger, 'if I ever see you here again, I'll put you in a way to find employment!'

Jerry seized his hat, and slunk out of the office, like a whipped dog.

Finding that these accidental scrapes were rather troublesome, and very annoying; particularly as, having nothing else to do, his mind invariably ruminated darkly and sadly upon one, until he got into another; he bethought himself of leading a more circumspect life, and stepping along his way with greater caution. Home was, of course, an absolute solitude, during all those hours, especially, in which the active world is busy; so he began to look around for some

perfectly safe and lawful way of killing the time, which, day by day, he found hanging on his hands. He had noticed, in his walks, a lawyer's office, and sitting within it, a quiet, demure-looking little man, with his chin on his hand, and spectacles on his nose. 'That place,' said Jerry, to himself, 'must be a sanctuary; if I could but scrape an acquaintance there, it would be a great thing; it would be so interesting to hear him talk; lawyers know every thing, and a little more, they say; and may be he has nothing else to do.'

An opportunity soon offered. Having nothing else to do, Jerry endorsed a note for a neighbor, and in due time, much to his astonishment, was notified that 'the holder looked to him for payment.' He stepped into the little lawyer, to take advice. He found him poring over an old parchment deed, which he had slipped out of the drawer, into which he slipped the novel he was reading, as Jerry entered. A retaining fee, the advice required, which was, of course, to defend himself against the claim to the last extremity, and a familiar chat of an hour, completely broke the ice; and thenceforward, Jerry made the attorney's office a regular morning lounge. It was quite pleasant; the attorney was an agreeable little man; an agreeable pair of black eyes occasionally peered through a glass door, which divided the office from an adjoining sitting-room. An introduction to a pair of sisters, who formed part of the household establishment, soon followed; and as the attorney sometimes had a client, Jerry, who had nothing else to do, now and then strayed into the family apartment.

One day he was sitting in the attorney's office, as usual. The parchment deed lay upon the table; the spectacles were thrown back upon the forehead; and Mr. Coke, addressing himself very kindly to his friend, opened the following discourse:

'Well, Jerry, my boy, when is it to come off?'

'Come off? — *what* come off?'

'Oh, the wedding! It's no joking matter with me, I assure you. Tabby, I understand, is going to leave me! Ah, you sly dog! Why did n't you take my advice, eh?'

Jerry was thunder-struck!

The attorney proceeded. 'Never mind; I forgive you; you might have done worse, though I say it, who should not say it. Sharp fellow! — little puss! Her ring on your finger! (There it was; how it came there, heaven knew, not Jerry;) yours on hers. Well, the sooner the better, eh!'

To make the story short, Jerry 'was into it.' He had nothing else to do, so they took him and married him; and the last time I went that way, the lawyer's office was in Jerry's front parlor; the rest of the family occupied the remaining part; and a couple of spoiled urchins kept the nursery in an uproar. I saw him afterward in the market, haggling for fish. 'Jerry,' said I, 'I'm glad to see you; how do you get along, now-a-days?'

'Bad enough!'

'How? — a wife, children, dog, cats; cupids, a brother-in-law, and nothing else to do?'

'Hush!' said he, with a tear in his eye; 'I'll be darned if I would n't rather go back to old Peeler, and learn to spell SERINGAPANTAM!'

L I N E S

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND, WITH A PLAIN COPY OF BRYANT'S POEMS.

THOUGH unadorned with pictured charms,
 With fretted gold, or flashing gem,
 I deem that Friendship's thoughtful eye
 Will not my simple gift condemn.

For lacks it not intrinsic worth,
 Beyond the pride of wealth or art;
 The beauties of a polished mind,
 The graces of a gentle heart:

One that, like Numa, oft has borne
 From haunted fount and voiceless glen
 The wisdom of a wiser lore,
 Than marks the babbling schools of men:

One who hath drawn from passing bird,
 From falling leaf, and drooping flower,
 Thoughts that shall light the memory's shrine,
 Till life's remotest hour:

One whose chaste pen ne'er traced a line
 To virtue false, to license dear;
 Which manly pride might blush to read,
 Or maiden purity to hear.

New-York, 1839.

W. F. F.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

IN TWO PARTS: PART TWO.

WE have seen, in a former number, the influence of commerce upon mankind at large; upon the entire human race, in its collective form. If we now direct our thoughts to mankind, as divided into separate communities, or nations, we shall find that influence not less marked and operative. The discovery has not long been made, but it is made at last, that the real source of national prosperity, greatness, and power, is the once condemned pursuit of commerce. Even rulers and monarchs, although generally the last to abandon errors, and to perceive great moral truths, have begun to entertain the idea that the power of an empire is not exclusively in its armies; that increase of territory, by conquest, is not prosperity; and that successful warfare is not glory. It is not probable that the civilized world will ever again produce a Napoleon, or civilized nations again engage in such a frightful series of butcheries and desolations as were the fruits of his ambition. The knowledge that the business of mankind, is to create, and not destroy, has slowly travelled upward, from the workshop of the mechanic, and the ware-house of the merchant to the study of the philosopher, the cabinet of the statesman, and the council-chamber of the king.

It is time, indeed, that this great truth were universally acknowledged, for history has been teaching it these thousand years, in the

successive rise and fall of empires. Of the great nations of antiquity, we find that the most rapid growth in power and prosperity, belonged to the most commercial; as Phœnicia, Carthage, and Egypt; and that when they fell, their ruin came not from within, but from the fierce assaults of enemies, superior in power. Their greatness had in itself the elements of duration; and although they were stricken down by the overbearing might of military dominations, it was not until after long and strenuous resistance, with numbers far inferior, proving the vigor and soundness of the principles on which their national existence had its foundation. The military empires, on the contrary, with the exception of Rome, were of short and uncertain duration. They had within themselves the seeds of dissolution, and crumbled into ruins with a rapidity of destruction generally commensurate with the celerity of their elevation. Even Rome itself was no exception to the rule, save only in the long continuance of its greatness; a greatness founded on the valor and warlike temper of its people, which every new conquest tended to diminish, by the introduction of luxurious habits, and the increase of means for their indulgence, gained by the robbery and plunder of the conquered. A power erected on such foundations could not be permanent. Its growth was unnatural, and at length it fell to pieces, as so many other warlike empires had done before it, through the influence of causes inherent in its elevation. The Romans, the Macedonians, the Assyrians, the Persians, all the conquest-seeking nations of antiquity, were mere robbers. They aimed at riches and dominion by the strong arm, and the rapacious spirit; and with the very attainment of their ends, the strong arm grew weak, and their ill-gotten wealth became the instrument of their destruction. The Carthaginians and Phœnicians, and every other commercial people, grew in strength and prosperity with a wholesome and vigorous increase. The wealth they acquired was won by toil, and enterprise, and perseverance, and brought with it increase of knowledge and intelligence; and if they fell at last, they fell nobly, after a long and gallant defence, not by enervation and effeminacy, but by the enormous disparity of force against which they contended.

But without looking more deeply into the causes of ancient prosperity or ruin, as to which we labor under much uncertainty, by reason of the insufficient accuracy and fulness of historical record, we shall find abundant demonstration of our position, in those courses of events which approach nearer to ourselves in point of time, and of which we have fuller and more definite information. In the modern history of nations, then, we cannot fail to be struck with the manifest agency of commerce, in the creation of national wealth and power; for wherever we find commercial activity and enterprise existing in vigor, we also find national strength and influence exhibited in a high degree; and a decline of this commercial activity immediately followed by a corresponding decadence of population and resources. Look at the states of Italy, for instance — Venice, Tuscany, the Florentine republic, Genoa, and the rest. Time was, when, despite their narrow territorial limits, they stood foremost among the nations in wealth and power; carrying on a most extensive commerce, their ships were found in every sea; their flags were respected,

their political influence was paramount, and their great men were proud to bear the title of merchant-princes. But in process of time they neglected the real sources of their power; their rulers began to assume more exclusively the character of princes, and to lay aside that of merchants; they engaged in wars of aggression; and with all this, permitting themselves to be rivalled in their trade by other nations, they descended very quickly to the miserable state of poverty and impotence in which they now exist. Spain, too, once the most commercial country in the world, was also one of the most prosperous and powerful. But in an evil hour the discovery of Columbus laid open to the Spaniards the delusive wealth of Peru and Mexico; and from merchants they became conquerors and robbers. They sought to gain riches by the sword, and ruin followed the accomplishment of their insane desire. Alike in its result, although different in its immediate character, is the evidence afforded by the empire of China. With a territory of immense extent and remarkable fertility; with a dense population, and amply provided with materials and facilities for large and profitable commerce; the genius of their government and of their political institutions has forbidden the Chinese to engage actively in foreign trade, and made them present the singular spectacle of a people refusing to participate in advantages which other nations are appropriating daily before their eyes; resisting the evidence of their own senses, and obstinately rejecting all the admonitions of experience. Their port of Canton, the only one which their jealous government opens to the ships of foreigners, is crowded with vessels from the remotest regions of the earth; yet they send out none; and even the trade which they permit, is so hampered with vexatious and absurd restrictions, that a very large portion of it is carried on clandestinely, and in defiance of laws that only serve to corrupt the people, and show the contemptible imbecility of the government that has the folly to enact, without the power to enforce. In truth, the whole commercial system of China appears to have been framed with the express design to discourage native commerce, by giving the utmost trouble to those who pursue it fairly and openly, and furnishing the strongest possible temptations to foreign smugglers; and we know that such has been the effect. The consequence is, that for centuries China has made no progress in civilization or power; and that, notwithstanding its vast population, and great natural advantages, it is at this moment one of the very weakest and most helpless of all empires; indebted for its existence, in its present form, and for such tranquillity as it enjoys, not to its own ability to defend itself, but simply to the forbearance of more powerful nations; arising partly from their sense of justice, partly from their mutual jealousy, but more than all, probably, from the obvious consideration that, teased and harassed as it is by the 'vermilion edicts' of the emperor, and the bombastic repetitions of the pang and the hoppo, the trade is more profitable now, to foreign nations, than it would be if placed on a different footing, by a change in the constitution and policy of the government.

We might enlarge upon this branch of the proofs in support of our position; taking the instance of every kingdom and country in

the world, and showing that its wealth, power, and influence bear a direct ratio to its commerce; but the enumeration would occupy too much space, and we limit ourselves to the two most commercial nations of the earth, Great Britain and the United States; each presenting, but in a different way, the most striking and remarkable illustration of the principle for which we are contending. In the first, we behold one of the greatest powers, occupying the very first rank among the nations, and until very recently holding a sort of recognized supremacy upon the ocean, without any one natural advantage which should secure to it this amplitude of power and dominion. A mere island, of such narrow limits, compared with the other great powers of Europe, that in territorial extent it holds almost the very lowest place; unfavorably situated, at the corner, as it were, of the eastern hemisphere; with a climate very far from delightful, and a soil, fertile indeed, but extremely limited in the range of its productions; without forests for shipping, or mines of any thing except tin and coal; with scarcely any streams affording water power for the driving of machinery; and, in short, as little indebted to nature for the elements of prosperity and greatness, as the least potential of the petty kingdoms; this small island has for centuries taken the lead of all the world in activity, population, wealth, power, influence, and even splendor; laying every quarter of the globe, every land and every sea, under contribution; wielding the sceptre of dominion over an empire, that, like the tricky spirit of Shakspeare, 'puts a girdle round about the earth,' and giving laws to millions upon millions of every race and language under heaven. It boasts a navy, which, until within the last twenty years, was greater than those of all the other powers united, and more than once has maintained long and successful war, single-handed, not only against the most powerful and warlike of the continental powers, but against several of them in combination; and finally, in its last and greatest struggle, it was able to resist, and ultimately to overcome, the greatest soldier of modern times, before whose power all the other kingdoms of Europe had gone down in succession, and whose vast armies at one time included legions from almost every nation between the Baltic and the Mediterranean, the Atlantic ocean and the continent of Asia.

Such is the power of England; and the wealth by which it is supported is of the same gigantic measure. And this wealth and power are the immediate fruit of commerce. By commerce, the latter is acquired, and the former is sustained; and so long as the commercial supremacy of England is kept up, so long will that little island continue to be the first among nations — the arbiter of empires, and the wonder of mankind.

The illustration afforded by our own country is not less remarkable, although of a somewhat different nature. The amazing influence of commerce upon the growth of nations is exemplified in our history, not by overcoming disadvantages, but by the astonishing rapidity of its operation. We have every thing desirable or necessary for the attainment of prosperity and power. Immense extent of territory, unsurpassed fertility of soil, inexhaustible variety of productions, abundant forests, navigable rivers, mines of coal, iron, copper, lead,

and other useful minerals; water power for machinery, and a sea-coast abounding with harbors; we are divided, by three thousand miles of ocean, from the conflicts and intrigues of European politics, and, by the freedom of our institutions, left at liberty to employ all our energies in the attainment of individual welfare and happiness. Yet we have evidence, in the parallel case of China, that natural advantages alone will not secure national progression. That great empire, not less amply provided than our own republic with all the elements of prosperity which we have enumerated, has existed for centuries in a state of rest. At a period so remote that it cannot be identified, the Chinese attained a certain stage of civilization, and a certain rank among the nations, beyond which they have not advanced an inch; while we, in less than half a century, have bounded from non-existence to a height of power which owns no superior, and scarcely an equal, among all the nations of the earth.

It is indeed a proud reflection for Americans, that the starry banner of our country, which, only fifty years ago, was adopted as the ensign of a new people, is already known, and respected, and feared, where ever there is water to swim a ship, or a breeze to fill her sails. It waves, a sure guarantee of protection for all who sail under it, in every port of both hemispheres; among the icy wastes of the northern seas, and along the sandy coasts of Africa; among the innumerable islands of the Pacific, and in the proudest maritime capitals of Europe. The ferocious barbarians of the eastern ocean have been made to feel that it is the flag of a nation prompt and powerful to resent aggression; and the greatest monarchs have gladly conceded to it every honor and every privilege they have demanded for their own. The North American republic now enters into the political calculations of the foremost powers; in every contingency that arises, in every speculation that is put forth, on the probable direction of events, the question is always asked, 'What course will the United States pursue?' And even the most hostile of European politicians and public writers — those who take most delight in vilifying our institutions and our people — do not disguise their uneasiness at the idea, with which they seem to be ever haunted, of our weight being thrown into the scale, when collisions may arise to disturb the balance of political interest or dominion.

It is true that these apprehensions are ill-founded and absurd. It is not our policy, or our disposition, to engage in the disputes, or identify ourselves with any of the parties, that keep Europe in a ferment. But the fact that such notions are entertained proves the extent of our national influence, and the consideration in which we are held by other nations; and the argument we draw from it is as legitimate as it is powerful.

And now what is it that has made the United States, within less than half a century, one of the great powers of the earth? Not their natural advantages, certainly, for the same advantages are enjoyed by many other countries, without the same result. Perhaps it may be answered, that our political institutions are the cause of this effect. And so they are, in part. They are the cause, in so far as, by the freedom of action which they secure to every citizen, they have

enabled us, as a people, to exert all our energies, with the highest efficacy and advantage, in those pursuits to which inclination prompted; interposing no obstacle either to the choice, or to the successful prosecution, when the choice was made. Favorable circumstances, and the national temper, led to the choice of commerce; and under the benign influence of our free institutions, we have become the second commercial people in the world, and shall soon be the first. With a country of such overflowing fertility, we could not be a merely agricultural nation. The vast excess of production beyond our own demand, would have forced us into extensive commercial relations with other countries; unless, indeed, we had been content, like the Chinese, to receive the visits of merchants from abroad; and take their gold and silver in exchange for the superabundance of our agricultural wealth. But such is not our disposition; and therefore, instead of stagnating like the Chinese — growing in numbers, but making no advance in power, intelligence, and consideration — we have covered the ocean with our ships, and, building up a commerce which even now has but one superior, have built up also a fabric of national wealth and greatness, which scarcely owns a rival, and is daily increasing with such rapid strides, that we may not unreasonably anticipate for it, in the course, perhaps, of another half century, a colossal grandeur, compared with which the empire of ancient Rome itself will dwindle into mediocrity. We would here gladly enter somewhat largely into the consideration of the remarkable changes, moral and political, that are now in progress in three of the most interesting countries of the eastern world, Egypt, Turkey, and the new kingdom of Muscat; where the influence of commerce is at this moment in the most striking process of development; but we could hardly explain our views, in relation to these three states, with any thing like the brevity indispensable to an article like the present; and must therefore pass them over with this mere allusion.

There is a consequence resulting from the wealth and power-bestowing influence of commerce, that is of infinitely more importance than wealth and power alone. There is yet another attribute of commercial enterprise, which bears more directly upon the highest interests of mankind, and the most exalted obligations of responsible Christian beings. The influence of commerce is peaceful; its noblest attribute is, the restraint it places on the brutal passions of humanity. Strange as it is that men should exist so long, without making the discovery, yet it is unquestionable, and the world is at last beginning to find it out, that the interest of all nations, and of every individual nation, is best promoted by the harmonious intercourse of mutual want and mutual supply. At last, the great ones of the earth have bethought themselves of putting glory, and conquest, and military splendor, and increase of territory, in the one scale, and commerce in the other; and some of them are very much astonished to find that commerce is the heaviest. We perceive, too, that the most commercial nations have the clearest conviction of the truth; and that their aversion to war is the strongest, and most plainly manifested. Since the general pacification of Europe, that ensued upon the downfall of Napoleon, it is notorious that causes of disagreement have

sprung up between different European powers, which, in the old days of military madness, would have sufficed for years of carnage ; but France and England, and we may add Prussia, and Austria, and Holland, have set their faces against war, and given themselves up to rail-roads, and the improvement of their commerce ; and the consequence has been, that as great pains have been taken by all parties, the disputants and the lookers-on, to avoid the *ultima ratio*, as used to be displayed in fomenting quarrels, and bringing them to a bloody issue. It would indeed be no easy matter, now, to get up a war between any two of the great powers ; and as for the little ones, there is small prospect of their going to blows, because the great ones will not let them. Even the civil war in Spain is a source of grievous affliction to the other powers, unimportant as is now the commerce of that kingdom ; and there is no question that nothing but the fear of bringing on a general war, has long prevented France and England from taking summary measures to bring it to an end. See, too, what a world of diplomacy has been and still is at work, to settle the disputes of Holland and Belgium, without conflict. A hundred years ago, or even fifty, they would not have wanted plenty of encouragement to begin doing each other all the harm they could ; and France and England would not have rested easy, until they too had got themselves into the quarrel. In a word, the disposition of mankind is growing decidedly pacific ; nations and individuals are more enlightened than they were, and have more accurate notions, as well of what is expedient as of what is right ; and above all, it is clearly the interest of nations to cultivate harmony among each other. Their commercial relations have become so extensive, and are so mingled up together, that a rupture between two gives trouble and embarrassment to all ; and consequently, there is a wholesome desire in all to maintain these relations unimpaired, and indeed to increase them, and give them more and more vitality.

And now to what conclusion do we arrive as to the *character* of commerce, in this examination of its influence ? We find that it is a civilizing principle ; eminently favorable to the advancement of science, and the cultivation of intellect ; potent in its operation upon the welfare of states ; adverse to war and discord ; a promoter of human happiness, and the natural and efficient stimulus to production, because it is the means by which the advantages of production are realized. Are we not right, then, in pronouncing it liberal and honorable ? Must we not give a prompt and indignant denial to the charge so often brought against the mercantile profession, that its tendency is contracting, and its character illiberal ? For our own part, we cannot listen with patience to such unfounded and silly imputations. Whether we use the term 'liberal,' in its intellectual sense, as relating to the tone of mind, or in that other and more common sense, which regards the sentiments, it seems to us that it is, to say the least, not less applicable to commerce, than to any other occupation. The merchant is not debarred, by his pursuit, from the cultivation of his mind ; on the contrary, he has facilities and inducements for it, of the highest order. Knowledge is useful to him, highly useful, in the prosecution of his business. The productions and wants of various countries it is important for him to know, that he may regu-

late his adventures with prudence; also the political organization and changes of different nations; the probabilities of events that may affect the trade in which he is engaged; the commercial systems of his own and other countries; discoveries in science, and many other things; indeed we may say almost every other thing that falls within the range of inquiry and of thought. Besides, he is necessarily called upon to take an important part in the legislation of his own country; for there is scarcely a subject of legislation with which commerce is not more or less intimately connected; and his intelligence is perpetually called in requisition, also, by the thousand subjects of general interest that are continually in agitation among civilized communities. In short, it is an axiom, that the best-informed merchant is generally the most successful, and always the most respected and useful. We need not add, that in our own city and country, as in every other where commerce is known, innumerable instances might be cited, of merchants who have distinguished themselves, and reflected honor upon their time, by their eminent abilities, their high character, and their great and diversified attainments.

And if we speak of liberality in its common sense, as a synonyme for generosity, or readiness to bestow on deserving objects, in what profession shall we find more of it than in the mercantile? It is notorious, that for all charitable institutions; for the relief of individuals or communities in distress; for the endowment of literary or scientific bodies; in a word, for every kind of beneficent purpose or object, the donations of the merchants are always the largest, and the most freely given. It is notorious, that the sums annually bestowed for purposes of this nature, in London and New-York, the two most commercial cities in the world, are of startling magnitude; and we are warranted in saying, that to no class of men are applications of this kind made more frequently, or with more success, than to the merchants. There are exceptions, undoubtedly; but generally speaking, their liberality in giving money is one of their most striking attributes. Away, then, with the mistaken prejudice, that charges upon commerce a want of liberality, in thought or feeling!

And that other prejudice, too, which withholds from commerce the title of honorable—one of the most flagrant and absurd of all the prejudices that beset the human mind. Why is not the pursuit of commerce honorable? It is creative, beneficent, pacific, light-diffusing, and promotive of human comfort; and to the eye of reason, therefore, infinitely more deserving of honor, than the destructive pursuit of war. Yet we cling to the stupid error of the warlike ages, and imagine that there is more honor in killing, burning, ravaging, and laying waste the fair domain provided for man, by divine benevolence, than in disseminating and increasing the enjoyments designed for us by our Creator. We adopt the insane and atrocious opinion of those iron-clad and iron-souled barbarians of the middle ages, whose business was robbery, and whose amusement was strife and butchery; who held it right to take whatever they could seize by the strong hand, and thought it very chivalrous and noble to run each other through with spears, for the mere glory of the deed; and allow our high intelligence to be hood-winked by a prejudice, which the common sense of a child rejects, as monstrous and absurd.

And why, again we ask, is not the profession of a merchant as honorable as any other? What is there in it derogatory to the pride or the dignity of a human being? Is it because the motive is gain? Why that too is the motive of the lawyer, the physician, the author, and the man of science. Mr. COOPER, with all his aristocratic contempt for trade, writes his books for money, sells them for money, and no doubt displays as much anxiety to make a good bargain, as the veriest huckster or dealer in tapes and bobbins, who higgles for a disputed sixpence in the price of his commodity. Throughout the entire range of human employment and activity, in the liberal professions so called, and in the very humblest walks of traffic or of labor, the object is acquisition: and all are equally honorable, if pursued with integrity, and a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

For our own part, although gaining our livelihood in a different field of action, we know of no pursuit more useful or liberal, no character more honorable, than that of the intelligent, active, and upright merchant; and it is worthy of remark, that testimony to the same effect is borne by the present conduct of our fellow citizens, in a certain portion of the Union, who, until very recently, were wont to profess a lordly contempt for trade, and a magnificent disregard of its advantages. We mean the land-holding planters of the South, who now complain bitterly of their Northern brethren for monopolizing, as they call it, those advantages; and are making desperate efforts to secure for their own states and cities a direct trade with Europe, without which they seem to think that they are dreadfully injured and ill-used persons. Not many months since, they prided themselves on their non-commercial gentility, and stigmatized the pursuit of commerce as ignoble; but it is honorable enough for them to engage in now; and we cannot but applaud their change of sentiment.

It is not merely as an abstract proposition, curious but of no practical consequence, that we have expatiated on the character and influence of commerce. We have been impressed with a sense and a conviction of its beneficial agency; we have seen that, by its effects upon the progress and the welfare of mankind, it has a dignity and honor of its own; we have recognized, in their full extent, its capacity for good, and the dependence of its operation upon the mode and spirit in which it is pursued; and the reader's good sense will point out to him the way in which its full advantages are to be realized; and his laudable ambition, if he be intending or preparing to engage in commercial pursuits, will prompt him to grasp the means, and employ the agencies, by which that end is to be accomplished. He will see that a first rate merchant is one of the most useful and honorable members of society; and that to constitute a first rate merchant, are demanded the highest attributes of mind and disposition; clearness and vigor of intellect, extensive knowledge, sound judgment, perfect integrity, liberality of sentiment, and unsullied honor. He will see that to the possessor of these attributes, the mercantile profession opens the road to distinction as widely as any other; and conscious that in this profession, as much as in any other, whatever is noble in the employment, belongs to the man, and whatever is noble in the

bed-post. 'Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman!' You have seen Hogarth's 'Theatricals;' this is the original.

Men leave the spicy Araby of their native climes, to reside in the mud and slough of the French capital. They find there, delicious gardens, galleries, musical entertainments, reading-rooms, schools, all open without troublesome ceremonies, and almost without price, and even privileges to the stranger over the native, in the enjoyment of these advantages. In institutions promoting the comfort of its own citizens, London is a model to all other communities; but the stranger 'grows a companion to the common streets.' No Louvre is here; no Sorbonne; no Julien's, or Musard's; not even a Galignani's; where he may escape, for an hour, the tedium of his loneliness. If you come hither, 'question your desires; examine well your blood;' better,

—— 'in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon'

And this evil becomes daily worse. The natives have now separated themselves into their own decent club-houses, and left the stranger, without even the consolation of a common lot, to the rude discretion of their public servants, known to be the most dishonest rogues of the earth, to be robbed, or buy his impunity from the robbers, and bribe his way through things sacred and profane, from one end of the kingdom to the other. Almost his only resort — alas, how stale and unprofitable! — is the theatre. You must then be content with this, as my subject of the present week. I am yet in the honey-moon of my residence, and it comprises nearly the whole of my limited information; so, like Paganini, I am reduced to scratch melody out of a single string. If, like him, I could do it skilfully; but how to reflect, turned about in this restless and perpetual vortex? Ixion might as well think on his wheel. What few ideas I have, are bundled topsy-turvy into the same apartment, without respect to value or quality. I forgot, last week, that Queen Anne had a husband,* and this week recollect that Queen Catherine's waiting-maid was called Patience.

The tragedy in rehearsal to-day, was *Ion*, which had its first representation here, a few nights ago. *Ion*, Macready; *Ianthe*, Miss Tree. It was received with great favor, by a full house. I had the advantage of seeing the author, who was called out by the audience. He stood up in his box, amidst rapturous applause, and made an infinity of bows, and expressed as much gratitude as was possible for a man of his size. There was a lady of a middle age, who also stood up at their bidding, to receive her share of the plaudits; she who told us of *Rienzi*, and the *Foscari*, before *Bulwer* or *Byron*, and makes

* I beg leave here to make *amende honorable* to George, Prince of Denmark, for this offence. I am aware it is a slander, and actionable, especially at Westminster. But I dare hope the spirit of his Royal Highness will be appeased, when it knows I lay awake more than twenty minutes last night, with mortification at so heedless a forgetfulness. I will never call a woman a 'virgin' again, while I live, without looking in the dictionary. The word 'gridiron,' also, on the third page, should relate to St. Lawrence, and not 'Bartholomew;' and, good heavens! Mr. Editor, have you not printed 'Dolby's chop-house,' when it ought to be DOLLY's!

us hang over the scenes of 'Our Village' as Claude over the sunny landscape. A neighbor, in mercy to American inquisitiveness, told me it was Miss Mitford. I read her *Rienzi*, for the first time, on the brow of a rock overlooking the tiny Schuylkill, how little supposing I should one day see the accomplished authoress upon the banks of the Thames! Talfourd, the author of this play, is a member of parliament, sergeant at law, and now dramatic author. I have heard very rarely of success, without unity of purpose. Of lawyers and legislators, we have too many, and the world is on short allowance of good poets. One cannot but grieve, to see the divine mind thus squandered away upon Blackstone and Adam Smith.

Covent Garden has three circles of boxes, and seats for about three thousand persons. The prices, reduced this season, are at four shillings to the boxes, two shillings to the pit, and one shilling and sixpence to the first gallery; open nine months of the year. Drury Lane, a near neighbor, is about the same extent, having also three tiers of boxes; the first for persons in full dress, at seven shillings, with some private boxes, at a still higher rate; the pit is at three and sixpence, and the two galleries at one and two shillings. Kean played here at fifty pounds a night; Malibran plays now at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I have visited, several times, these two national houses, and have found them usually vacant, damp, disconsolate places, where one might well go to do penance for one's sins. I dare say, if the law would make offences punishable at Old Bailey, by a ticket to Covent Garden, there would be less complaints of emptiness.

At no other period has the English drama been so degraded. Its pleasures, being forsaken by the genteel and educated classes, have migrated from the ears almost entirely. The opera, which is a sensual, not intellectual entertainment, is yet in repute; and a portion of good comedy also remains; but the tragic muse sits deplorably amidst her empty boxes; her lamp flickering and expiring; her limbs benumbed, and her wings dripping with Bæotian fogs. Macready has thrown his torn mantle upon her; Knowles poured wholesome liquor in her parched lips; but the principle of life is effete. The age of the rope-dancers has come. An elephant usurps the place where Garrick stood like a god; and Harlequin flaunts in motley, where Siddons drew her tragic robe across the scene. 'Mother Goose' had a hundred nights, and 'Ion,' in its pure and attic spirit and polished composition, will be content with two or three, at Covent Garden; and at Old Drury, they give you such a clear and natural representation of hell, in *Der Freyschütz*, that you may dispense with seeing the original. I have seen these great theatres, on a few occasions, recalling their halcyon days; as at Talfourd's first representation, and Malibran's adieu for the season, last night. What vivacity, what splendor, what delightful and rational enjoyment! The English bring out their 'roast-beef' songs at times, in the theatre, as we our things of the revolution; and on this occasion, 'God save the King,' as a finale. We have bad ears in America for this tune; yet is it honeyed melody, on the lips of Malibran. I wished to be an Englishman, for a few minutes, to enjoy it, in the full rapture of its patriotic associations.

American recollections give scarce a faint idea of this woman, now that her talents and person are formed into maturity. Not a feature of her fine classical face but is imbued with the spirit of music; nor in this only is she admirable; in the expression of passion, and dramatic action, she is almost without a rival. Those beatings she had from her cross padre in New-York, and her matrimonial disappointments, helped, no doubt, to make her tragical. But how to describe to you the compass and variety of her voice, that overleaps the yawning gulf of a whole octave at a bound, and raves along the chromatic scale, like the wild notes of a storm! It is the eagle's scream, the wood-pigeon's moan, the infant's lullaby; it is the whisper of a zephyr, in the stillness of the night; the soft and fondling murmurs of the waters when they meet. Why, exquisite Garcia! art thou not immortal, as thy song is divine; and why may the world be left tuneless, by the easy extinction of a woman's breath! Tell me, delightful harmonist, there is such music in Elysium; and from this moment I will abjure all sinful deeds, and henceforth to you, sweet spirits of heaven, will dedicate my life!

I have heard several times, at these theatres, Miss Ellen Faucit, quite a promising actress, and new in the profession. She excited, at first, exceeding great expectations. It is often fatal to have a successful début. Enthusiasm is short-lived, and tries even established reputation. Modest beginnings are in all things desirable, and most of all in eloquence. All disadvantages, and this with the others, will be overcome, by talents and industry; but the latter quality is often injured by a flattering success. 'Put your best leg foremost,' is one of the worst of the silly proverbs which go about the world. If you should perchance make a favorable first impression, hang yourself the next evening in your garters. Miss Tree is a delightful actress; but she goes soon to America, and you shall judge for yourself. I have seen nothing here so worthy the high tragic and comic muse, as Miss Kemble; and she plucked from the stalk, a half-blown flower.

Upon the tragic scene, Macready stands almost alone. He is greatly in vogue among foreigners. His hero is precisely that of Racine; the same stately dignity you see in the French historical paintings. I sat out his Hamlet, the other night, between a German and French acquaintance: 'I nevere,' said the latter, had a conception of the sublimity of that rôle. It must be difficult to one who has never seen but the French Hamlet. The German was also enthusiastic, but thinks the alarm at seeing a ghost is better expressed by Schæffer to Prince Charles' or somebody's ghost in Saxony; who says: '*Karl! Karl! wast wollst die mit mich!*'—the last word leaving the mouth open, with the exact expression necessary on such occasions.

Passing by Drury Lane, not long ago, and the best part of the evening past, I went up into the two-shilling gallery. An impudent young man there said something saucy to one of the fair sex, and her gallant resenting the affront, a blow was the consequence, and a scuffle. 'Cold water! hartshorn! vinegar!' cried the affrighted mother, bobbing her hands together, a white cambric between them; 'She will die!—will nobody bring water?' Every body ran; but in the mean time, she was in the lover's arms, apparently quite dead;

her corsets loosened, her bosom bared; and she presented toward the firmament the prettiest cheeks of carnation, with a dimple in each of them, you have ever seen in your life. The young man anxiously and silently looked on; we also; and, with the first returns to life, which were very sudden, he applied a kiss upon the half-open lips, so loud that it echoed to the heaven of the two-shilling gallery; and then the two pair of lips were placed in a silent state of juxtaposition, for thirty seconds, 'by the stop-watch;' souls knitting together with the simplicity of Venus' doves. I have half a mind to write a *Trollopianade* upon the theatrical incongruities of Drury Lane. If any one should call the truth of this event in question, I have it happily in my power to prove it, by one of the prettiest gazelle-eyed girls of London, who resides in one of these ten thousand streets, number seven.

In my first months of Paris, I counted half a dozen of fair friends, such (I never count any other) as any gentleman of taste would be glad to own among his acquaintance. I used the liberty of December, during the carnival, and made several under their masks. I am now a month old in London, nearly, and have not yet had myself observed, admired, liked, or loved, by any one; by any one but little M——. Hush! I'll tell you who she is. She is very pretty, and do n't know it; innocent and eighteen; honest, and brought up in London; has laughing eyes, and a smile of the most enchanting sweetness; she has dewy ringlets, dark as night, that play loosely on her neck; *ως θελουσι χεισθαι*. She is resolute as Jewess Rebecca, and benevolent as that other Rebecca, who gave a drink to the stranger when he was thirsty. She amuses me with her harp, when I am sad; she gives me tea, when ill; and wept, lately, when I went to Scotland. This is my witness. I am sorry to interrupt my narrative by this digression; but the narrative itself is no better.

The 'legitimate drama' claims the two national theatres for its own, by act of parliament. But what use for monopoly, where there is nothing to monopolize? And the decencies of these two houses are given into the superintendence of Mr. Colman, author of the 'Broad Grins.' He examines the girls' stays, and sees there are no contraband words in Bulwer. All dramatic writings are subject, *en chef*, to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain, who is judge and jury, and requires a license, as also the theatres themselves, by the proprietors. Mr. Colman's office has been instituted since Shakspeare; it dates from Sir Robert Walpole; whose son Horace is now offered to the public in an *expurgata* edition. What a slashing there would have been, from the exuberance of the fat knight!—and Miss Dolly would have been expunged altogether. It is the age of honest words. As much as you please of obscenity, or 'indelicate allusion,' if only it be ancient; but to allow the same license to beardless moderns, is intolerable to gods and pigeon-holes. But the town girls still crowd into the pit; and you may kiss your sweet-heart in the two-shilling gallery, without a 'grin' from the censorship. If you have stopped one hole of a sieve, what matter for the others? It is true, a romance may say what it will, and a trial at Westminster may figure with the other essences upon all the ladies' toilets of Europe and America; but the drama must be chastened; and so it is, as Irving's Dutch Go-

vernor, who became at last so refined, that there was nothing left of him to be buried.

Will you endure a notice of the other houses? I promise all possible brevity. The extremest Laconism shall not fall short of my descriptions. At the ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, I listened willingly to the 'Rose of Alhambra,' from Washington Irving, with songs by Miss Shirreff, in sweet, silver tones, that fell meltingly on the heart. Miss Shirreff has the prettiest legs in all England; none others can come near them. I speak the public sentiment in this, and not my own wisdom. I had supposed all women had them alike. In this special branch of histrionics, the English are acknowledged amateurs; and their authority carries conviction. When Catalani appeared in trowers, there was always a squeeze; I mean a crowded house. This is a lyrical theatre, and plays exclusively English pieces. It was designed, they say, to vindicate English musical talent from the censure of foreigners, and has settled the quarrel, by setting up English authority itself against English music.

At the OLYMPIC, Madam Vestris gives usually light, airy pieces, over at eleven; and cooks up the dish with such delicate and appetizing sauces, you would like to sup with her six evenings of the week. Her own talents and Liston's make this house a principal attraction, and bring her four thousand pounds a year. The boxes are decorated with crimson curtains, and are very comfortable. How strange a theatre without a gallery! It is called Olympic, there being no place for the divinities. I heard Liston, a few evenings ago, in coming out from a discourse on surgery and physic, by Dr. Wilson. The comic effect was irresistible. He is opposed strenuously to the doctrine of pathology; and in manner, look, and expression, was perfectly natural; deprecating the substitution of names for things, and advising his pupils to look only to the disease; without any effort or straining after effect. To include two persons in the same critique, has the merit of conciseness.

THE NEW STRAND THEATRE, once celebrated for Miss Kelly, is a fine house. The QUEEN'S, in Tottenham-street, holds six hundred persons, and generally ruins the lessees. It is now occupied by a French company. I went thither, lately, to hear Grisi and the other Italians. I sat along side an English woman, much travelled, and curious about America. She flattered me with exaggerations of our big rivers. And in front was another lady, remarkable for *enbonpoint*, who naturally apologized for obstructing the view. 'This gentleman, if he belongs to you, Madam, would perhaps change seats?' 'Very happy, Madam, if you find this more pleasant.' And then she was sorry to displace me — but, for no reason that I could see, did it, nevertheless. 'You foreigners are so polite, especially the French.' I corrected her mistake. 'Oh, from America? I am always glad to meet Americans. They are a wonderful people. All our new inventions come from there; the operation of making noses was invented in America.' I felt quite patriotic at this intelligence, with which I was before unacquainted. And now we had a *ballet*, well performed. 'Do,' said the fat lady, her glass to her eye, 'do put your head aside, that I may see the dear creature;' the dear creature's one leg having raised a perpendicular upon the other, was just settling down, from its

whirligig movement, into a state of rectangular repose. 'Did you ever see any thing so graceful?' 'She has certainly fine legs,' remarked the other; 'they will make her fortune.' 'They are not natural, I think, Ma'am; see how small they are at the knee.' 'So they are; I had not noticed it.' What important gossip! Without it, I should not have had a word to say of the Queen's Theatre.

An exceedingly handsome house is the VICTORIA THEATRE, Waterloo Road, with always plenty of comfortable seats. The SURRY is not particular how many it contains. The pit often 'accommodates' two thousand. This is not the bottomless pit. I have crept out from it, feeling like Cheops' mummy come to life. 'Black-eyed Susan' made an impression on this house of one hundred and fifty nights. It used to be equestrian in its designation; now melo-dramatic. One comes into this squalling world with no worse music, and the ballets shake the rafters of Black Friars. To look down upon this pit, is itself a spectacle; an array of venerable skulls, their mouths open simultaneously, and laughing to the scandal of all gravity.

If you love low humor, with occasional touches of the horrible, where can you find them in such perfection as at SADLER'S WELLS? or so cheap? Why, you can look on from the gallery at six-pence; pit, a shilling; boxes, two. There was once a chalybeate well here, which cured certain diseases, and whose virtues the roguish priests of a Catholic church in the vicinity used to ascribe to the efficacy of their prayers. At the Reformation, the new religion, preferring the disease to the remedy, stopped up the hole; and it remained so until reopened by Mr. Sadler, who, like another Americus Vespucci, has imposed upon it his name. But the well, in the mean time, has lost its therapeutic qualities; and they do say, even communicates, occasionally, the diseases it used to cure. I visited this house twice, and had infinite entertainment. Ladies were turned into flower-pots, and gentlemen into butterflies, with other like metamorphoses. Scaramouch was seated at a table, to partake of a man's head, introduced through the centre, and served up as a goose, with truffles, parsley, and other vegetables. But no sooner did it feel the fork, than the tablecloth turned itself into a winding-sheet, and the table into a ghost, and stalked horribly about the stage. Harlequin went into convulsions, of course, and the whole house into spasms of incontinent laughter. Finally, we had a *ballet*. The tongs made a bow, and took out the shovel for a minuet, and a chest of drawers the sideboard, and languished in a waltz. This is Sadler's Wells. If you come to London, you had better have a splash here, sometimes. It is an aquatic theatre, having real water, with fine fish and swans, and real boats sailing in it, rowed by six or eight men.

To get to ASTLEY'S, to see pantomimes and burlettas, which it is a pittance to see when there, you must walk all the way to Westminster Bridge. You will, however, be delighted with the scenes and decorations, which try to rival the Grand Opera. 'The Battle of Waterloo' had the run here of a whole season; and you will be pleased with the women's agility on horseback, riding on two at once, a toe on each, or on one toe, at full gallop, and making faces at you under their heels. Harlequin also jumps over his own head, and says 'Oh, don't!' and 'Take care!' 'What are you about?' and the

other Attic phrases, which make the house so hold its sides in America. But after all, neither Astley's nor Franconi's show much (leaving out the girls,) that we do n't see in the United States; the ladies, especially in Paris, do outstrip us a *little* in the toilet. But of the other sex, I have seen several, who had even been jumpers 'to the royal family,' both in Paris and London; and crossing the sea, have been outjumped by our native democracy. In leaping and running, (except from the enemy,) and especially in jumping, it has pleased Providence to endow us with capacities unsurpassed by any of the civilized nations. I appeal to the example of that American Empedocles, Sam Patch, who twice overleaped the Niagara, and on a similar occasion, at the Falls of the Genesee, was drowned; and the other Sam, who is now leaping from off the English mast-tops, for the truth of this assertion.

I had almost stumbled over the HAYMARKET. Fielding here brought out his 'Great Mogul Company;' Cibber and Foote are also among its lessees, and George Colman. Among its débutants, are Foote, Palmer, Bannister, Mathews, Elliston, Liston, Young, and Terry; also Miss Fenton, Miss Farren, now both titled ladies, and Mrs. Abington, Miss Gibbs, and Miss Wilkinson.

The prettiest little theatre in London, is BRAHAM'S, in which they perform light pieces, resembling the French vaudevilles. It is occupied now by a French company, and fashionably attended. I have seen here an old favorite, Miss Jenny Vertpré, of the Variétés, Paris. These airy nothings, these elegant conceits, are the special province of the French; the English neither succeed in the acting nor the composition. Their talent is broader caricature and farce.

There are yet the PAVILION, at White Chapel, in the east, and GARRICK'S, famous for the début of Garrick, in Goodman's Fields; where, being kicked out of the other theatres, one appears as a star. Ladies do not, at either of these houses, wear Cashmeres, and you are not required to be in full dress. I have listened, at the latter, to a burletta, sentimental, with singing in choir, as interesting as to hear a raven caw over the nest of its young ones, and the little ravens cawing back the notes of their dear mother. How appropriately music is sometimes called *strains*!

I now lead you back to HAYMARKET, to the very citadel of fashion in the English theatrical world, the ITALIAN OPERA. The building is in simple Doric, decorated with a relieve, by that unharmonious monosyllable, Mr. Bubb. It contains, easily, two thousand five hundred persons; has five tiers of boxes, in the Italian style, with curtains; the lining crimson, reflected in the pure mirror of English complexions; the wood-work fancifully painted and gilded, and having, each box, chairs for six persons; the price varying with situation; some paying as high as three hundred guineas the season, from January till August. None are for hire, but by the annual subscribers. The pit, designed for eight hundred, is usually crammed with a thousand, at half a guinea each. The gallery, a few feet from the vault, contains gentleman's servants; of these, also, eight hundred, at five shillings each. Spectators are admitted in the toilet of an evening party; bonnets and frock-coats, of course, inadmissible; cotton stockings have supplanted silk, and three-cornered hats are superseded

lately by the less convenient broad brims. The lamps, with a pure and serene light, are brought into the vicinity of the boxes, where they ought to be, and where gems of purest Asiatic ray, and the 'natural ruby' of English beauty, rival and invigorate each other.

English women, in the bloom and pride of their charms, in a loose summer attire, heads plumed, and glittering in richest jewelry, snowy necks, bared under the fine brilliant circle of lights — this is the spectacle of the boxes. And what a spectacle! 'The senses ache' under the concentrated sweetness. The pit, too, in which the sexes, in appropriate ornaments of dress, are seated promiscuously, is scarcely inferior in effect; and the blue celestial vault overhanging! in what words shall I describe it? See where the tall and feathered footman, with white-kidded hands, and snowy cambric between finger and thumb, leads forward the slender maid, who spreads her rustling tail, and graces the front seats! Patience! thou meek-eyed cherub, and undistinguishable counterpart of thy exquisite mistress underneath, blushing with the same tints, aromatic with the same fragrance, and dying on the same note, deign to smile upon my humble but respectful homage!

I had the advantage of seeing this house, lately, in its richest trim; the evening of the Queen's drawing-room; the ladies having retained partly their court-dresses; heads waving with feathers, and necks illuminated with richer gems, and more than usually bare. It was indeed the 'bosomy theatre.' If I listened not, for the first time, to Rubini's melting song, or to the sweet and dying voice of enchanting Grisi; if I had the most ignorant, noteless, tuneless pair of ears any where out of the dumb asylum; it was the fault of these bosoms of England. Compared to such a spectacle, the most exquisite harmonies are but unmeaning noise. The accustomed native sat, indeed, and looked on in cool, imperturbable serenity; but to me, an ultra-marine, the scene was intoxicating; the heart palpitated, the brain was bewildered; the eye wandered, and could find no rest!

The orchestra is almost an excess of harmony; now flowing in a constant stream, now as echoes floating upon the air in the distance; and now swelling on the ear, as the spirit of the storm. Rubini's voice is heard wailing and agonizing; Grisi's maniacal scream pierces through the wild uproar; Lablache pours forth the torrent of his voice, and puts to silence the trombone. Music on a single tongue may delight almost to raptures; but by combination only, can it work its specious miracles. I have read of persons who died of musical influence. I do not disbelieve it.

The opera wears a serener face here, than in Paris. The French house is, to be sure, muffled, from the threshold to the roof, with carpets, and the audience wrapped in silence during the performance; but the applause is impetuous and noisy. Here it is subdued and chastened. Attention is approval; a smile is admiration. You do sometimes hear a *brava*, but it is an edict of destiny. At Drury Lane, the Englishman is indeed carried away, now and then, by his feelings, and expresses his admiration aloud. I have even heard one or two, in a fine passage of the national anthem, so forget themselves, as to exclaim, 'It was capital!' but the decency of the opera-house

forbids these intensive superlatives. There was a time, they say, when it was otherwise ; when one heard

‘The shout, the long applauding note,
At Quin’s high plume, and Oldfield’s petticoat ;’

but now-a-days, indifference is the *bon ton*. One might seem unused to such enjoyments.

Catalini, Pasta, Sontag, Garcia, Paganini ! You see the opera is not the native produce of English soil. Yet the singer finds here a better market than at home. The ‘*Fanatica per la Musica*’ is of Italian birth. ‘One God, one Farrenelli,’ is an exclamation that had never entered the head of a profane Englishman. The robber who dismissed Tasso unharmed, was an Italian robber. I have heard foreigners say, that these birds sing less musically in England than France ; less in France than Italy ; knowing that a higher degree of excellence cannot be appreciated but by Italian ears.

Our fine arts in America are yet in the bud ; and what musical talent we may have, must be left to the decision of time. In the mean while, we may as well reason ourselves into contentedness. We shall have quite as much, no doubt, as ought to be given to this department of human employments. Music is a merely sensual, not intellectual art, and cannot engross much of the national mind, but with the loss of something more valuable. Even with my present taste, I could not love thee, amiable Grisi ! more than I do, but at the expense of my honesty. If I were Plato, and should make a hundred republics, I would give music and thee an asylum in them all. Alas, how would it be with Italian sensibilities ! Nature has wisely given to nations different tastes, as different climates and productions, to bind them by a chain of mutual dependence, and teach them, as members of one great family, to live in peace and harmony together. My hope, then, is, that America, like England, will make music an agreeable pastime, continue to cultivate other arts, and bring her fiddlers from the ‘divine Italy ;’ and that she, while others scrape melody from cat-gut, will be content with being the wisest, freest, and most moral nation upon the face of the earth. There ! — if you like puffing.

The lords and ladies in waiting, in the royal box, stand up during the whole of the performance. A benevolent king would correct this inconvenient respect, if it could be done without loss of dignity. It is wonderful what importance rank sometimes attaches to this observance. The Duchess of Buckingham, dying, made her ladies vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead.

The exquisites, the most *recherchés* of London, have also their ‘lodge’ here, which I could not think of noticing, but just after the king’s. It is furnished with easy cushions and mirrors, and, for a nearer prospect of the graces of the *ballet*, close upon the stage. But it is not till eleven, the hour of rising from dinner, and the exhilarating bottle, and the music of the salient cork, that this ‘dandy-box’ is filled with its elegancies, and not till it has run about from box to box, and showed itself to the ladies, and not till the commence-

ment of the *ballet*. Then the elegant group is complete, each in a dress best suited to its figure, in colors wearing the 'visage of the times,' the sunshine or haze, and offers itself to the contemplation of the pit, and five circles of boxes. Where a woman does fall a sacrifice, if to unpremeditated good looks, it is to be set down to the running account of human accidents; but where the persons thus deliberately take aim, they should be made responsible for the consequences.

The time intervening between the song and the dance, is half an hour, and during this, the house is in a gentle buzz; one pronouncing his critique, another extemporizing on the charms of some adorable belle; while another, under the showery influence of bright eyes, sits silently, enjoying a higher and nobler delight:

'Da begli occhi un piacer si calde piove!'

the kitchen, meanwhile, engaged in thoughts divine and elevate, overhead. Jehu is lapt in a soft measure of Haydn, and loves occasionally Malibran; Webber entwines his silken meshes around the 'tiger;' the butler adores Mayerbeer and Gluck; and the cook-maid Grisi.

But the opera is now hushed! The last note of the *prima donna*, and 'God save the king,' are reflected only, as the gilding on the welkin after sunset, upon Englishmen's hearts. All the crotchets, and quavers, and dear little semi-quavers, are laid up in the chambers of silence; the softest whisper of love would be a noise; a zephyr would be heard treading on the air; when suddenly, as if dropped from some other sphere, Mademoiselle Titti puts her foot in the ballet. She flits across the scene, the floor unconscious of the fairy touch; her 'many twinkling feet' are playful as the lightning of a clear sky; and round and round she whirls, in accelerating motion, face and hips eclipsing each other, and exhibiting the gyratory movement of *Sieur Ruggieri's* pyrotechnic wheel; or rather, *se licet parva componere magnis*, one of those school-boy implements, vulgarly called a top. Thus she evolves the Dance from its simplest elements and beautiful evolutions:

——— 'thus from the root
Springs light the green stalk; from this the leaves
More airy; last the bright, consummate flower.'

I am aware that a limb of this sentence makes a slip into the anticlimax, but it recovers again. At all events, this is the animating scene of an English opera. The dandy-box, alert and high in blood, from the champagne of the dinner, and flattered, too, by many a side-long glance, and even a smile, now and then, of more familiar recognition, from the fair *artiste*, is instinct with joy, which it communicates to the house; encouraging even the modest *balancez*, applauding the fluttering *pirouette*, and hanging breathless upon an *entrechat*; but when the 'aspiring foot' has essayed its loftier flights, admiration is indignant of its bounds; the right hand meets the left, and the reiterated 'brava!' ascends the empyrean of the footman and maids; grooms, coachmen, feel the contagious influence, and taking off the curb, give all the reins to all their admiration, till the house is wild with unextinguishable uproar; 'brava!' the pit, 'brava!' the boxes, and 'bravissima!' the vaulted roofs. I am out of breath.

The French manage to get through the Italian opera, without relief from other entertainments. It requires more *ear* than the English yet possess, to accomplish this in London. The grand opera of Paris also attempted once to live upon the native music ; but in vain : it became as tiresome as a sitting of the academy. Louis the Great, one evening, having yawned his majesty nearly into the lock-jaw, and wondering what remedy might be applied, asked of his attendant, who, a sensible and ingenious man, said, 'Sire, you must lengthen the ballets, and shorten the petticoats.' This succeeded. The English have found it necessary to resort to this remedy, even from the ennui of Italian music ; and many would like the return of those happy times, spoken of by Horace Walpole, when they had 'operas of dancing, with music between the acts.' The English themselves have produced no dancers, and like the rest of mankind, depend upon the French ; but they treat the art with wonderful favor. They have often given the prima donna a hundred guineas a night ; and more than one has danced herself into the arms of a British peer, in lawful wedlock. Admiration does not always imply talent ; and we must not judge from fashion, of the impulses of nature. I know a man with the most confirmed musical incapacity, who fiddles all day as if he were a Mozart or Rossini. As for me, I do not see why the two sisters Terpsichore, Euterpe, (there is harmony in their very names,) may not live socially together, under the same roof. Dancing, no doubt, began and will end only with the world. It has attended the human race in every condition of society. Among the Africans, it is a rage ; and even the American savage, the least animated of the species, has his occasional fits of violent dancing. To suppose it irreligious, is to question the benevolent intentions of nature. It is one of our instincts ; an original sin, if at all sinful. It was once a part of the Jewish religious worship, and the word *choir*, now an ecclesiastic word, means dancing, in its etymology. It has been abused, and so has religion itself. We have yet no one eminent in this art in America ; but I am persuaded that many are already in the lap of futurity, awaiting only time to bring out their steps. We have the abilities to imitate the vices of Europe, why not their virtues ? We have nothing more common than girls of fine, light, airy, and graceful forms, buoyant spirits, and all the other symptoms of *choragic* abilities. I could pick you up more than a dozen of these unlicked Taglionis in Pottsville.

Some think the fine arts cannot attain any high degree of eminence, under the tyranny of rules, from the impossibility of restraining licenses, without fettering, at the same time, rational liberty and graceful movements. My opinion is, that Mr. Colman's authority, which has so polished the two national theatres, might be extended to the King's, with propriety. There are graceless limbs to be reformed, and several attitudes to be expunged altogether ; and as the Graces have a horror of straight lines, the perpendicularity of one leg to another, as well as all radical attempts at setting the lower orders over the upper, ignorance over intelligence, in short, the feet higher than the head, should be generally discountenanced. I would except Taglioni alone from this general law, as absolute monarch, and above all law. There is no gesture, however extravagant, she does not re-

commend, with a grace that ennobles what is mean, refines what is gross, and chastens what is indecent. As for public male dancers, they are hideous every where. One longs for the step of a gentleman. Their perpetual exercise gives to the legs an ungraceful thickness, leaving the arms skinny and bony; and they seem to take pains to dress in a manner which shall best exhibit these deformities. Beside, one hates to see a stupid set of masculine features lighted up with love and languishment. I would as lieve see 'the sun setting upon a coachman's livery.' The dumb show of love is the most difficult part of the acting, and it is not for every paltry face to represent it.

We were very chaste dancers in America, a few years ago; but Europe has spoiled us. I remember the very first time the French dancers came over, and recollect that they put to flight twenty of my female acquaintance, at the first onset, as if the lions had been turned loose from the menagerie. I had taken one of the fair with me to see them. Poor country cousin! She was so modest she could not bear to take the table-cloth off the table, before company, because it had legs. Only think of her embarrassment! It was her first appearance, too, at any theatre. I remember her sounding the retreat, I resisting, begging, supplicating, and looking over her shoulder, till she threatened to go home alone. She only remarked, next day, when I asked how she liked the dance: 'If they would come up to our town, I guess they would have empty pews!' And look at us now!

But here approaches the end of my last page. I shall have to finish abruptly; postponing concerts, Vauxhall amusements, and other matters I had designed for this letter. If you are fond of the drama, let London be the *fig* end of your travels. I have been to its theatres, all, and always with the resolve not to go back; though I do, sometimes, as rogues go back to the penitentiary, having worse fare outside. Why did I not come when 'Johnson's learned sock was on?' when I might have kissed Mrs. Siddons' pantofles? The Italian opera alone, of all London theatricals, is delightful, and this a luxury of the rich. Your admission is half a guinea to the pit, and to the same company and same music for which you paid three shillings in Paris, where it was even decently attainable for less. The general expensiveness of London aggravates the evil, making economy a virtue. I sometimes get together a very pretty collection of sovereigns; but they consort no better together in my pocket, than the holy alliance of sovereignties in Europe. They have the principles of dissolution in the very nature of things. I had quite a pretty reunion a month ago; and what with divorces, elopements, seductions, and abductions, the whole family is broken up and dispersed, and I am in danger of being left in a state of orphanage, in a strange land. How to pay a guinea a day for lodging, which is the moderate rate of a Bond-street hotel, and go to the opera!

The reasons the English assign for the discredit of their drama, are, late dinners, increase of clubs, reading-rooms, lectures, and other means of intellectual employment; to which you may add, the general mismanagement of the houses, which renders them unfashionable. A seat in a French *parterre* is both commodious and genteel, and the saloon affords you a pleasant and fashionable promenade. What a

deformed picture is the pit or saloon of even the English national theatres! The French do not admit females to their pits, and the number of tickets has its arbitrary limits, never exceeding the accommodation. What must we think of the common sense of a manager, who renders a place of public resort disagreeable, in order to have it frequented?

The principal dramatic writers of the day, are Knowles, Miss Mitford, Miss Baillie, Hook, Bulwer, Morton, Planche, Reynolds; and in light comedy, Moncrief, Peake, Jerrold, Buckstone, and Dibdin. Planche was paid four hundred pounds for his 'Oberon'; Knowles four hundred for 'The Hunchback'; Poole four hundred for 'Paul Pry'; and Jerrold, for 'Black-eyed Susan,' sixty pounds. These are the most brilliant examples I can find on record, of dramatic remuneration. While Southey, M'Cauly, Baron, and others, have a hundred guineas for a single review, Dibdin has written nearly three hundred pieces, and is poor; while Scribe, for about the same number in Paris, enjoys an enviable fortune, and is member of the Institute into the bargain. I will not add another word. Good night!

SONG OF THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

SWIFTLY the hours of daylight have fled;
 Dark hang the clouds o'er the sun's wavy bed;
 Silly the cool dews of evening are falling,
 And the night-loving owl from her wood-haunt is calling:
 Now swift from my dark home I'll silently fly,
 And glide through the gloom with my bright gleaming eye.

On the slope of the hill is the glance of my wings,
 Through the limbs of the oak, where the rain-prophet sings;
 By the skirt of the green-wood, where hangs the light dew,
 O'er the grass of the meadow, my flight I pursue:
 Through the star-lighted paths of the forest I'll fly,
 And pierce the gray gloom with my bright gleaming eye.

Wo! to the night-moth that flits in my way;
 Wo! to the tribes in the still air that play;
 Wo! to the wretch in the night-dew that sings,
 For the death-spirit waits on the rush of my wings!
 High and low, swift and slow, through the shadows I'll fly,
 While the wolf's on her track, and the owl hooteth nigh.

When the moon from her cloud-cinctured car brightly gleams,
 And startles the shades with her tremulous beams,
 Then loud on the night-wind I pour my wild song,
 And faintly the woodlands the echoes prolong:
 'Whip-poo'-will!' 'Whip-poo'-will!' through the mists rolling gray,
 And the tremulous moonbeams, on light wings I play.

Now the owl to the gloom of the forest has flown,
 And the deer to her covert hath stealthily gone;
 The lone prowling wolf to his lair is returning,
 For night's shadows are lost in the blush of the morning:
 Now swift to my dark home I'll silently fly,
 And close on the day-light my broad gleaming eye.

A SPELL OF SOUND.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

——— 'Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet the master light of all our seeing.'

WORDSWORTH.

I.

It was a wild and beauteous spot,
Embosomed in a sylvan wood;
Nature ne'er jewel gave more rare,
To gem the breast of solitude.

II.

A fairy ring of emerald green,
The trees high arching over head,
And in the midst, a shallow brook
Flowed softly o'er its pebbly bed.

III.

Blue violets grew upon the bank,
And daisies fringed the margin-side,
And there the pale Narcissus bent,
And worshipped in the silver tide.

IV.

So hushed, so breathless still, around,
(While listless, high the spider hung,)
Save when some bird, with tripping feet,
Rustled the topmost leaves among:

V.

Or when some swift-winged insect's hum,
Upwheeling on the noontide clear,
Or chirp of cricket in the grass,
Pierced through the soft, thin atmosphere.

VI.

And here, with white upswelling feet,
And a half glad, half fearful look,
With clothes upgathered, stood a boy,
Midway the waters of the brook.

VII.

Upon the bank, his wreathed hat
Some scattered wild-flowers lay beside;
And he, to gain yon iris bright,
Had ventured in, to cross the tide.

VIII.

I read it in his chubby face,
Those flowers, all eloquently mute —
The throbbing of his little heart,
So wishful, so irresolute.

* * * *

IX.

I know not whence the memory came
O'er all the present with its spell;
A sin ple sound the vision wrought —
The tinkling of a pasture bell.

LOWE.

MY FISHING GROUND.

BY H. H. RILEY.

I AM passionately fond of all rambling recreations in the country, but more especially that of fishing. There is an air of quietness and repose in this gentle pursuit; the whole man is in an easy good humor with himself, without absolutely revelling in excess of mirth, or becoming depressed by any disaster or ill fortune.

A little way from my dwelling, is a deep valley, through which, tumbling from fall to fall, a clear stream pursues its way, murmuring fitfully, as the breezes swell and die along its borders. Its banks are green, for a narrow space on each side, and the hills which rise around are thickly wooded to the top. There is one dark, deep pool, where the water whirls around the twisted roots of an old tree, which appears to be the rendezvous of all the piscatorial tribe that navigate that way; a kind of stopping-place — a haven of debate and consultation. Here sports the trout, 'bedropt with gold;' the 'shiner,' bright as a bar of silver; the indolent 'sucker,' rolling from side to side, with an easy motion; the 'flat-fish,' bristling like an angry dog; each intent upon his own business; some putting out of port, and some darting in; keeping, continually, a busy excitement in the little community.

Here I sit upon the fragrant grass, and pursue my sports; and I have become so familiar with the spot and its inhabitants, that I am grown to be quite a philosopher, as well as angler.

Upon the hill above me, day after day, an easy, good-natured cow, with a bell attached to her neck, goes tink-tink-*tong*; tink-tink, *tong-tong*; passing the whole of her time in the labor of eating. She has worn a winding path down to the brook, down which she marches, with great gravity, for a little refreshment. Sometimes, when the heat is oppressive, she tarries a while, and seems quite pleased at my sports. She is a very decent, well-behaved, well-disposed animal, of good character, and industrious habits.

A large frog, with a green surtout and dark breeches, sits just opposite, looking exceedingly malicious, and apparently swelling with rage. He seems never to consider himself quite secure on land, and stands ready at any moment for a spring. 'Juggero — juggero! plump!' — and away he goes. This frog is the most distant and unsocial of all my animal acquaintance. Every time he makes his appearance, he sits tucked up in his own conceit; swelled around the neck like a corpulent pope; gloomy, taciturn, and independent; and he always leaves me without *taking* leave, in a very impolite manner.

The turtle is so much like an oyster, that I cannot say any thing either for or against him. He is like some men, of a negative character, who never make their actions prominent enough, either to praise or blame. A very *harmless* animal is the turtle.

But the whole wood is alive with birds. They assemble in the cool depths of the valley, where the air is tempered by the running water, and sing together their thousand melodies. I have watched

them as they came dashing in to their shelter, and welcomed them, as a hermit a way-traveller.

There is the robin, with his breast of gold, looking rather grave, and singing plaintively, with an air of concern about him. He is troubled about many things, but chiefly, where he shall build his nest; and he flits from tree to tree, followed by his mate, curiously examining every crotch; and then, dashing to the earth, he trips along to see what timber there is at hand, to rear his mansion. He seems to have a forethought; and being thus chastened down, is devoid of all giddiness and folly. There is something soft and touching in his music, as he sings in the twilight of the evening, when the forest is still, and all around, the landscape fades into indistinctness. We all love the robin.

But the 'fire-bird,' or golden robin, a gay relation of the red-breast, is a wild, dashing fellow. Away he goes, blazing through the trees; perfectly reckless; bobbing around with a jerk; then back, and off the next moment in a tangent. He appears to be the busiest mortal alive; but, like some men who are always in a hurry, he accomplishes but little. He cuts a great figure with his fire-red suit, and shows a good taste in building a *hanging-nest*, where he lies and swings, as the breezes may blow; taking his own comfort in his own way. I like the company of this little coquette, exceedingly.

Just opposite, a wood-pecker makes his daily appearance upon the trunk of an enormous tree, where he hammers away for hours together. He is as white as milk, with black stripes down his back, and a head as red as blood. He is a most industrious fellow. While all the birds around are intoxicated with joy, he keeps as busy at his mechanical work, as a tinker at an old kettle. There is no poetry in the wood-pecker, I am sure. All seasons are alike to him. He is a practical body — a regular 'worky;' a bird of substantial parts, but after all, a very clever fellow. He subsists upon the worms drawn from decayed trees, and leaves the food upon the earth for the lazy, and grovelling, and unenterprising portion of his tribe.

But the owl is a dozy chap! There he sits, on the left — a knob of feathers; winking at my fish-line, and looking as wise as a magistrate with a wig. What a dreamy life he passes! — all the day in a brown study. A venerable looking blockhead, but a great coward, is the owl. In the morning and evening twilight, he sallies out for his food, when other birds, of temperate habits, are at rest. A very gloomy and unsocial body is the 'melancholy owl.'

Of all the birds that keep me company, in my excursions, commend me to the whip-poor-will. At the dusk of evening, he fills the whole wood with his melody; so plaintive and tender, so soothing and solitary. His very voice speaks a lonely language, as it rings through the valley. It is a language familiar to all, and finds a responsive chord in every bosom; and as he prolongs his melodies late at night, he has the whole habitable landscape around for listeners. He is a romantic little fellow; a hermit, and revels in solitude; a poetical bird, if such there be; a poet of the heart, rather than of the imagination; and he is 'popular,' wherever he is known. Give me the soothing voice of the whip-poor-will!

The pigeon often passes by me; but he dashes on from wood to wood, with such hot haste, that I always look upon him as a stranger. He

is so great a traveller, that he appears indifferent to all acquaintance. He stops but a moment in the deep foliage of a tree, to 'cool off,' and arrange his apparatus for another flight. When any of his tribe come singly, I am inclined to think them emissaries, sent from the flock for some special purpose; ministers plenipotentiary to another flock; spies, that go out to report upon the fatness of the land. I am sure they have *some* urgent business on hand; so I will not detain them. 'Good morning, gentlemen, since you *must* leave the wood!'

But I cannot particularize. Hundreds of birds keep me company; hundreds of songs, and gushes of melody, wild with the excess of joy, fill the whole valley. Dashing from tree to tree, from rock to rock, from bank to bank, the whole is a mass of life and mirth. Every day is a holiday with them, and they 'keep it up,' early and late. They riot in pleasure while they can, wholly unconcerned about the future.

But enough for the present. I will complete the picture in another sketch.

T H O U G H T .

BOUNDLESS, illimitable! who can trace
 Thy varied journeyings through the realms of air?
 Thou mock'st each barrier of time or space,
 And fliest on swiftest pinion every where!
 By thee we track the past, long ages gone,
 Lost in the dark abyss of buried time,
 Or strive to pierce the future, dim unknown,
 Or soaring upward, seek the eternal clime:
 We revel mid the stars, in the high dome
 Of God's own glorious temple, richly spread;
 Make, mid their shining hosts the spirit's home—
 Among their living lights, where seraphs tread!

But thou hast earthly roving, boundless Thought!
 O'er the wide world thine eager wing is flying;
 To vine-clad realms, where fragrant winds are sighing,
 To fairy-haunted grove, or storied grot,
 Thither thou lead'st us; hoary mountains, piled
 High in the clouds, broad lakes, and rivers fair,
 And green savannahs, stretching vast and wild,
 We know them all, by thee borne swiftly there!
 The lava-buried cities, ancient Rome,
 Judæa's queen, so honored, so debased,
 Where Hæ, the man of grief, vouchsafed to come,
 And through her streets his path of sorrow traced;
 To these we speed us: what can stay thy flight,
 Ethereal essence?—swift as flash of light!

And yet a power more dear is thine, O Thought!
 By thee, long-parted friends together meet;
 Though seas divide them, by thy magic brought
 In close companionship again; how sweet
 To speak kind words of sympathy; once more
 To linger, spell-bound, on some long-loved face,
 Again each faded lineament retrace,
 Till faithful memory all their charms restore!
 The lonely mother, at her cottage hearth,
 Shudders to hear the storm go rushing past,
 And, as in fitful and demoniac mirth,
 Shrieks forth, in trumpet-tones, the maddened blast,
 While roars the tempest, roll the blackened clouds,
 She seeks her sea-boy's form, rocked in the spray-wreathed shrouds.

M. N. M.

E M O T I O N S .

THERE is a sadness of the heart,
A sigh, a secret stealing tear ;
A gloom, where sorrow bears no part,
That only comes when none are near.

Amid the green-wood's dim profound,
Where sigh and moan the rocking trees,
Or where the waves' inconstant sound
Joins the wild voices of the breeze :

Or at still midnight's solemn hour,
When storm-winds rave along the sky,
Oft comes this melancholy power,
To move the tear, to heave the sigh.

M Y O W N P E C U L I A R :

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

N U M B E R T H R E E .

It has always been my favorite theory, or monomania, if the reader will have it so, that there are two distinct kinds of men, viz : the *animal* and the *vegetable*. By the first kind, I mean those who have hearts, feelings, impulses, affections ; who do not only breathe, through life, but who leave behind them a name, either for good or evil, as the devil or angel may have preponderated within them. By the vegetable species, I intend to designate that class, *which*, having the visible appearance of man, yet lack the inward attributes that belong to him who is made after the likeness of his Creator ; that class which pass through life, if life it be, without having performed one single good or bad action ; which have no more virtue than a cabbage, nor vice than a thistle ; whose epitaph, if any one would waste time enough to write it, could be written in four words : ' He lived — and died.'

This is not the first time I have advanced this doctrine, and it shall not be the last. I am not discussing it in a religious point of view. I have too much heart-felt reverence for the principles of my holy faith, to approach with levity its altars. I am alluding to it now in a physical or lawyer-like point of view ; and I challenge any one (of the animal kind) to deny the truth of my description. Why, gentle reader, have you not in your mind's eye, at this moment, one of the vegetable species ? Tax your memory. Do n't you know any one of your acquaintance whose whole career has been unmarked by a single *deed* ; an energetic action ; whose instinct is not half as great as that which the blind mole possesses, and whose very walk puts you in mind of a weed endowed with the powers of locomotion ? Have n't you ? If you hav n't, I have ; and I will give you, *en passant*, an example.

Two friends, and brother lawyers of mine, were travelling, some years since, on the 'circuit.' Their route led them across the sandy

hills that form the northern boundary of the Alatomaha, one of the noble rivers of our beautiful state. These hills, or ridges, however, are as barren and desolate as Arabia Petræa. You might plant a Yankee there, and he would not grow! Perhaps, after this assertion, it would be 'surplussage' to say, that no effort of industry or ingenuity could coax a blade of grass to rear its head above the sterile soil. It was a rainy, gloomy day, and after travelling for some time, without encountering any signs of human life, their hearts were cheered by the sight of the 'smoke that so gracefully curled,' and they knew, forthwith, 'that a cottage was near.' And sure enough, there it was. A clumsy, ill-shapen log hut, with interstices, or, to speak more classically, 'chinks,' wide enough to throw a sizeable bear through.

My friends dismounted and entered. A fire of pine-wood, or 'light-wood,' as it is technically called, blazed in the clay chimney. In one corner of the fire-place were huddled a baker's dozen of 'yellow-complected' brats. A tall, gaunt female, with long, uncombed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor; while in front of the fire, and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat the 'lord of the soil,' shivering under the malign influence of a tertian ague.

'Good morning, my friend,' said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

'Morning!' was the laconic and echo-like reply. (I believe that is an incorrect expression. Echo, like a woman, always gives the *last* word.)

'Fine situation you have here,' resumed my brother attorney.

'Fine h — ll!' responded the host; 'what's it fine for?'

'Why, I should suppose you would have good sport here, in hunting.'

'Then you'd suppose a d — n lie! You can't hunt, 'cepting you got something to hunt at, kin you?'

'No; that's a very clear case; I thought, however, that so near the river, there would be plenty of deer. Still, if it is not a good hunting-ground, it is a fine place for raising cattle.'

'It *is*, is it? S'posin' the cattle gets in the swamp, and the d — d river rises 'pon 'em, and the cu'sed fools do n't get out of the way, but get drowned? How you gwine to raise 'em *then*, eh?'

'That certainly is very bad,' continued my indefatigable friend; 'but there is one comfort left to you. If you have not the richest soil, nor the best hunting-ground, nor the greenest pasturage, you have what is better than the monarch's diadem, or the highest niche in the temple of Fame: you have health.'

'The h — l I have, stranger! Do you see them yaller-complected critters in the corner there? Them's got health, 'an't they? The old woman there has got it, 'an't she? And look at me, with this cu'sed ager shaking my bones into a jelly! You call that *health*, do n't you?'

'Look here, my friend,' exclaimed my brother chip, 'answer me this question, and I won't ask you another. If you can't get any thing to grow here, and nothing to hunt; if all your cattle drown, and your family are all the while sick; why, in the name of common sense, do you not up sticks, and off? Why do you stay here?'

'Oh, 'cause the light-wood knots are so 'mazin' handy!'

Gentle reader! — look me steadfastly in the face. Upon your honor, as a gentleman, (or lady,) do you believe that was an animal? Do you think that a real genuine man, or brute, would have remained his whole life, under these circumstances, in such a spot? No, you do n't. Now, that is what I call a man of the *vegetable* species. I can't tell whether a vegetable thinks, or not; but if it does, I will bet my spectacles against the prettiest lady's eyes in the country, that that man's idea of heaven was, that it consisted of a large pine barren, where the light-wood knots were 'mazin' handy,' and where he could shiver the whole day with a 'cu'sed ager,' over a large fire of the aforesaid light-wood knots, kept in perpetual flame by the 'ministering angels of the place.' The only thing that makes me doubt the propriety of the illustration I have set before you, to prove the truth of my theory, is, that this man had energy enough to curse.

I know that you are getting tired of my nonsense; but as I do n't often trouble you, and as you can skip as much as you please, let me give you another example, furnished to me by the same friend. A few miles farther on, they came to a hovel of the same description; the same light-wood fire and 'open-work' building. The rain was pouring in torrents through the roof, and the floor was overflowed. The only dry spots were near the bed and the fire-place. On the first, which was huddled up as a refuge from the fast-falling flood, (give that beautiful specimen of alliteration to some of your poetical contributors, Mr. Editor,) forming a kind of mimic Ararat, were congregated the usual adjuncts, even of vegetable life; that is, the 'old woman, and the yaller-complected children.' In the fire-place, with his feet drawn up à la Turk, on the backless chair, sat the master of the dwelling, playing a fiddle.

'He gave them no greeting, he asked them no word;'

or, in plain prose, he took not the slightest notice of the intruders, although, in all probability he had not seen a human being for a year; but there he sat, and played, and played; and played one of those tunes, moreover, that have no beginning, no middle, no end.

My friends waded up to the fire-place. They stood in silence. One of them has a German turn of mind, and the scene had a manifest effect upon him. The storm was raging without; the rain descended in torrents; the red lightning darted its forked tongue through the darkness. And here, within, in unbroken silence, and almost motionless, sat the woman and her children, as cold and inanimate as the stone itself, while in the bright glare of the blazing fire, the man plied his everlasting tune, without a moment's relaxation. My friend's feelings became affected. It seemed to him a supernatural scene. He began to repent him of some of his quips and quidities. The feeling was infectious, and the other visitor caught it. And there they stood for hours, spell-bound by the notes of that fiddle, which without turn, or change, or variation, kept on 'the even *tenor* of its way.'

At last, one of them shook off the spell, and thus addressed the pine woods Paganini:

'Why do n't you stop that cursed fiddle? Why do n't you stop the leaks in your roof?'

'You would n't have me go out in the rain, would you?' answered the host, still playing the 'cursed fiddle.'

'No; but why do n't you stop them when it do n't rain?'

'Ob, *they do n't leak then!*' responded the Orpheus of the Alata-maha, continuing the tune.

Out rushed my friends, leaving matters in statu quo; but though some years have elapsed, one of them, in narrating to me the circumstances a few days ago, added, as his firm conviction, that '*that* man, to this very hour, is playing that eternal tune!' I purpose going that way, on my next circuit, and I will give you the result of my inquiries and observations, in a future number.

THE MOTHER'S SOLACE.

'When the stoic philosopher was informed of the death of his beloved son, he calmly replied, 'I always knew that he was mortal;' but how much more reason has a christian parent to be resigned under such an affliction, when she can look on the lifeless form of her child, and say, in the language of undoubting faith, 'I know that this mortal shall put on immortality!''

I knew that thou wert mortal; ay, my heart
Thrilled with vague terror, even while the beams
Of thy soft, loving eyes could still impart
A joy as sinless as thine own pure dreams;
Thou wert too like a thing of heavenly birth,
To tarry long upon this darkened earth.

I knew that thou wert mortal; the blue vein,
Whose delicate tracery adorned thy brow,
I knew might bear the rushing tide of pain,
Instead of life's pure current in its flow;
I knew disease thy rosy cheek might pale,
And the hour come when flesh and heart should fail.

I knew that thou wert mortal; yet my tears
Have flowed like rivers o'er thy lowly bed;
The joys of life, the hopes of coming years,
Were crushed when death bowed down thy graceful head;
This pulse must cease to beat, ere I forget
The bitter yearnings of my vain regret.

I knew that thou wert mortal; but the God
Who filled with deathless love a mother's heart,
Meant not that she should kiss the chastening rod,
Without one feeling of its anguished smart;
He will forgive the tears his children shed,
Since even Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

I knew that thou wert mortal; yet can nought
Bring solace to the soul in sorrow's hour?
Is there no consolation in the thought,
That Christ has robbed the grave of half its power?
Not without hope, beloved one! do I weep;
Thou yet shalt waken from thy dreamless sleep.

I knew that thou wert mortal; but the bright
And glorious beauty of thy living face,
Would seem all dim, beside the radiant light
Which crowns thy spirit now with cherub grace;
I know my child immortal, and I trust
To meet her yet again, though dust return to dust.

A JOURNAL IN FLOWERS.

BY L'ABIELLE.

YESTERDAY, while arranging the contents of an old book-case, and indulging in one of those dreamy moods in which one wanders over pages that won the enthusiasm of earlier days, I encountered a volume, with whose contents I had long been familiar; a *Journal in Flowers*; a record, kept in those hieroglyphics, of all my wanderings, and all those little events, in sentiment or action, which, like the tributaries of a mighty stream, wear for themselves a channel, and fall into the memory, to be again distributed amid other scenes and other associations. It has been my companion in the school-room and the play-ground, in childhood; and unobtrusively presented its claims in my after wanderings, by the shores of the Rhine, at the tomb of Laura, and the passes of the Pyrenees.

The idea was first suggested, on bidding farewell to an old family mansion, and all its early associations, for a distant school. In the bustle of preparation, and the anticipations I had indulged, I scarcely dreamed that so much feeling awaited the separation; but at parting, as a thousand attachments gathered around me, and each claimed its remembrance, I sighed like the Abyssinian monarch, that I was not content to remain within the circle of home's simple enjoyments, careless of the future, and alone engrossed by that natural philosophy, which finds

'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

It was a bright morning, and the country had just put on her beautiful spring dress. The peach bloom was scattering its showers on the gravel walk, and as a capricious breeze tossed them around, I could not refrain from gathering a few of the perishing blossoms, to bear as it were a tangible recollection of my own dear home to the stranger-land that was before me. There lay the fields through which I had so often rambled, in quest of the delicious strawberry; or, disappointed in the search, had borne in its stead whole gardens of wood-flowers in my basket. Other feet should now wander by that quiet stream, which wound its way through the grounds, or climb its rugged shore, to gaze on its waters, as they leaped from rock to rock; wave chasing wave through its worn fissures, until, exhausted by the pastime, they sank, wearied though restless, in a bed of foam, which was spread over the broad basin; or again darting from its hiding place, flinging its spray on the mossy rock and wild columbine that bowered in its cleft; quarrelling with the dropped branches of the oak and hemlock; the eye could trace it, until, tranquillized by distance, it crept from observation amid the sloping woodlands, and rich meadows that embossed its margin.

There, too, among the land-marks of that secluded spot, was the locust grove, with its little brook winding its 'sinuous way' through the dense shade, that almost hid it from view. Other hands should now gather the mint and cresses from its border, or tend the little arbor

where the rose, and violet, and other garden flowers, grew side by side, in perfect harmony with the natives of the soil. It was a place of all others to make one poetical :

It was a spot with beauty rife;
 Nature and art had been at strife:
 Nature first claimed it as her own,
 Art deemed it formed to be her throne;
 Till finding beauty ne'er would rest,
 Upon the spot they both loved best,
 Although they hated one another,
 They thought it wise that hate to smother;
 Till both, as seeming of one mind,
 Their various beauties intertwined;
 Art pruned the flowers that careless grew,
 And Nature bathed their wounds with dew;
 Though oftentimes she recreant proved,
 And placed some wild flower that she loved
 Far from her reach; and tender vine,
 Lest she fantastic wreaths should twine,
 Fell unregarded on the ground,
 And crept in silent wildness round.

The trees, the flowers, the birds, 'that good morrow gave from bush to bush;' the drowsy hum of the busy bee, wandering over the high clover, with its bending blossom; the mimic stream, and the very rock that provoked its tiny ripple, all had their peculiar instinct; and when proud of the assimilation, who could endure to be estranged from such good society? In truth, our cottage had but little other. The younger members of our household had scarcely left the precincts of merry childhood; and it is a common misfortune, to regard the intrusion of children, when we have taken a few steps beyond their tender age, as they romp along our quiet walks, crushing the flowers, frightening the birds, and spoiling a day dream, as so many annoyances, that add nothing to the history of enjoyment. On every hand, I had a friend to part with. The distant mountains grew less formal, and the intervening valley more picturesque and winning. But the scene is changed. Years and 'improvement' have desecrated its charms. A village has sprung up on the borders of its beautiful stream; the busy manufactory mingles the music of its water-wheel with the voice of the cascade; quiet and seclusion have given place to the bustle and excitement of labor and enterprise. New faces meet you at every turn, and but for its mountain outline, and distant scenery of wood and meadow, the old cottage, and a few kind faces that looked on our infancy, there is but little left to recognize in that sweet home, in the 'Happy Valley.'

Our peach blossoms have told their tale; and such are some of the associations that have thrown a charm around this little volume, and its natural erudition; a charm arising, perhaps, from a conviction that it is sacred, and inaccessible to the careless observer. It is composed in a language that can alone be translated by the compiler; it can have but one interpreter. There was something, too, to love, in its unpretending character. It had neither the interior nor exterior mechanism of authorship; it had neither preface nor dedication; it had neither title-page nor motto; but it seemed wrapped among its compeers in a kind of intellectual misanthropy; scanning the trappings of their gilded pages, and prouder, it would

seem, in its own little mystery, than if vanity had enclosed it in a calf-skin, and swelled it to a folio.

There was a portion of the volume in which the **HEART** had traced its own boundary; and if Kotzebue's planetary system be true, it could have revealed such discoveries in that region, and such counter revolutions in its purposes, as would have sadly puzzled his poetic philosophy. In another part, the **MIND** seemed to have more absolute control, though a blank leaf, between the two territories, seemed to indicate a kind of state-like independence; a partial separation, that if I had not been convinced, by critical examination, were most closely bound, and most necessarily dependant, I should have feared an entire falling off from the union.

In giving an occasional leaf to the **KNICKERBOCKER**, I shall, gipsy like, take possession of either. The reader will find me sometimes a traveller, and sometimes the wearied sentimentalist, pausing by the wayside, as the mood shall find me; now wandering over the wide Alleghany, or again treading the ashy pathway of *Vesuvius*; or on that Alpine summit,

‘Where Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud.’

The mind, from its very nature, requires interval and repose. If, like the Bird of Paradise, its rest be motion, its repose be on the wing, like that bird, it will choose its own path, and its own enjoyment. A lofty theme will call for corresponding exertion, and vigor equal to the nature of its subject; or, wearied by the ascent, it will delight to hover over the beaten path of existence, and gather the sympathies of social life. And as this journal has an interest beyond the aid of its interpreter, it must rely exclusively on itself, and its own associations. A leaf from the Coliseum conveys a sentiment beyond the power of any translator. It has played too long over the buried past, and spread too luxuriantly around the crumbling ruin; it has gathered the instinct of history, and its own life, amid the desolation of empire; and it would be nothing short of sacrilege, to chain it to the common-place wonder of any mind. It should be gazed at, not handled; looked upon as the past, in the immortality of its future. Although I have gathered the leaf, and would give it to the reader in the freshness of present enjoyment, I would still have them remember that I am but arranging a *tableau vivant*, in the repose of its own history.

I ought also to add, as this journal is in its nature purely intellectual, that it was intended to be happy, in all its reminiscences. I could not use such type to ‘syllable apprehension,’ or to recall a scene that was not at peace with enjoyment. I have endeavored to avoid the monotony of travel; for it is dull employment to watch the retreating or advancing ripple of existence, instead of the beautiful scenery through which it is ever flowing. A rose from *Abbotsford* has its own associations; and the blade of grass I gathered from the field of *Waterloo*, a volume for the enthusiast. It will be my task to arrange the contents of my ‘*Journal in Flowers*,’ and to give to memory alone the power that Milton has ascribed to music:

‘To create a soul under the ribs of death.’

CABINET PICTURES.

BATTLE.

He comes, and in him the great gods have part;
 Jove's front is mirrored on his dauntless brow,
 Mars has himself possessed his iron heart,
 Vulcan hath forged his falchion, spear, and bow;
 O! beautiful he looks, caparisoned!
 His polished armor glittering in the sun,
 His fiery-plumed helmet proudly donned.
 But now 'the dogs are slipped,' the strife's begun;
 His polished armor's stained with blood and dust;
 His dancing plume trails low upon the sod,
 His spirit from its clay is rudely thrust;
 The worm possesses him, and not a god!
 Is this, O Battle! then, thy beauty's meed?
 Is all earth's brightness perishing indeed!

BEAUTY.

Nature is full of beauty; golden morn,
 And rosy sun-set, and the twilight hour,
 Birds' song, flowers' perfume, and the earth's green lawn,
 Heaven's ocean-mirror, emblem beauty's power;
 But there is one in which are all combined,
 The sun of Beauty! at whose shrine we bow;
 It is a beauteous woman's beauteous mind
 Must earth's most brightest beauty brightly show:
 No song of bird is as its music rare,
 In no sweet flower such balmy incense lives,
 Earth's carpet with its robes may not compare:
 Morn, eve, nor twilight, such rich lustre gives;
 Dark clouds heaven's mirror stain with hues of night,
 But virtuous minds are than the sun more bright.

BED.

Our sweetest and most bitter hours are thine;
 Thou by the weary frame art fondly pressed,
 Which, grateful, blesses its most dearest shrine,
 While curses thee, pale Sickness' sad unrest.
 'T is here the blushing bride receives her lord;
 'T is here the mother first beholds her child;
 'T is here death snaps affection's fondest cord,
 And changes sunny bliss to anguish wild;
 'T is here the good man, pondering on his fate,
 Beholds that bed which this doth typify,
 Made by the sexton, his frail form's estate,
 Where, in long slumber, it shall dreamless lie;
 And he exults, feeling in that dark sod
 His robe alone will lie — the rest with God!

BIRDS.

Spirits of air! Sweetest of earthly things!
 What is the secret of your high control?
 Whence is the magic of your spiritings,
 Which soothe, or sadden, or subdue the soul?
 If the old Pythagorean creed were ours,
 What omen might we draw, even from a bird?
 A loved one early snatched from earthly bowers,
 In a sad nightingale might then be heard:
 The poet yet might linger on the thought,
 Beauteous as false — how much of poesy is!
 The Christian hath a greater glory wrought
 In the belief that can be only his,
 That He who bade the earth our wants supply,
 Sent us in love this heavenly minstrelsy.

Gimcrackery.

PRELUDIAL : IN WHICH THE READER WILL BE VERY LIKELY TO DISCOVER SOME OF HIS OWN THOUGHTS
PUT INTO PRINT.

WHEN a man suddenly thrusts himself before the world, it is meet and proper that he should give some account of himself, as well as an intimation of the objects he has in view in stepping boldly out from the rank and file of his fellow-creatures, to challenge their attention. In conformity, therefore, with what I conceive to be so just and proper, I beg leave, most gentle reader, to introduce myself to you, and also to make some explanation of my motives in obtruding myself upon your consideration.

Know, then, that I am one of those unhappy creatures, whom the fates have appointed to labor for the benefit, not only of their own immediate contemporaries, but also of posterity, with the almost certain prospect of receiving nothing in return, but the reflections, pleasurable or otherwise, to which the subject may give birth. That there should be such a race of individuals, may appear somewhat marvellous to the thoughtless; but even they cannot deny the fact; neither should it be an object of especial wonder to them, seeing that themselves are a proof, that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. That men should volunteer to serve the living public, is not indeed a cause for such monstrous surprise; but that they should volunteer to sweat and toil for posterity, may well cause wonder, even in the thoughtful; since, from the very nature of the case, as an ingenious philosopher has somewhere hinted, posterity can have laid them under no possible obligation, neither can it, by any possibility, reward them, were it so disposed. But so it is. And with my eyes wide open to the folly and inconsistency of such a course, I must go on and fulfil the object of my being, whether I be so inclined or not.

That a man should ever take up his pen, with the avowed purpose of using it for the world's benefit, dipping it, as it were, in the sweat of his own brain, with the knowledge that that very world will never thank him for his pains, is indeed surprising. Better were it, that he should take a sword in hand, for men are paid good fat salaries, and have rations of bread and meat allowed them, for keeping themselves in readiness to slaughter their fellow-creatures, when called upon to do so; nay, they are educated at the public expense for this very purpose; they are afterward complimented with costly presents by the country, and honored with an apotheosis at their death. Scarcely a legislative season passes by, in which the people's representatives do not vote a gold-hilted sword to some one of those men who have attained a Niles' Register immortality, by slaying with their own hands more or less of their fellow beings. But when did a legislature vote even a steel pen to a patriotic author, who, having educated himself at his own expense, and given up the profitable occupations open before him, has devoted his precious days and nights to writing for the benefit of his country; creating employment to hundreds, nay thousands, of artisans; putting steam-presses and paper-mills in motion;

solacing the minds of the mature, and elevating the morals of the young; gaining a name for his country, and making her known among the nations, by the products of his pen; and enriching and benefiting every body but himself! How many such men have lived and died among us, of whom the people, by their representatives, never so much as acknowledged the existence, even while they were enjoying the liberal bounties of their genius; while never yet was there a Major Marrowfat, who, having been put into the army by his parents, because they were either too poor or too indolent to provide for him themselves, and finding himself marching toward a hostile army, on some pleasant day, and seeing retreat impossible, has shut up both eyes, and in very desperation has cut and slashed at the men before him, until his sword has wept human blood; and having, by some lucky chance, escaped unhurt, or perhaps with a slight scar on one of his fat cheeks, did not immediately become a pet of the people; towns and counties are called after him; his portrait is painted at the expense of the state; his pay is increased; he is elevated in rank; and he never exerts himself again, except to spend his pay, and eat his rations, and he is a hero! True, our blessed country does but imitate other christian nations in this respect, to a certain extent; yet it must be borne in mind, that England grants pensions to men-preservers, as well as to men-destroyers; for among the numerous marble effigies which decorate the interior of Saint Paul's cathedral, there are two, erected at the expense of the nation, to the memory of men who labored more assiduously to benefit their fellow-creatures, than ever did colonel, captain, commodore, or admiral, to destroy them. These are the philanthropist Howard, and the no less philanthropist, Johnson. And France, too, the bare mention of whose name calls up images of blood and carnage, and hosts of armed men, even fighting France, has never been unmindful of her sons who wielded the pen. The bourgeois of Toulouse, even in a warlike age, if my memory does not deceive me, presented a massive silver Minerva to the poet Rousard, as a testimonial of their respect for his talents. Let me put it now to the honorables, the representatives of this mighty people, if they do not esteem such a man, for example, as the author of the *Life of Columbus*, quite as much entitled to a trifling compliment, as though it could be proved, on the testimony of credible witnesses, that he had killed a white man, or even an Indian, at the battle of Madakelchamp, or some equally renowned field of blood?

But, gentle reader, I did not observe that you were standing all this time, with your hat in your hand, waiting for an introduction. Doubtless you have by this received sufficient insight into my character, to satisfy your curiosity. So I will say not another word about myself, but proceed immediately to lay before you the plans and principles by which I shall be guided, in the preparation of these forth-coming Gimcrackeries.

In the first place, the author will honestly confess, that he has been mainly induced to the preparation of these papers, by a desire for immortality; and the Editor of '*OLD KNICK.*' having, in the most generous manner, undertaken to embalm the creations of his fancy in his time-defying pages, he will henceforth be easy on that score; looking upon himself as already handed down to posterity; consequently, his

mind being at rest, and his affairs prosperous, he can devote himself to his undertaking, with undivided energies.

The principles by which he will be guided, are those of universal benevolence; but within their extended circumference are innumerable considerations, neither possible nor profitable to enumerate. But as it is infinitely easier, as must have been discovered some time since, for a man to promise what he will not do, than to promise what he will, I shall therefore let the reader draw his own conclusions as to what he may expect, from that which I shall caution him not to expect, in the future Gimcrackeries that will be presented to his notice.

FIRST. He must not expect any translations from, nor imitations of, any of the high Germanorum mystery-mongers, now in vogue among fashionable authors and scholars; for, Doctor Channing to the contrary notwithstanding, I am willing to undertake to prove, in the teeth of all the smoke-dried professors of Heidelburgh and Harvard, that a feeble thought can gain no strength from being smothered under a heap of dictionary words; and that truth can never be made truer, by being surrounded with ever so many mysterious-looking falsehoods.

SECONDLY. He must not expect any quotations from Latin or Greek authors; from 'Old Play,' nor from the British classics; for, taking it for granted that he is quite as well read in the Dictionary of Quotations, and the 'Elegant Extracts,' as myself, I should consider it a work of supererogation to place any of the dainties contained in those erudite works before him.

THIRDLY. He must not look for any learned dissertations on any subject whatever; such, for instance, as the probable number of old men of which the chorus in a tragedy of Æschylus may have been composed; as I consider it a matter of very little moment to the present, or any other generation, whether there were fifteen or twelve, or indeed whether there were any at all.

FOURTHLY. He must not expect one syllable about the Sub-treasury, the Presidential question, Lady Bulwer, nor any other fashionable subject.

FIFTHLY. He must not expect that I shall, in conformity with the advice of one the countless multitude of modern authors, put forth my strongest thoughts first; as that would be manifestly contrary to all precedent, and in violation of Nature herself, whom I am anxious to propitiate, by striving to follow her dictates. Buds and blossoms before fruits and flowers, is her universal prescription. And in elegant society, we all know that '*Potage à la Julienne*' invariably precedes '*Bas grillée au maître d' Hotel*,' or a '*Fricandeau de Veau*.'

Therefore, O reader! peruse this Gimcrack in the same pleasant temper with which you smack your lips over a plate of thin potage, at Monsieur Blancard's, while the *carte à manger*, open before you, gives promise of entremets both rare and numerous.

But this being one of those ad infinitum discourses which may be prolonged with pleasure, or brought to a close with profit, I shall here endeavor to stop, premising, first, that in the mighty undertaking I have assumed, I have secured the assistance of an association of gentlemen, on whom I can rely with great confidence, and from whom, as the reader will believe, great things may be expected. I

will give the names of these individuals, as they have been christened by that eminent philosopher, Mr. GEORGE COMBE. They are as follows:

MR. CONCENTRATIV. LARGE;
 MAJOR COMRATIV. FULL;
 HON. SELF-ESTEEM LARGE;
 FIRMNES LARGE, Esq.;
 REV. BENEVOLENCE VERY LARGE, D. D.;
 IDEALITY LARGE, LL. D.;
 MR. IMITATIV. LARGE;
 MR. MIRTHFUL LARGE;
 MR. INDIVIDUALITY VERY LARGE;
 MESSRS. LANGUAGE, CAUSALITY, AND
 COMPARISON LARGE, AND
 THE BROTHERS LOCALITY AND ORDER LARGE.

With this array of respectability and talent for endorers, I think I may, to speak more directly to the understanding of my mercantile reader, offer my note of hand, with the full confidence of its being received as a piece of negotiable paper:

New-York, August 1, 1839.

ON the first day of every succeeding month, after date, without grace, I promise to tickle the fancies and elevate the morals of the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. No value received.

§ GIMCRACK.

HARRY FRANCO.

GIMCRACK THE FIRST.

CONTAINS A VARIETY OF MATTER, WHICH IT IS CONFIDENTLY BELIEVED THE READER NEVER SAW BEFORE; AND THEREFORE HE IS ADMONISHED NOT TO OMIT THIS OPPORTUNITY OF BECOMING ACQUAINTED WITH WHAT NOBODY BUT HIMSELF AND THE AUTHOR CAN, BY ANY POSSIBILITY, KNOW ANY THING ABOUT.

It is not many months since, that I had been travelling day and night, over roads of iron, for nearly a week, until my sense of hearing was almost destroyed, by the continued fiz, fiz-fiz, fiz-fiz, fiz-fiz, of a steam-engine, the incessant ding-ding, ding-ding, of the alarm bell, and the prolonged rumble, rumble, rumble, of the rail-car's wheels. My eyes, too, were well nigh destroyed by sparks of fire, and flying ashes; but above all, from the want of rest and sleep. It will be readily imagined, therefore, that it was with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that I exchanged a seat with an upright wooden back, in a rail-road car, for the almost by-gone luxury of a couch-like seat in an old-fashioned stage-coach, which was to take me to the place of my destination. A blessing rest upon those old-time conveyances, the bare mention of which calls up a thousand recollections of social pleasures, that come thronging and fluttering about the nib of my pen, like moths around a bright light, on a summer evening! But, beautiful creatures! I can only apostrophize you now. Some other time, I will impale you upon the end of my quill, and preserve your slight forms in ink.

The day was remarkably fine; our road lay through the pleasantest parts of pleasant Connecticut, near the picturesque valley of the Housatonic; our cattle were sleek and fine-looking; the driver was

civil, and decently dressed; and the coach itself was a miracle. There was not a rent in the curtains, nor a spring out of order. There were but two passengers, beside myself, one of whom was one of those good-natured humorists, who I believe live all their lives in stage-coaches, for I never met with one any where else; and the other was an invalid, with his face tied up so that he could not speak.

Never had a weary traveller a sweeter prospect of enjoying a refreshing nap. We had travelled about a mile, and the easy motion of the coach had just began to put me and my fellow travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a shrill voice, exclaiming, 'Stop! stop!' caused the driver to rein up, which roused me from the delightful state of incipient somnolency into which I was sinking.

It was an elderly lady, with a monstrous band-box, a paper-covered trunk, and a little girl. We were of course debarred the satisfaction of saying a single ill-natured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and having stowed away the lady's baggage, proceeded to assist her to store herself away in the coach.

'Driver,' said the 'lady,' 'do you know Deacon Hitchcock?'

'No, ma'am,' replied the driver, 'I have only driv on this road about a fortnight.'

'I wonder if neither of them gentlemen do n't know him?' she said, putting her head into the coach.

'I do n't,' said the humorist; 'but I know Deacon Hotchkiss, if that will answer your purpose.'

'Do n't neither of them other gentlemen know him?' she inquired.

I shook my head, negatively; for I was afraid to speak, lest I should dispel the charm that sleep had begun to shed over me; and the invalid shook his head, as he was unable to speak.

'Well, then, I do n't know whether to get in or not,' said the lady, 'for I must see Deacon Hitchcock, before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the state of New-Hampshire, and the deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, who has been dead two long years; and I should like to see him 'mazin'ly.'

'Does he live about here?' asked the driver.

'Well, I do n't know for certain,' said the lady; 'but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so fur from home; I live in the state of New-Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant; I feel a little dubious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen that I never see before in all my life.'

'There is no danger, ma'am,' said the driver; 'the gentlemen won't hurt you.'

'Well prehaps they won't; but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so fur from home; I live in the state of New-Hampshire; and this little girl's ——'

'You had better get in, ma'am,' said the driver, with praiseworthy moderation.

'Well, I do n't know but I may as well,' she replied; and after informing the driver once more that she was from the state of New-Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she got in, and took her seat.

'I will take your fare, ma'am,' said the driver.

'How much is it, Sir?' asked the lady.

'Four-and-six-pence,' said the driver, 'for yourself and the little girl.'

'Well, that is a monstrous sight of money, for a little girl's passage, like that; her father, my husband, has been dead these two long years, and I was never so fur from home before in all my life. I live in the state of New-Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me imposed upon.'

'I will take your fare, if you please, ma'am,' again said the driver, in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience.

'How much did you say it was? — three-and-sixpence?' asked the lady.

'Four-and-six-pence, if you please, ma'am,' said the driver.

'O, *four*-and-six-pence!' And after a good deal of fumbling, and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced a half dollar, and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand.

'That is not enough, ma'am,' said the driver; 'I want nine-pence more.'

'What! — aint we in York state?' she asked, eagerly.

'No, ma'am,' replied the driver; 'it is six shillings, York money.'

'Well,' said the lady, 'I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home, in the state of New-Hampshire; I've reckoned up many a fish v'yage; but since I have got so fur from home, I b'lieve I am beginning to lose my mental faculties.'

'I'll take that other nine-pence, if you please, ma'am,' said the driver, in a voice approaching a little nearer to impatience. At last, after making allusion two or three times more to her native state, and her deceased husband, (happy man!) she handed the driver his nine-pence, and we were once more in motion. Although my fellow travellers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver, yet they looked as though they were wishing the New-Hampshire lady some of the worst wishes that could be imagined.

'Do you think it's *dan*-gerous on this road?' began the lady, as soon as the door was closed. 'I am a very lengthy way from home, in the state of New-Hampshire; and if any thing should happen, I do n't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with travelling; and I hope you won't think me obtrusive; I am a widow lady; my husband, this little girl's father, has been dead these two years, come this spring; and I am going with her to the Springs: she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach. Are you going to the Springs, Sir?' she said, addressing herself to the invalid, who shook his head in reply.

'Ah; are you going, Sir?' she said, addressing the humorist.

'No, I am not,' he replied; 'and if I were ——' But the contingency was inwardly pronounced.

'Are *you*?' she asked, turning to me.

'No!'

'Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful unpleasant for a lady to be so fur from home, without a protector. I am from the state of New-Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went a-travelling in my life. Do you know any body in New-Hampshire?'

'No, madam, I do not,' said the humorist, 'and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to.'

'Well, now, that is very strange,' continued the gossip; 'I hav' n't met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I follow school-keepin', mostly, for an occupation; and I am acquainted with all the first people in the state. I have been a school-teacher ever since my husband died, this poor little girl's father, two years ago; and I am very well known in Rocky-bottom, Rockingham county, in the state of New-Hampshire; I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There 's Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Zaccheus Upham, Doctor David ——' 'Heavens and earth!' exclaimed the humorist, 'I can't stand this! Driver! stop, and let me get out!'

The driver reined up, and the humorist took his valise in his hand, and jumped out, followed by the invalid, who set out to walk back to the tavern we had left behind us. I thought the New-Hampshire lady would probably understand the cause of our fellow-traveller's sudden departure, and leave me to the quiet enjoyment of my nap. I never was more mistaken. No sooner was the coach in motion again, than she began to pour out such a running stream of surmises, and questions, about 'them gentlemen that had left us,' mingled with reminiscences of New-Hampshire, and her deceased husband, that I began to wish myself back again on board of a rail-road car. At length, driven to desperation, I was compelled to call out to the driver to stop, and let *me* get out. The lady was very earnest in her endeavors to persuade me to remain; but I was regardless of her entreaties, although not exactly deaf to them. I took my wallet, determined to wait until the next coach came along. I was some distance from a tavern, but there was a quiet-looking burying-ground, just at the foot of the hill, which to my wearied eyes held out a promise of rest; and as the sun was low, I determined to leap over the picket-fence, and with my wallet for a pillow, take a nap on the dry, warm grass.

It was a calm, secluded spot, surrounded by romantic hills, covered to their summits with beautiful trees. 'Fitting rest,' thought I, 'for pious age and innocent youth!' And such it proved to be. The modest white marble stones with which the ground was studded, were nothing but records of virtues and dates. Here were buried a governor, a chief justice, a lesser judge, deacons, pastors, and minor dignitaries, a good many. But whether man, woman, or child; husband, parent, or son; judge, pastor, or deacon; wife, spinster, or daughter; there was the most astonishing similarity of goodness of character and purity of life. My curiosity was excited, to know where so many excellent people could have lived; for I had but small experience in tomb-stones, and did not know that they always told the same story. But I was too weary to seek for information on the subject; and having found a proper spot, I stretched myself out upon the ground, and immediately fell asleep. Upon this, my wandering spirit took the liberty of stepping out of its tabernacle, and making another tour of the tomb-stones; and I was not a little amused to find they told quite a different story from what they did at first. And yet I was not at all astonished; for it is one of the peculiarities of dreams, that nothing ever surprises, though it be ever so absurd and paradoxical. I saw the self-same white marble tablets, but there

was a curious alteration in the inscriptions which they bore. For instance :

Here lies y^e mortal remains of

MISS HULDAH HOTCHKISS, SPINSTER,

who departed this life y^e 16th of Feby 1763, aged 56 years ;

Universally hated by all who knew her ;

for she was much given to slander, and had made many hearts to ache by

her evil reports. The young and y^e beautiful

were particularly obnoxious to her.

Psalms, chap. xxxiv., verse 13.

The next I read was as follows :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF

DEACON ELIPHALET EATWELL.

Born Nov^r 16, 1711. died y^e 7 day of April, 1792 :

He was rich, and he never spared any expense

in the promoting of his own pleasures ;

but he was niggardly in y^e extreame, when called upon to

contribute to y^e comforts of others.

He was a professed follower of CHRIST,

Although he never practised one of y^e precepts of Him

whose disciple he professed to be.

Stranger ! beware what this tall tomb-stone says !

First ponder well, then go and mend thy ways :

But if 'tis well with him, then never fear,

It will be well with thee — that case is clear.'

J. T., Sculptor.

G. T., Poet.

Passing on, I came to the following :

This stone is erected

to

Point out the spot where the ashes of a bad man are
deposited.

THE HON^{ble} HEZEDIAH HELPHIMSELF, ESQUIRE,

Died on the 21st day of June, in the year of our Lord,

Anno Domini 1801.

He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of this state ;

And having gained his office by the basest means, he

employed it in the most corrupt manner.

He has now gone to a place

Where he will receive, what he never dispensed himself,
Justice.

He was 68 years, 4 months, and 28 days old.

He has left behind him a family of children, who will spend

in Dissipation

the wealth which he gained

by Fraud.

It was a relief to read the next ; a little brown stone, at the head of a tiny mound of turf, which was bright and green, as though it had been watered with tears :

C. F. B. A.T. 1 MO. 24 DAYS.

Here my babe lies,

But who cries ?

Here my babe sleeps,

But who weeps ?

Flowers weep at morn,

Tears drop from the corn,

A mother weeps for her babe to-day,

And a mother's heart will ache alway.

But my babe is blest,

He sleeps on Jesus' breast.

As I raised my eyes from the next stone, which bore a record of crimes perpetrated by a man who had borne the character of an honorable gentleman, while living, I perceived one of those beautiful beings standing by my side, who sometimes visit us in our sleep, but take especial care to shun us in our waking hours.

'*Nous avons changé tout cela ?*' said the beautiful apparition.

'So I perceive,' I replied; 'but I did not know before that ghosts spoke French.'

'It is the universal language,' replied the spirit.

'I know it is,' I replied; 'but I think it would be well for spirits to speak in the vernacular of those to whom their visits are paid.'

'*Vous avez raison,*' answered the spirit.

'I think the millennium must be at hand,' I said, looking inquiringly into her face; 'and perhaps you have come to announce it. For what man will ever again dare to do evil, with the knowledge that his villainies will be inscribed upon his tomb at his death? I can anticipate a mighty change in the world, from this new fashion in grave-stones.'

Suddenly the beautiful appearance changed into a wild Mephistophilian shape, and uttered such a wild demoniacal 'Ha! ha!' that I started upon my feet, with my heart beating as though it would break through my ribs. It was a lusty young bull, that had obtruded his head through an aperture in the fence, near where I lay, and his loud bellowing had broken in upon my sweet sleep.

Thinking I heard a voice like that which haunted the guilty Macbeth, I hurried out of the grave-yard, and having reached the tavern, I sat down upon the piazza, where I enjoyed what I so much needed, a good nap.

If all the wild flowers of the forest and prairie bore upon their leaves an inscription of their medicinal properties, the pleasure with which we regard them would be more than half destroyed. So, gentle reader, if I were to inscribe at the head of these pages, 'This is a sermon in disguise,' or, 'This essay is good for bad morals,' or, 'This story will be found very effectual in softening a hard heart,' if you read them at all, it would be with far other than pleasurable feelings. I shall leave, therefore, to your own keen perceptions, the task of discovering the hidden qualities of these seemingly light and trivial papers. But be assured, that like those beautiful children of the summer, whose exhalations perfume the air, and whose delicate colors charm the eye, these 'Gimcrackeries' shall contain an essence which shall be for the healing of those who have the ingenuity to extract it.

QUIPS AND QUILLETS PARAPHRASED.

'Come hither, my dear; my picture is here:

What think you, my love?—do n't it strike you?

'I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,

But I think it soon will, it's so like you!'

EPIGRAM.

JACK keeps his bed, and swears he's very ill,

Yet eats, and drinks, and sleeps, from eve to dawn:

He takes from doctors neither draught nor pill;

What ails poor Jack?—his breeches are in pawn!

THE PLACE OF REST.

—
 'This is not your rest.'
 —

I AM weary of life, I am tired of the earth,
 Of its dark, dark sorrows, and boisterous mirth;
 Of its changeful scenes, its uncertain joys,
 Its woes that frown, and its pleasure that cloy,
 Of its dreams that delude the youthful breast;
 Would I could find me a place of rest!

I sought it in lands beyond the sea,
 Where the flowers come forth in brilliancy,
 Where spreads the brightest and sunniest sky,
 But alas! I found that the flowers must die;
 That clouds would o'ershadow the heaven's blue breast,
 And I left it — for me 't was no place of rest!

I returned again to the place of my birth,
 But a change had come over its cheerful hearth:
 Some now were wand'ers afar o'er the wave,
 Some were at peace in the lonely grave;
 There were still kind hearts that were not estranged,
 But except their affections, all things were changed!

There were voices beloved, but their tremulous tone
 Told of the years that were over and gone;
 There were brows scarce touched by Time's darkening wing,
 That looked like the lingering flowers of spring;
 There were smiles, but they shone only over decay,
 Like the fading light of the dying day!

There were heads, with whose sunny, clustering hair
 Were mingled the early snows of care;
 There were eyes, but in place of their once bright hue,
 A mist of tears bedimmed their blue:
 Oh, I brooked not to look on those altered things,
 And I stayed not there my wanderings!

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd
 I mingled awhile with the gay and proud;
 I strove to be happy, I strove to smile,
 But the days passed heavily on, the while;
 And though every hour with mirth was fraught,
 It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude —
 I hoped to find quiet by mountain and wood;
 But alas! when the spirit would use its wings,
 And mingle with grand and glorious things,
 'Tis fettered by clay to its earthly sphere;
 Rest there was none for my bosom here!

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
 The bright stars sparkled like gems on high;
 Before me lay the mighty deep,
 Still murmuring on in its troubled sleep;
 And I thought, as I gazed on its heaving breast,
 There is indeed no place of rest!

But there came a still small voice through the gloom:
 'Thing of the dust! return thee home;
 Is it thine to repine at the will of Him,
 Before whom yon glorious stars are dim?
 Pray that thy sins may be forgiven,
 And hope for thy final rest in heaven!'

M. A. B.

THE POET TO HIS BRIDE.

'How sweet are these dreams of home in a foreign land! Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate.'

LONGFELLOW.

Young rovers on life's changeful sea,
By darkening tide and wild wind driven,
Full many miles from home are we,
And friends who made that home a heaven.

Fair scenes are round us, and the flowers
In Winter's lap are sweetly growing,
And sunny rills through laurel bowers,
Alive with birds, are brightly flowing:

But still our thoughts will wander back,
And seek the haunts of laughing childhood,
Though there with storm the sky is black,
And faded are the lawn and wildwood.

Here gentle airs and pleasant gales
Sweep o'er the blossoming savannah,
But dearer are thy storied vales,
Dark Genesee, and Susquehannah!

Our northern groves their charm have lost,
For the green crowns they wore are faded,
And the cold fingers of the frost
Wan wreaths have round the hill-top braided:

But in the halls of home, my love!
Warm hearts a summer-time are making,
Though white the roof with snow above,
And storm without is uproar waking.

Jacksonville, Florida, Jan., 1839.

W. H. C. H.

NATIONAL NOMENCLATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I am somewhat of the same way of thinking, in regard to names, with that profound philosopher, Mr. Shandy, the elder, who maintained that some inspired high thoughts and heroic aims, while others entailed irretrievable meanness and vulgarity; insomuch that a man might sink under the insignificance of his name, and be absolutely 'Nicodemused into nothing.' I have ever, therefore, thought it a great hardship for a man to be obliged to struggle through life with some ridiculous or ignoble '*Christian* name,' as it is too often falsely called, inflicted on him in infancy, when he could not choose for himself; and would give him free liberty to change it for one more to his taste, when he had arrived at years of discretion.

I have the same notion with respect to local names. Some at once prepossess us in favor of a place; others repel us, by unlucky associations of the mind; and I have known scenes worthy of being the very haunt of poetry and romance, yet doomed to irretrievable vulgarity, by some ill-chosen name, which not even the magic numbers of a HALLECK or a BRYANT could elevate into poetical acceptance.

This is an evil unfortunately too prevalent throughout our country.

Nature has stamped the land with features of sublimity and beauty ; but some of our noblest mountains and loveliest streams are in danger of remaining for ever unhonored and unsung, from bearing appellations totally abhorrent to the Muse. In the first place, our country is deluged with names taken from places in the old world, and applied to places having no possible affinity or resemblance to their namesakes. This betokens a forlorn poverty of invention, and a second hand spirit, content to cover its nakedness with borrowed or cast-off clothes of Europe.

Then we have a shallow affectation of scholarship : the whole catalogue of ancient worthies is shaken out from the back of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, and a wide region of wild country sprinkled over with the names of the heroes, poets, and sages of antiquity, jumbled into the most whimsical juxtaposition. Then we have our political god-fathers ; topographical engineers, perhaps, or persons employed by government to survey and lay out townships. These, forsooth, glorify the patrons that give them bread ; so we have the names of the great official men of the day scattered over the land, as if they were the real ' salt of the earth,' with which it was to be seasoned. Well for us is it, when these official great men happen to have names of fair acceptation ; but wo unto us, should a Tubbs or a Potts be in power : we are sure, in a little while, to find Tubbsvilles and Pottsylvania springing up in every direction.

Under these melancholy dispensations of taste and loyalty, therefore, Mr. Editor, it is with a feeling of dawning hope, that I have lately perceived the attention of persons of intelligence beginning to be awakened on this subject. I trust if the matter should once be taken up, it will not be readily abandoned. We are yet young enough, as a country, to remedy and reform much of what has been done, and to release many of our rising towns and cities, and our noble streams, from names calculated to vulgarize the land.

I have, on a former occasion, suggested the expediency of searching out the original Indian names of places, and wherever they are striking and euphonious, and those by which they have been superseded are glaringly objectionable, to restore them. They would have the merit of originality, and of belonging to the country ; and they would remain as reliques of the native lords of the soil, when every other vestige had disappeared. Many of these names may easily be regained, by reference to old title-deeds, and to the archives of states and counties. In my own case, by examining the records of the county clerk's office, I have discovered the Indian names of various places and objects in the neighborhood, and have found them infinitely superior to the trite, poverty-stricken names which had been given by the settlers. A beautiful pastoral stream, for instance, which winds for many a mile through one of the loveliest little valleys in the state, has long been known by the common-place name of the ' Saw-mill River.' In the old Indian grants, it is designated as the Neperan. Another, a perfectly wizard stream, which winds through the wildest recesses of Sleepy Hollow, bears the hum-drum name of Mill Creek : in the Indian grants, it sustains the euphonious title of the Pocantico.

Similar researches have released Long-Island from many of those paltry and vulgar names which fringed its beautiful shores ; their Cow Bays, and Cow Necks, and Oyster Ponds, and Musquito Coves,

which spread a spell of vulgarity over the whole island, and kept persons of taste and fancy at a distance.

It would be an object worthy the attention of the historical societies, which are springing up in various parts of the Union, to have maps executed of their respective states or neighborhoods, in which all the Indian local names should, as far as possible, be restored. In fact, it appears to me that the nomenclature of the country is almost of sufficient importance for the foundation of a distinct society; or rather, a corresponding association of persons of taste and judgment, of all parts of the Union. Such an association, if properly constituted and composed, comprising especially all the literary talent of the country, though it might not have legislative power in its enactments, yet would have the all-pervading power of the press; and the changes in nomenclature which it might dictate, being at once adopted by elegant writers in prose and poetry, and interwoven with the literature of the country, would ultimately pass into popular currency.

Should such a reforming association arise, I beg to recommend to its attention all those mongrel names that have the adjective *New* prefixed to them, and pray they may be one and all kicked out of the country. I am for none of these second-hand appellations, that stamp us a second-hand people, and that are to perpetuate us a new country to the end of time. Odds my life! Mr. Editor, I hope and trust we are to live to be an old nation, as well as our neighbors, and have no idea that our cities, when they shall have attained to venerable antiquity, shall still be dubbed *New-York*, and *New-London*, and *new* this and *new* that, like the Pont Neuf, (the New Bridge,) at Paris, which is the oldest bridge in that capital, or like the Vicar of Wakefield's horse, which continued to be called 'the colt,' until he died of old age.

Speaking of *New-York*, reminds me of some observations which I met with some time since, in one of the public papers, about the name of our state and city. The writer proposes to substitute for the present names, those of the STATE OF ONTARIO, and the CITY OF MANHATTAN. I concur in his suggestion most heartily. Though born and brought up in the city of *New-York*, and though I love every stick and stone about it, yet I do not, nor ever did, relish its name. I like neither its sound nor its significance. As to its *significance*, the very adjective *new* gives to our great commercial metropolis a second-hand character, as if referring to some older, more dignified, and important place, of which it was a mere copy; though in fact, if I am rightly informed, the whole name commemorates a grant by Charles II. to his brother, the duke of York, made in the spirit of royal munificence, of a tract of country which did not belong to him. As to the *sound*, what can you make of it, either in poetry or prose? *New-York*! Why, Sir, if it were to share the fate of *Troy* itself; to suffer a ten years' siege, and be sacked and plundered; no modern Homer would ever be able to elevate the name to epic dignity.

Now, Sir, *ONTARIO* would be a name worthy of the empire state. It bears with it the majesty of that internal sea which washes our north-western shore. Or, if any objection should be made, from its not being completely embraced within our boundaries, there is the *MOHEGAN*, one of the Indian names for that glorious river, the Hudson, which would furnish an excellent state appellation. So also *New-York* might be called *Manhatta*, as it is named in some of the early records, and *Manhattan* used as the adjective. *Manhattan*, however, stands

well as a substantive, and 'Manhattanese,' which I observe Mr. COOPER has adopted in some of his writings, would be a very good appellation for a citizen of the commercial metropolis.

A word or two more, Mr. Editor, and I have done. We want a NATIONAL NAME. We want it poetically, and we want it politically. With the poetical necessity of the case I shall not trouble myself. I leave it to our poets to tell how they manage to steer that collocation of words, 'The United States of North America,' down the swelling tide of song, and to float the whole raft out upon the sea of heroic poesy. I am now speaking of the mere purposes of common life. How is a citizen of this republic to designate himself? As an American? There are two Americas, each subdivided into various empires, rapidly rising in importance. As a citizen of the United States? It is a clumsy, lumbering title, yet still it is not distinctive; for we have now the United States of Central America; and heaven knows how many 'United States' may spring up under the Proteus changes of Spanish America.

This may appear matter of small concernment; but any one that has travelled in foreign countries, must be conscious of the embarrassment and circumlocution sometimes occasioned by the want of a perfectly distinct and explicit national appellation. In France, when I have announced myself as an American, I have been supposed to belong to one of the French colonies: in Spain, to be from Mexico, or Peru, or some other Spanish American country. Repeatedly have I found myself involved in a long geographical and political definition of my national identity.

Now, Sir, meaning no disrespect to any of our co-heirs of this great quarter of the world, I am for none of this coparceny in a name, that is to mingle us up with the riff-raff colonies and off-sets of every nation of Europe. The title of American may serve to tell the quarter of the world to which I belong, the same as a Frenchman or an Englishman may call himself a European; but I want my own peculiar national name, to rally under. I want an appellation that shall tell at once, and in a way not to be mistaken, that I belong to this very portion of America, geographical and political, to which it is my pride and happiness to belong; that I am of the Anglo-Saxon race which founded this Anglo-Saxon empire in the wilderness; and that I have no part or parcel with any other race or empire, Spanish, French, or Portuguese, in either of the Americas. Such an appellation, Sir, would have magic in it. It would bind every part of the confederacy together, as with a key-stone; it would be a passport to the citizen of our republic, throughout the world.

We have it in our power to furnish ourselves with such a national appellation, from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; from that noble chain of mountains which formed its back-bone, and ran through the 'old confederacy,' when it first declared our national independence. I allude to the Appalachian or Alleghany mountains. We might do this without any very inconvenient change in our present titles. We might still use the phrase, 'The United States,' substituting Appalachia, or Alleghania, (I should prefer the latter,) in place of America. The title of Appalachian, or Alleghanian, would still announce us as Americans, but would specify us as citizens of the

Great Republic. Even our old national cypher of U. S. A. might remain unaltered, designating the United States of Alleghania.

These are crude ideas, Mr. Editor, hastily thrown out, to elicit the ideas of others, and to call attention to a subject of more national importance than may at first be supposed.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE CRAYON.

THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I.

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from faded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

II.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound,
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you sweep like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

III.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed;
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing floods close overhead.

IV.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

V.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions, till ye wrenched them free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere:
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

VI.

O ye wild winds ! a mightier Power than yours
 In chains upon the shores of Europe lies ;
 The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
 Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes :
 And armed warriors all around him stand,
 And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
 And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
 To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

VII.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race,
 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
 And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
 Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
 To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
 To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

VIII.

But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
 When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light ;
 Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
 The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
 And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

THE ALLSTON EXHIBITION.

A LETTER TO AN AMERICAN ARTIST, TRAVELLING ABROAD.

BY J. HUNTINGTON, M. D.

MY DEAR — : When you sailed for England, you requested me to visit the exhibition of Mr. ALLSTON's paintings, and to write you a description of it, which might atone for your loss, in being obliged to leave the country without having seen it. I supposed that the exhibition would be reopened in New-York ; nor did I learn, until the last day but one before it was to close in Boston, that Mr. Allston had determined otherwise. I departed immediately, and arrived at Boston on the last day, which I need not say I passed in the gallery ; and, by the courteous permission of the committee, was there all the next day, while the pictures were being taken down and packed off. In default of better, I send you the impressions of these two days ; premising that, save a slight description of 'Inez,' I made no memoranda whatever, and must trust entirely to recollection, assisted by the catalogue. There were forty-seven paintings in all, of which forty-five are comprised in the printed catalogue ; and all are note-worthy. I will begin with those of which the subjects are taken from scripture, and describe as many as I can.

First, is ' *The Dead Man restored to Life*, by touching the bones of the prophet Elisha. 'And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land, at the coming in of the year. And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they espied a band of men, and they cast

the man into the sepulchre of Elisha; and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived.' II. *KINGS*, chap. XIII. This is a large picture, with nearly twenty figures, of the size of life. The sepulchre of Elisha is supposed to be in a cavern, among the mountains; the high overhanging rocks form the background and roof. In the fore-ground, on a platform of rock, below what seems the general floor of the cavern, the figure of the Réanimated Man is extended. He has partly raised himself, and rests upon his left hand; with the right he has just lifted the grave-clothes, so as to uncover his face and breast. Its stiff extension irresistibly suggests the slow, wide-sweeping motion by which the act was performed. The limbs are rigid, but slightly drawn up; the body is covered with a white drapery, except, as I have said, the face and breast; the left arm, and a part of the right foot, which protrudes, are rigidly flexed. The color of the exposed parts is in general pallid, but with a faint hue of life prevailing in parts. The slight contraction of the brow, the eyes languidly opened, the unstiffened muscles about the mouth, which have not yet overcome that partial retraction of the upper lip from the teeth, all these express perfectly 'the gradual recoiling of Life upon Death.' Behind the man, in a dark recess formed by a low arch, are the bones of the prophet, the 'skull being *peculiarized* by a preternatural light;' at his head and feet, the two bearers of the body. The emotion exhibited by these is finely discriminated. The man at the head has *felt* the man whom he thought dead alive in his hands, and he shrinks in pure physical horror. Dropping the rope, by which the body was lowered, he has raised himself on the edge of the rocky platform behind; and his limbs are drawn back from the touch of the reviving body, so that he would fall, if he did not support himself by clinging with one hand to a fragment of rock. The man at the feet, the part next himself being not yet vivified, merely *sees* the miracle, and feels astonishment rather than terror. He leans over the reanimated man, and though he dares not touch *him*, he grasps violently with one hand the rope, with the other a piece of rock, as if to assure himself of the validity of his senses, and the reality of things. Of the figures grouped on the ledge above, the most prominent is that of a soldier in the act of rushing from the scene. 'The violent and terrified action of this figure,' says Mr. Allston, 'was chosen to illustrate the miracle, by the contrast which it exhibits to that habitual firmness, supposed to belong to the military character, showing his emotion to proceed from no *mortal* cause. We may add, that the effect of this contrast is heightened by the elegance of his figure, and by the classical contour of his excited features; indicating that the occasion has swept away the barrier opposed by *rank*, to the unrestrained expression of the feelings. The flight of the soldier is artfully arrested by a man, who firmly grasps his arm, and with a look of fear, overcome by curiosity, presses forward to see. The circumstance of an unarmed and comparatively feeble-looking man thus opposing a steel-clad soldier, seems to denote the sudden disruption of the ordinary influences. All these figures, we may observe, display the effect of the miracle upon the animal nature. On the left, and behind the soldier, is a group composed of two men, of different ages, earnestly listening to the explanation of a priest,

who is directing their thoughts to heaven, as the source of the miraculous change. This group exhibits the effect produced on the intellectual and religious nature of man. It is connected with the first by a boy, who clings to the old man; he is too young to comprehend the nature of the miracle, but he looks wildly round on the startled figures before him, with a child-like sympathy in their emotion. In the group on the right, the social and household affections show themselves in this concourse of feelings. It consists of the wife and daughter of the reviving man. The wife has fainted: to give *her* features an expression adequate to the occasion, was impossible; to represent them in tranquillity, and to account for it, was the sole alternative. This procedure was judicious for another reason. It effectually distinguishes between the loss of consciousness in a swoon, and its restoration from death. The daughter is wholly absorbed in distress and solicitude for her mother, whom she partly supports on her shoulder; a man, a soldier apparently, standing behind the latter, assists in preventing her from falling. A little to the right, and turned from these, a young man, of a mild, devotional character, is in the attitude of conversing with another, who, not regarding him, with outstretched arms and actuated by impulse, *not motive*, announces to the wife, by a sudden exclamation, the revival of her husband. Sentinels, in the distance, at the entrance of the cavern, mark the depth of the picture, and by indicating the alarm which occasioned this tumultuary burial, reinforce the expression of that supernatural fear, which in the other figures has displaced it.

The admirable manner in which these diverse and agitated groups are brought into unity, by the skilful composition of lines, was observed by Coleridge. The harmony of the colors, the sobriety of the tone, and the quiet distribution of light and shadow, are equally effective in maintaining that repose without which so violent an action would be painful. But the transcendent merit of this great work, is its true organic unity; the interdependency and mutual necessity of the parts to each other, as expressing feeling, and the subordination of these to the whole, say rather their disappearance in the whole; a merit quite above the criticism of *dilettanti*.*

'*Jeremiah dictating his Prophecy of the Destruction of Jerusalem to Baruch, the Scribe*,' was not, I think, generally liked, though it was unquestionably the grandest picture in the collection. The moment selected, is the last of the vision, just as it fades from the unsealed

* THERE are five groups: i. That which develops the central fact; necessarily including the bearers of the body, the man, and the bones of the prophet; showing the previous condition of the revived, his present life, and its cause. ii. The fact distinguished as miraculous, by the terror of the soldier, and by the curiosity overcoming terror, of the man grasping his arm. This group evolves, by isolating, a principle enveloped in the first; the disturbance of nature by the supernatural *suspected*, and its instantaneous *yielding* before the supernatural *realized*. iii. The moral and religious element evolved, in the priest and his listeners, elevating the subject above the animal sphere. Observe that the mind passes directly from the animal to its opposite, the spiritual; and thence returns, tranquillized, to contemplate: iv. An episode of the *human* affections, constituted by the friends and family of the revived. v. The four preceding groups antagonized as a whole, and reduced to unity, by the sentinels in the distance, in whom we, recalling the history, comprehend the incident as one. The definition of beauty is multiplicity in unity; but when the imagination, as in this instance, reduces the many to one, by throwing, ideally, the many into distance, we have that grand and awful *kind* of beauty, which we call sublime.

eyes; just as its import is about to be uttered from the lips that, now firmly and consciously closed, express the 'fire that within him burns.' The figure of the Prophet is vast. This is necessary, not only to impart sufficient dignity, but because a frame less gigantic would seem inadequate to sustain the inspiring power. The head is comparatively small, as in the antique statues; the countenance full of a sacred grief; the eyes, too, gleam with preternatural sorrow, by the *intelligible* character of which, their inspiration is distinguished from insanity. The consummate grace of the Scribe, as he sits at the feet of Jeremiah, holding the roll in his hand, and looking reverently up to the face of the prophet, is universally admired. It is beautiful indeed; it is also in the highest degree judicious. Were the figure of Baruch less graceful, from its inferiority of size it would appear mean, when compared with that of Jeremiah. A vase, of a gray color, and of the simplest form, relieves the picture, without disturbing it, and is in strict costume. The vast and vacant halls into which the back-ground retires, are finely imagined; empty and open to the sky, they repeat the silence of the breathless figures, and listen, as it were, for the words of inspiration that are soon to break it.

There is a '*Head of St. Peter*,' a study for a large picture, now in England. It is powerfully treated, but I pass on to '*Miriam*.'

This is a half-length. The sister of the leader of Israel is attired in a closely-fitting vest, of a splendid material, like cloth of gold, open in front below the waist, and slightly blown aside by the wind; it has short sleeves, and terminates at the knee in a broad border of rich crimson. The underdress is dark. I mention these details first. The countenance is truly inspired; the attitude perfect. The determined position of the head, listening to the song of the host; the left arm extended downward, the timbrel in the hand; the right up-lifted, the palm open, the fingers parted — in readiness to strike! There is heroism in the excited features, but no softness. It is the unpitied triumph of a Hebrew woman over the enemies of her nation; of an enthusiastic prophetess of the Lord over idolaters. The bold bringing forward of the hips, the slight but decided separation of the limbs, and that turning outward of the knee, show how much she is unsexed by her fierce exultation. In the back-ground, seemingly very distant, is the shore of the Red Sea, with the bodies of 'the horse and his rider;' the waves roll dark to the horizon, the line of which, Miriam being elevated, is so much depressed, that her figure rises above it, and stands, with that energetic action, against the clouded sky.

There were three comic pictures in the collection: '*A poor Author and a rich Bookseller*,' '*Falstaff and his Recruits at Justice Shallow's*,' and another that I forget the title of; it is not in the catalogue. These have the same relation to the epic compositions, as the old Greek comedy had to the pure tragedy; while they differ, on the other hand, from the pictures of Wilkie or Mount, as the romance of Cervantes differs from the tales of 'Boz.' These pictures are full of humor, but are not easily described; and I mention them chiefly to introduce my idea of another composition, the '*Witch of Endor raising the Spirit of Samuel before Saul*.'

I have said, in effect, that I consider Allston's burlesque compositions as identified in their principle with his heroic pictures, but evolved at the opposite pole. That the same artist should manifest his creative spirit in both kinds, and with equal power, would not have surprised Socrates, who affirmed that a great tragic, must of course be potentially a great comic, poet; and may serve to illustrate the vexed question, whether Homer wrote the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice.' At all events, extravagant humor is clearly opposed to the heroic pathos; and as clearly both these lie within the domain of art. I am inclined to consider the principle on which the 'Witch of Endor' is composed, as the indifference of these opposites and correlatives. On no other ground, I think, can we form a true judgment of it. It is vain, in any case, to criticize a work of art, unless with reference to its constitutive law. For example, it has been said that the subject is not sufficiently sublime. Now it is not *sublime* at all. It is utterly aloof from sublimity; for were it of a *quasi* sublime character, yet not 'sublime enough,' it were then positively ridiculous. It has been said, too, that there is something theatrical in the position of the three figures. I cannot perceive this, unless the expression is understood to mean, that the figures are placed with *apparent* art; that is, that the artist himself is present in his picture. But in a work of this nature, I feel this to be absolutely necessary. I shudder at the unearthly solemnity depicted on that preternatural countenance of the risen prophet; I smile at that ludicrously real terror of the servants of Saul; the presence of art, perceived as such, is the point of reconciliation to these contrary emotions, by virtue of which they are enabled to unite, and so to sustain, at the same time that they oppose, each other. Of the application of this principle, in the sister art of poetry, there are numberless instances; and I know of none more striking than are to be found in the 'Ancient Mariner,' and in 'Christabel,' more particularly in the exquisitely tranquillizing 'conclusions' annexed to the Parts of the latter poem.

There were several fine portraits. Three sketches of Polish Jews are admirable. Another of a Jew, finished, is called 'Isaac of York.' The complexion is deep and luminous, the features nationally beautiful; eyes brilliant, but anxious, and the mouth expressive of great and painful sensibility. It is the accursed and afflicted Hebrew, to whom in every land 'the Lord has given a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind.' There was a portrait of West, at which I scarcely glanced, and cannot speak of it; an interesting one of our artist himself, painted when a young man, at Rome; and one of Mr. CHANNING; clear, and silvery, and very life-like.

You will expect me to describe the landscapes particularly; but I shall scarcely be able to do so. The most striking and *rememberable*, are four, of sceneries characteristically national; Swiss, Italian, American, and a coast-scene on the Mediterranean. Of these the 'Swiss Scenery' is the finest. It is of the size of Cole's 'Dream of Arcadia.' You stand upon a picturesque fore-ground, above a lake, that on either side, and immediately below, is hidden from sight by the high ground on which you are placed. A single sublime Alp fills the distance, and pierces the sky. The mass of atmosphere between you and its lofty white summit, and resting upon the dim surface of

the lake, is immense. The scene, from its vastness, seems to include your littleness within it, and you breathe its difficult air. A glimpse of the lake on the right, under the trees that line the high bank, is very fine. On the same side, under an enormous tree, blending with its shadow, you may perceive a group; a most goddess-like Diana, and graceful nymphs. Their symmetrical shapes, and free, elastic limbs, breathe the spirit of shady woods and high mountains. The hounds at the feet of the huntress-queen, looking up in her face, are full of motion and graceful life.

The '*American Scenery*,' is farther described in the catalogue, as 'Afternoon, with a South-west Haze.' Nothing is more remarkable in all these landscapes, than the fine discrimination of time, marking, as Claude is said to have done, the very hour of the day. The foreground of this landscape shows us a quiet, clear stream, backed, on the centre and left, by light, twinkling woods, from which cattle are leisurely descending into the still water. On the right, rose-colored clouds hang in the sky, that bends over a soft, hazy distance, and gleam above and beyond the trees; the whole reminding me a good deal of the '*Views on the Rondout*.'

The '*Coast Scene on the Mediterranean*' is a sun-piece, and very similar in general effect to many compositions in the '*Liber Veritatis*.' The sun is low, and his upward-darting rays break squarely through the battalions of clouds that cover the sky; while those that meet the eye, come in a glittering column across the sea, whose waves roll, dark but luminous, on either side, and spreading upon the pier, cast elongated shadows from the figures, wagon-wheels, and other objects grouped upon it. An extension of the pier, I think, shuts in the picture on the right; on the left, the hulls, sails, and rigging of two heavy-looking vessels are blackly relieved against the sea and sky. The tone is deep and low, yet the effect is dazzling.

A '*Moonlight*' struck me as the truest representation of that effect I had ever seen; the white night-clouds, in particular, seemed perfect, both in form and color.

But my favorite is a landscape, which, as they are catalogued '*Landscape, No. So-and-so*,' I cannot identify with its number. It forcibly reminded me of the splendid description in Ezekiel, of 'all the trees by the waters that exalt themselves for their height; that shoot up their tops among the thick boughs; the trees that drink water, and stand up in their height.' In most landscapes that we see, the trees appear to be put in, and to have no peculiar relation to the spot where they are placed. Not so in this. In the fore-ground, on the right, is water, backed and overhung by trees; on the left, the moist brown earth slopes almost imperceptibly to the roots of the high trees, in whose shadow it lies; the solid trunks rise through dusky air, and seem fit to bear aloft the vast weight of the thick boughs. Betwixt these, we have glimpses of an evening-lighted distance, with a dewy atmosphere, and flickering sky. Allston's landscapes are quite free from mannerism. They differ in composition and in particular effects; they exhibit cool, gray, silvery, rosy, and golden tones; the leafing is sometimes massive, sometimes delicate, sometimes, but more seldom, softly luxuriant.

I now come to a class of pictures in which we have a most cha-

racteristic expression of Allston's genius. These are the pictures of sentiment, of which there are two classes : FIRST, those in which the sentiment is of a simple, outward character, expressible, in part, by attitude, and capable of being reflected and sustained by external nature. These find an appropriate form, in pictures of the cabinet size, with landscapes, and containing the whole figure. SECOND, those in which the shade of sentiment is more delicate and complex, requiring the greatest subtlety of expression, and which, emerging from the depths of the soul, isolates it, and admits no more of the outward than may suffice to show that abstraction : these demand the life size, and exclude the greater part of the figure, with all but the simplest accessories. To the first class, belong 'The Spanish Maid,' 'The Evening Hymn,' 'The Tuscan Girl,' 'Jessica and Lorenzo,' and 'The Troubadour.' To the second belong 'Rosalie,' 'Beatrice,' and 'The Valentine.'

And now let us see what is Allston's own idea of the '*Spanish Girl*,' as expressed in his beautiful ballad :

THE SPANISH MAID.

FIVE weary months sweet Inez number'd,
From that unfading, bitter day,
When last she heard the trumpet bray
That call'd her Isidor away —
That never to heart has slumbered.

She hears it now, and sees, far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling, feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending.

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle,
And Fancy hurries on to strife;
And hears the drum, and screaming life,
Mix with the last sad cry of life;
Oh, should he, should he fall in battle!

Yet still his *name* would live in story,
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battles o'er again;
And would not she, for such a strain,
Resign him to her country's glory?

But now the sun is westward sinking,
And soon, amid the purple haze
That shimmers from his slanting rays,
A thousand loves there meet her gaze,
To change her high heroic thinking.

Then Hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits, and fills the air;
And, decked with Victory's glorious gear,
In vision Isidor is there,
Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that, in *that* hour
The Future, like the colored shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er,
Was in the living Present falling.

The foe is slain. His sable charger,
 All flecked with foam, comes bounding on ;
 The wild Morena rings anon,
 And on its brow the gallant Don
 And gallant steed grow larger, larger.

And now he nears the mountain hollow ;
 The flowery bank and little lake
 Now on his startled vision break ;
 And Inez there ! He's not awake —
 Yet how he'll love this dream to-morrow !

But no — he surely is not dreaming,
 Another minute makes it clear :
 A scream, a rush, a burning tear
 From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
 That bliss like his is only seeming.

The scene is the very bank, the flowery bank, described in the ballad ; and Inez sits upon its edge, in shadow, with her back to the 'little lake,' her graceful figure and finely-shaped head relieved against the bright, picturesque back-ground of the wild Morena. That bright mountainous back-ground is suffused with a purple haze, that passes into a brilliant sky, with colored clouds. Inez bends a little forward, leaning slightly on the palm of the left hand, close to her side ; the right is raised but drooping, unconscious of the just plucked flower. A certain simple tenderness is seen in the very contour of the head ; the eyes are dreamy and swimming ; a faint smile of delight, subduing sadness, is on the lips : it is the exact moment when her tender memories passed into bright anticipation.

The scene of the '*Evening Hymn*' is a ruined Italian castle, the vast area filled with water, that floats among the columns which enclose it on either side. The line of building on the right is dark ; that on the left is bathed in the sunset. Every where, the creeping vegetation has won its moist and verdant way ; the more distant mass of building is covered with it, and sweeps round like a natural hill. The fore-ground is a moss-grown causeway, with an arch, choked with the fragments of ruin that fill the ravine it crosses. Alceste (so I call her) is seated upon the edge of this causeway, in the shadow of an unseen part of the castle. Her robe is dark, and of nun-like simplicity ; but she wears a scarf of blue, and on her breast a star-like jewel. One knee is naturally raised to support a guitar, on which her hands are placed as if about to play. Her sweet impassioned face is turned to heaven. When I saw this picture in the gallery, I thought the ornament on the breast out of keeping with the rest ; it seemed to me to render the sentiment of the picture, as '*The Evening Hymn*,' dubious ; I thought it should have been a *cross*. I remember I persuaded that excellent — to be of my opinion. But on reflection, I see clearly that I was wrong. 'Alceste' is not a *religieuse*, but a pure and gentle girl, with a cultivated sensibility, impressible, imaginative. She has come hither to delight and elevate herself with sweet music, in this beautiful ruin ; and the soft sun-set, and the lulling drip of the water in those desolate halls, and the images of glorified decay, have passed into her heart, and exalted it to religious enthusiasm. In a moment it will break forth in a hymn. To have marked her in any way as religious, by

temperament or profession, would have destroyed that beautiful *nexus* between the outward scene and the feelings that reflect it, and with it the significance of the picture. So Allston was right, after all.

'*Jessica and Lorenzo*' is a charming composition, but difficult to describe, and I shall not attempt it. For the same reason, I shall pass over '*The Troubadour*,' and '*The Tuscan Girl*;' though the recollection of that pure, young face of '*Ursulina*' would tempt me into a description of the latter, if Allston had not already put one into a single stanza :

'How pleasant and how sad the turning tide
Of human life, when, side by side,
The child and youth together glide
Along the vale of years;
The pure twin-being for a little space,
With lightsome heart, and yet a graver face,
Too young for wo, though not for tears!'

'*Rosalie*,' '*Beatrice*,' and the lady reading '*The Valentine*,' must be dismissed with a few words. '*Rosalie*,' you will understand, is the first half-comprehended and unalarming throb of tenderness in a virgin heart. Can you imagine, (for Allston has painted) an expression, which says :

'Oh, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to 'plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No; never came from aught below
This melody of wo,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light, if light it be,
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe:
Oh! nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this,
So like angelic bliss!

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops at the highest cloud to play,
So thought the gentle *Rosalie*,
As on her maiden reverie
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

The light, the soft, dream-light; the look of gentle wonder and *entreaty*; the position of the arm across the breast, of the fingers in the neck, touching it with a slight, sweet pressure, as if to assist the softest of unconscious sighs; even the peculiar vest, moulding itself, to the bosom, concealing its color, not its shape, and which could not hide its gentlest swelling, all breathe young and innocent desire.

Very different is the lady reading '*The Valentine*.' Her interest is perhaps deeper than that of *Rosalie*, but she *comprehends* it, and it is consciously controlled. How suggestive of the delicate reserve expressed in her face, is the close dress, with long sleeves, covering the arms, and a ruffle in the neck!

'*Beatrice*,' again, is distinguished from both. She is self-resigned to her affection; her heart is calm, because it is full. I have heard it said that her features want intelligence. Not so; they want apparent will. Volition, in her, has become a choice, and so she is swayed. Her hand is remarkably beautiful; the fingers, carelessly entwined in a chain, show the nature of the feeling which occupies her mind;

engrossing but tranquil. It is noteworthy, that all these pictures of sentiment have been the work of Allston's maturer age; the greater part have been produced within a few years.

'*The Mother Watching her Sleeping Child*' is a 'gem of purest ray serene.' The child, in his little purple cloak, and with his beautiful countenance, on the marble table, if such it be, looks like an infant emperor; and his lofty mother, with her rare beauty, and the stateliness of her attitude, seems not less than a queen. Her seat is throne-like, and her footstool also is regal. Her look and action express tender watching, but they express it with a certain habitual *retenue*. The statuesque folds of her rich drapery add to the effect; the architecture sustains it, by a character of chaste simplicity; a Tuscan column, near which she is seated, conveys the feeling that the apartment is ample and lofty, and seems an emblem of that dignified lady. The coloring of this picture is deserving of careful study. The flesh, throughout, is delicately fair, yet it is deep-toned; the purity and tenderness of the tints, and the luminous transparency of the whole, are such as I at least have never seen before. You would enjoy the sweetly-accurate pencilling.

I shall mention three other pictures, which appear to fall into a class by themselves, as pictures of *action*. And if those compositions which embody an idea, may be called epic, and those which give expression to a feeling, lyrical paintings, then these, of which the interest depends chiefly upon an action, may be termed dramatic pictures.

'*The Sisters*' is full of sweet animation. One sister, fair, and with golden hair, is imitated from 'Titian's Daughter'; the other, a brunette, is original. The latter stands with her back to us; her right hand behind her, on the hip, the palm outwards. We see very little of her face, but that little is so spirited, as to give us the liveliest conception of her features and expression. The expression on the face of the fairer sister is very arch and affectionate; they half embrace, and it seems as if it would require but a note of music, to set them whirling in a waltz.

'*The Flight of Florimel*.' Do you remember the story in Spenser?

'All suddenly out of the thickest bush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seem as cleare as christall etone,
And eke, through fear, as white as whalé's bone!
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsel trappings shone,
Which fled so fast that nothing might him hold,
And scarce them leisure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evil that pursued her fast;
And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispersed with puff of every blast;
All as a blazing star doth far out-cast
His hairy beams and flowing locks disspread.'

The picture tells the story well. Of course there is a thick wood; the lady has just rushed in from the right. A little rivulet comes down from the trees right across her path, and her milk-white palfrey has reared, preparatory to a leap over it. This attitude is most judicious, because it is the *point of rest* between successive movements.

Back in the wood, on the left, Prince Arthur and Sir Guyon are approaching; the startled steed of the latter draws back; that of the Prince, less alarmed, has stopped, and turned aside his head. Florimel's horse is superb in form and action, and she herself is the very Florimel of Spenser.

'*Donna Mencia in the Robbers' Cavern.*' I have already hinted at the judgment shown by Allston in adapting the tone of color to the subject treated. Varying, from the icy coldness of the 'Swiss Scenery,' up to that seven-fold heated furnace of the 'Jeremiah,' it passes through every gradation of warmth, and is pleasing in each, because in each it is appropriately used. His treatment of the light and shadow is less varied, but with equal judgment; and here we have a Salvator Rosa; a gloomy cavern, banditti picturesquely grouped; the distribution of the light, from a lamp suspended above, splendidly effective; the coloring magnificent. The captain of the band is in the fore-ground, his back turned to us, his tall, powerful figure in dark relief. The light falling on his right shoulder, shows the rich color of the crimson cloak depending from it. We see his dark profile, as he steadily fixes his eyes upon Donna Mencia, who is just recovered from her swoon. She is supported by that hideous old hag, and looks very lovely in her distress. Her dress is rich, and there is something voluptuous in its slight disorder, and in the languid disposition of her limbs. We cannot help feeling that she must be very attractive to those lawless, satyr-like bandits grouped behind her, one of whom puts his arms half round her, while another, turning from her to the lamp, is wiping the sword yet wet with the blood of her husband. The isolation of Gil Blas, by the circumstance that no one attends to him in the least, and by his own abstracted look, and thoughtful posture, while he evidently meditates the means of escape, I consider a master-stroke. Not only is the previous action explained, but the result of the adventure is suggested; which is necessary, for many reasons, but chiefly for our comfort; for otherwise, the situation of the lady would affect us too painfully.

I had a highly interesting interview with Allston, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Morse. His personal appearance would strike any one as remarkable and characteristic. He is above the middle height, slender, with brilliant, prominent eyes, and a high, pale forehead, shaded with silver hair. The expression of his face in repose is gentle, 'feminine, not effeminate;' but when conversing, the play of his features is extremely animated. What he said, I must take some other occasion to tell you; but I will mention his advice for yourself. 'Tell him,' he said, 'not to be satisfied with being *one thing*. The old masters did every thing. They were sculptors, and architects, as well as painters. Nay, they were poets, and philosophers, as Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. They painted, also, all sorts of pictures, and succeeded in all. Titian, the best portrait, was also the best landscape, painter; at least, he was inferior only to Claude.' Allston himself is an instance, the only instance, among the moderns, of this completeness of character in an artist. A painter in every class of subjects, that come within the province of *creative art*, and greatly successful in all; a sculptor to all intents and purposes, for he first models the principal figures in his grand compositions; accomplished

in philosophy; an exquisite poet! 'He belongs,' said Mr. Morse, 'not to the present age, but to that of Michael Angelo and Raphael. There are two living artists, who, each in his peculiar province, work in the spirit of the ancients. What THORWALDSEN is in sculpture, WASHINGTON ALLSTON is in painting; and this, when he is dead, the world will acknowledge.'

Affectionately Yours,

J. H.

New-York, July, 1839.

S U M M E R F R I E N D S ,

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

SUMMER birds! summer birds!
Whither have ye flown?
I was your dear companion once,
And now ye leave me lone!
Beneath the wide boughs of the tree,
Before my father's door,
I used to sit all day to hear
The notes I hear no more!

II.

Summer brooks! summer brooks!
Whither do ye glide?
How pleasant was my grassy couch,
Your merry waves beside!
My life was like your current, then,
And smooth and swift it ran;
There is no type in summer brooks
For slow and thoughtful man.

III.

Summer dells! summer dells!
Oh, are ye still the same,
As when of old to your retreats,
In wayward mood I came?
The turf is still as soft and green,
As gently falls the shade:
And so 't would be, though in the grave
This form were lowly laid.

IV.

Summer flowers! summer flowers!
Where are the odors sweet,
Brought by the cool and wafting airs,
That stole the summer heat?
I never see your petals now
Wet with the early dew;
Alas! my fresh and morning hopes
Have faded, flowers, with you!

V.

Summer friends! summer friends!
The careless, light and gay,
Ye too, with fortune's sunny looks,
Like birds, have flown away;
And like the brooks, and dells, and flowers,
That I so loved to see,
Remain within your happy homes,
And never dream of me!

MELLIN DE ST. GELLAIS.

‘Put money in thy purse!’

A MOUNTBANK called the good folks at a revel,
 And promised that he there would show them the devil;
 The magic sound drew them from far and from near,
 And even the aged and palsied appear;
 He takes out a purse, very broad, very long,
 Holds it up to the gaze of the wondering throng;
 ‘Now tell me, good people, what see you within?’
 All looked, and said ‘Nothing was there to be seen.’
 ‘That’s the devil, believe me,’ the mountebank cried,
 When you open your purse, and find nothing inside!’

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM.

‘LET a man write never so well, there are now-a-days a sort of persons they call critics, that, egad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses; but they’ll laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, egad, I’m sure they are not able to do themselves; a sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumny of persons that, egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world, are in nature the persons that do as much despise all that, as — a — In fine, I’ll say no more of ’em!’

REHEARSAL.

ALL the world knows the story of the tempest-tossed voyager, who, coming upon a strange coast, and seeing a man hanging in chains, hailed it with joy, as the sign of a civilized country. In like manner we may hail, as a proof of the rapid advancement of civilization and refinement in this country, the increasing number of delinquent authors daily gibbeted for the edification of the public.

In this respect, as in every other, we are ‘going ahead’ with accelerated velocity, and promising to outstrip the superannuated countries of Europe. It is really astonishing to see the number of tribunals incessantly springing up for the trial of literary offences. Independent of the high courts of Oyer and Terminer, the great quarterly reviews, we have innumerable minor tribunals, monthly and weekly, down to the Pie-poudre courts in the daily papers; insomuch that no culprit stands so little chance of escaping castigation, as an unlucky author, guilty of an unsuccessful attempt to please the public.

Seriously speaking, however, it is questionable whether our national literature is sufficiently advanced, to bear this excess of criticism; and whether it would not thrive better, if allowed to spring up, for some time longer, in the freshness and vigor of native vegetation. When the worthy Judge Coulter, of Virginia, opened court for the first time in one of the upper counties, he was for enforcing all the rules and regulations that had grown into use in the old, long-settled counties. ‘This is all very well,’ said a shrewd old farmer; ‘but let me tell you, Judge Coulter, you set your coulter too deep for a new soil.’

For my part, I doubt whether either writer or reader is benefitted by what is commonly called criticism. The former is rendered cau-

tious and distrustful ; he fears to give way to those kindling emotions, and brave sallies of thought, which bear him up to excellence ; the latter is made fastidious and cynical ; or rather, he surrenders his own independent taste and judgment, and learns to like and dislike at second hand.

Let us, for a moment, consider the nature of this thing called criticism, which exerts such a sway over the literary world. The pronoun *we*, used by critics, has a most imposing and delusive sound. The reader pictures to himself a conclave of learned men, deliberating gravely and scrupulously on the merits of the book in question ; examining it page by page, comparing and balancing their opinions, and when they have united in a conscientious verdict, publishing it for the benefit of the world : whereas the criticism is generally the crude and hasty production of an individual, scribbling to while away an idle hour, to oblige a book-seller, or to defray current expenses. How often is it the passing notion of the hour, affected by accidental circumstances ; by indisposition, by peevishness, by vapors or indigestion ; by personal prejudice, or party feeling. Sometimes a work is sacrificed, because the reviewer wishes a satirical article ; sometimes because he wants a humorous one ; and sometimes because the author reviewed has become offensively celebrated, and offers high game to the literary marksman.

How often would the critic himself, if a conscientious man, reverse his opinion, had he time to revise it in a more sunny moment ; but the press is waiting, the printer's devil is at his elbow ; the article is wanted to make the requisite variety for the number of the review, or the author has pressing occasion for the sum he is to receive for the article ; so it is sent off, all blotted and blurred ; with a shrug of the shoulders, and the consolatory ejaculation : ' Pshaw ! curse it ! it 's nothing but a review !'

The critic, too, who dictates thus oracularly to the world, is perhaps some dingy, ill-favored, ill-mannered varlet, who, were he to speak by word of mouth, would be disregarded, if not scoffed at ; but such is the magic of types ; such the mystic operation of anonymous writing ; such the potential effect of the pronoun *we*, that his crude decisions, fulminated through the press, become circulated far and wide, control the opinions of the world, and give or destroy reputation.

Many readers have grown timorous in their judgments, since the all-pervading currency of criticism. They fear to express a revised, frank opinion about any new work, and to relish it honestly and heartily, lest it should be condemned in the next review, and they stand convicted of bad taste. Hence they hedge their opinions, like a gambler his bets, and leave an opening to retract, and retreat, and qualify, and neutralize every unguarded expression of delight, until their very praise declines into a faintness that is damning.

Were every one, on the contrary, to judge for himself, and speak his mind frankly and fearlessly, we should have more true criticism in the world than at present. Whenever a person is pleased with a work, he may be assured that it has good qualities. An author who pleases a variety of readers, must possess substantial powers of pleasing ; or, in other words, intrinsic merits ; for otherwise we acknowledge an effect, and deny the cause. The reader, therefore, should not suffer himself to be readily shaken from the conviction of

his own feelings, by the sweeping censures of pseudo critics. The author he has admired, may be chargeable with a thousand faults; but it is nevertheless beauties and excellencies that have excited his admiration; and he should recollect that taste and judgment are as much evinced in the perception of beauties among defects, as in a detection of defects among beauties. For my part, I honor the blessed and blessing spirit, that is quick to discover and extol all that is pleasing and meritorious. Give me the honest bee, that extracts honey from the humblest weed, but save me from the ingenuity of the spider, which traces its venom, even in the midst of a flower-garden.

If the mere fact of being chargeable with faults and imperfections is to condemn an author, who is to escape? The greatest writers of antiquity have, in this way, been obnoxious to criticism. Aristotle himself has been accused of ignorance; Aristophanes of impiety and buffoonery; Virgil of plagiarism, and a want of invention; Horace of obscurity; Cicero has been said to want vigor and connexion, and Demosthenes to be deficient in nature, and in purity of language. Yet these have all survived the censures of the critic, and flourished on to a glorious immortality. Every now and then, the world is startled by some new doctrines in matters of taste, some levelling attacks on established creeds; some sweeping denunciations of whole generations, or schools of writers, as they are called, who had seemed to be embalmed and canonized in public opinion. Such has been the case, for instance, with Pope, and Dryden, and Addison; who for a time have almost been shaken from their pedestals, and treated as false idols.

It is singular, also, to see the fickleness of the world with respect to its favorites. Enthusiasm exhausts itself, and prepares the way for dislike. The public is always for positive sentiments, and new sensations. When wearied of admiring, it delights to censure; thus coining a double set of enjoyments out of the same subject. Scott and Byron are scarce cold in their graves, and already we find criticism beginning to call in question those powers which held the world in magic thralldom. Even in our own country, one of its greatest geniuses has had some rough passages with the censors of the press; and instantly criticism begins to unsay all that it has repeatedly said in his praise; and the public are almost led to believe that the pen which has so often delighted them, is absolutely destitute of the power to delight!

If, then, such reverses in opinion as to matters of taste can be so readily brought about, when may an author feel himself secure? Where is the anchoring-ground of popularity, when he may thus be driven from his moorings, and foundered even in harbor? The reader, too, when is he to consider himself safe in admiring, when he sees long-established altars overthrown, and his household deities dashed to the ground?

There is one consolatory reflection. Every abuse carries with it its own remedy or palliation. Thus the excess of crude and hasty criticism, which has of late prevailed throughout the literary world, and threatened to overrun our country, begins to produce its own antidote. Where there is a multiplicity of contradictory paths, a man must make his choice; in so doing, he has to exercise his judgment, and that is one great step to mental independence. He begins to

doubt all, where all differ, and but one can be in the right. He is driven to trust to his own discernment, and his natural feelings; and here he is most likely to be safe. The author, too, finding that what is condemned at one tribunal, is applauded at another, though perplexed for a time, gives way at length to the spontaneous impulse of his genius, and the dictates of his taste, and writes in the way most natural to himself. It is thus that criticism, which by its severity may have held the little world of writers in check, may, by its very excess, disarm itself of its terrors, and the hardihood of talent become restored.

G. C.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

'SIE brachte blumen mit und fruchte,
Gereift auf einer andern flur,
In einem andern sonnenlichte,
In einer glücklichen natur.'

SCHILLER.

SLEEP, little one! the summer winds are breathing
A gentle hymn, to lull thy quiet rest;
Around thy tomb, in mournful beauty wreathing,
The ivy creeps, in freshening verdure dressed.

Sleep on, my love! the summer flowers are springing,
In holy peace above thy mouldering head,
To guard thy dust, and from their bosoms flinging
A mingled sweetness o'er thy silent bed.

We miss thee, love! Thy joyous face, once blushing
With rosy light, death-shades have overcast;
And, ah! how oft these heart-felt tears are gushing,
To think our eyes on thee have looked their last!

We miss those hours, when through our hearts was stealing
The merry music of thy fairy feet;
We miss those hours, when every pulse of feeling
Thrilled quick and warm, thy trusting eyes to greet.

We miss our babe, when evening gathers round us;
Thy place is vacant on thy mother's breast!
We wake no more to feel the spell that bound us,
When once to ours thine infant lips were pressed!

Sleep, blessed one! no more for us awaking!
The worm feeds sweetly on our faded flower;
I made thy bed, but oh! my heart was breaking —
Breaking, to feel Death's unrelaxing power.

Where art thou now? The soul which once was pouring
Through this cold dust a warm and thrilling glow,
Lives *somewhere* yet; it vanished, heavenward soaring,
Far from all pain and blight, all earthly woe!

Where dost thou dwell? It *must* be thou art wearing
A radiant light on thy enfranchised soul;
In some bright world, thy part with angels bearing,
Where hymns of holy joy for ever roll!

To that deep life, God's love hath surely borne thee,
Dear, cherished babe! — nor seek we to reclaim;
How much we loved, how much we miss and mourn thee,
He knows alone — and blessed be his name!

J. D. S.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATESMEN WHO FLOURISHED IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III. Second Series. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S., and Member of the National Institute of France. In one volume. pp. 334. London: CHARLES KNIGHT AND COMPANY. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE superb English edition of the second series of LORD BROUGHAM's Historical Sketches reaches the country, and our round table, at too late an hour for an elaborate or adequate review. We cannot, however, forbear to say, that we have read the volume through, with an enhancement of the pleasure which the first series afforded us. The sketches of the present division are twenty in number, and include those of WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, NAPOLEON, TALLEYRAND, the MIRABEAU family, etc. We had marked for insertion the sketches of NAPOLEON and WASHINGTON, which are admirably considered in contrast; but our limited space compels us to forego their insertion, and to content ourselves with a passage or two from the paper upon the character of the great general:

"When the fortunes of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. * * * Let us not forget that the grand error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparations for that campaign; the combinations by which he collected, and marshalled, and moved this prodigious and various force, like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand, displayed, in the highest degree, the great genius for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could in a month create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give to recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is assuredly only HANNIBAL who can be compared with him. His course of victory had been for twelve years uninterrupted. The resources of France had been poured out without stint at his command. The destruction of her liberties had not relaxed the martial propensities of her people, nor thinned the multitudes that poured out their blood under his banners. The Conscription worked as great miracles as the Republic. The countless hosts which France thus poured forth, were led by this consummate warrior over all Italy, Spain, Germany; half the ancient thrones of Europe were subverted, the capitals of half her powers occupied in succession; and a monarchy was established, which the existence of England and of Russia alone prevented from being universal.

"But the vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last overshot itself. After his most arduous and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russian empire was in his hands; yet, from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the contest was bootless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army that the world ever saw; from all parts of the continent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood, and complexion, and tongue, and garb, and weapon, shone along his line; the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern Europe, where blood flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men's bones. But this gigantic enterprise, uniformly successful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy to overcome, and the victor in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another night completed. Upon the pomp and circumstance of unnumbered warriors—their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night. The hopes

of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his armament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversibly than if the conqueror of an hundred fields had been overthrown in battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent efforts to regain the power he had lost, never succeeded in countervailing the effects of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burned, if possible, brighter than ever. In two campaigns, his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valor more worthy of the prize he played for. But all was vain. His weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone; and his adversaries, no more quailing under the feeling of his superior nature, had discovered him to be vincible, like themselves, and grew bold in their turn."

After a brief consideration of his system of military tactics, and his extension and improvement of the plans of FREDERICK THE GREAT, Mr. BROUGHAM proceeds:

"No man ever could bring such bodies into the field; none provide by combined operations for their support; none move such masses from various quarters upon one point; none manœuvre at one fight the thousands whom he had assembled, change his operations as the fate of the hour or the moment required, and tell with such absolute certainty the effects of each movement. He had all the knowledge in minute detail which the art of war requires; he had a perfectly accurate appreciation of what men, and horses, and guns could do; his memory told him, and in an instant, where each corps, each regiment, each gun was situated, both in peace and war, and in what condition almost each company of his vast force was at any moment. Then he possessed the intuitive knowledge of his enemy's state, and movements, and plans; so nicely could he unravel all conflicting accounts, and decide at once, as by intuition, which was true. In the field, his eye for positions, distances, elevations, numbers, was quick, and it was infallible."

"Lying under some cover in fire, he would remain for an hour or two, receiving reports and issuing his orders, sometimes with a plan before him, sometimes with the face of the ground in his mind only. There he is, with his watch in one hand, while the other moves constantly from his pocket, where his snuff-box, or rather his snuff, lies. An aid-de-camp arrives, tells of a movement, answers shortly some questions rapidly, perhaps impatiently, put, is despatched with the order that is to solve the difficulty of some general of division. Another is ordered to attend, and sent off with directions to make some distant corps support an operation. The watch is again consulted; more impatient symptoms; the name of some one aid-de-camp is constantly pronounced; question after question is put, whether any one is coming from a certain quarter; an event is expected; it ought to have happened. At length the wished for messenger arrives: '*Eh bien! Qu'a-t-on fait là bas?*' '*La hauteur est gagnée; le maréchal est là.*' '*Qu'il tienne ferme; pas un pas de mouvement.*' Another aid-de-camp is ordered to bring up the guard. '*Que le maréchal avance vers la tour en défiant par sa gauche; et tout ce qui se trouve à sa droite est prisonnier.*' Now the watch is consulted, and the snuff is taken no more: the battle is over; the fortune of the day is decided; the great captain indulges in pleasantries, nor doubts any more of the certainty and of the extent of his victory, than if he had already seen its details in the bulletin." * * * "He saw as clearly, and as quickly determined on his course, in government as in the field. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own or most other men's valor in battle. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compassed with the undaunted and sublime courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence, of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire, by the terror of his name." * * * "But with these qualities, which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of NAPOLEON must close. He was a CONQUEROR—he was a TYRANT. To gratify his ambition; to slake his thirst of power; to weary a lust of dominion which no conquest could satiate; he trampled on Liberty, when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames which the blood of millions alone could quench. By these passions, a mind not originally unkind, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, all sense of the duties we owe to God and to man had departed from one thus given up to a single and a selfish pursuit."

The force and beauty of these passages cannot fail to win the reader's admiration. Mr. BROUGHAM affirms that it is equally true, that BONAPARTE was kindly in his nature, and inhumanly cruel. He once saw a letter of the emperor to a favorite brother, which was replete with the tenderest affection, and in parts blotted with tears, evidently shed before the ink was dry; yet the writer could give a command, which must consign thousands to agony and death; he could direct his cavalry to press forward the foot, in a forced march, until thousands were trampled down, and miserably perished by the way; he could order an attack, with no other object than to gratify his mistress, while yet a young

officer of artillery. These acts, with the death of Enghien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, and the tortures of Toussaint, with other equally dark spots upon his fame, make us feel the full force of Mr. BROUGHAM's transition to the character of our own WASHINGTON: 'How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests on the greatest man of our own or any age; the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed!' The volume is illustrated by portraits from eminent pencils, and engraved in the first style of British art.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Together with a Description of the Country of the Lakes in the North of England, now first published with his Works. Edited by HENRY REED, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In one volume. pp. 551. Philadelphia: JAMES KAY, JUN. and BROTHER.

WE welcome, very cordially, this complete and beautifully-executed edition of WORDSWORTH's poetical works, as a valuable addition to every library, claiming to contain the English classics, and as calculated to diffuse among all readers the influences of a pure and gentle spirit, alive to every exhibition of the goodness of the great Benefactor, in the works of his hands, and the affections of his children. The editor has performed his task with judgment and good taste. The text has been heedfully adopted from the London edition; the various poems have been classified with great care; and notes, consisting of illustrative passages from the writings of kindred minds, have been introduced throughout the volume. We remark, however, two or three minor poems, which strike us as too trifling in subject, and too minute in simplicity, to deserve a place in the collection. They are of the class so finely, and we may add so justly, satirized, in the 'Rejected Addresses;' and remind us of the celebrated lines of JOHNSON, intended to illustrate the same species of composition, and commencing thus:

'As, with my hat upon my head,
I walked along the strand,
I there did meet another man,
With his hat in his hand!'

But these are scarcely perceptible spots on the sun. A charming fancy, a beautiful diction, a fine ear for the music of verse, and a heart open to the best impulses of humanity, render WORDSWORTH the poet of nature and of the heart. The volume is embellished with a well-engraved portrait of the author.

SKETCHES OF LONDON. By the Author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,' 'The Great Metropolis,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 446. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

THIS work is composed of very minute gossip, touching some of the principal features of London; the streets, parks, Tattersall's, and the turf; government officials in Downing-street, British Museum, and the news-men; the post-office, bookselling, Paternoster-Row; the various religious denominations, etc., etc. There is a fair amount of entertainment in the volumes; but the style is clumsy, and characterized by certain other faults, which we pointed out in a recent work from the same pen; there is, moreover, an evident spinning out, as if to make up a certain quantity of printed matter. Hence the necessity, as we infer, for such important information as the following: 'At Tattersall's, while the sale is going on, there is always a crowd of persons; some of whom, by venturing too near, when the animal is being trotted, occasionally receive rather severe kicks!' And we are told, that in the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'when the numbers of a deputation are great, it becomes requisite to fetch an additional supply

of chairs for the parties!' These items of intelligence are recorded with the important air of SHAKESPEARE's personage, who accompanies his tedious rigmarole with, 'I hope these be facts; I hope these be *facts*!' Our author is equally felicitous in enforcing home upon his readers divers undeniable positions, and palpable truisms; sometimes rivalling, indeed, in this regard, the 'Incontrovertible Facts' of a native humorist:

'Boston is n't in Bengal,
Flannel drawers ar' n't made of tripe;
Lobsters wear no specs at all,
And cows do n't smoke the German pipe!'

Mr. GRANT is to London what BOZWELL was to JOHNSON. The leviathan metropolis has no habits, that he does not record; all that it says and does, is industriously treasured up; accompanied with an immensity of twaddle, which speaks little for the writer's fancy or taste. He is not, it should seem, always prepared to set a full intellectual meal before the public; yet he evidently believes, with 'Jerry Guttridge,' that it is quite an easy thing to 'pick up something,' or 'cook something,' that will be devoured by readers, who have heretofore received very good fare at his hands.

CHARLES VINCENT, OR THE TWO CLERKS. A novel, in two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SIDNEY CLIFTON, OR VICISSITUDES IN BOTH HEMISPHERES. A novel, in two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SEVERAL points of similarity in these two productions,* induce us to class them thus together, in one article. They were issued very nearly at the same time, by the same publishers; the scene of each is laid, principally, in our own 'commercial metropolis;' the characters and incidents are taken from among ourselves; there is a somewhat curious, because entirely accidental, resemblance in the outline of the stories; and finally, both have attracted some attention, and occasioned some remark, as the first attempts of gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits, and heretofore unknown as aspirants to the honors of literature. The names of these gentlemen are no longer a secret, we believe; and although they have not avowed themselves upon their title-pages, yet inasmuch as there is nothing in their books of which they have any reason to be ashamed, we shall 'break no squares,' we presume, by speaking as openly of them in print, as others do in conversation.

To begin, then, with the one first published. 'Charles Vincent' is understood to be the handiwork of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY WILLIS, a highly respectable hardware merchant, in Pearl-street; and, we believe, a member of the Society of Friends, or at all events, belonging to a family in connexion with that society.

The story is not very complicated, yet displays considerable power of invention. The hero, Charles Vincent, is a clerk in the counting-house of a New-York merchant, whose nephew, Brown, is also employed in the same capacity by his uncle. The former is an excellent young man; the latter a very bad one. The merchant has a daughter, beautiful and rich, of course; witty and witty, and much given to mischief, but sensible, and in the main of right feelings. Both the young men fall in love with her, and Charles Vincent is preferred. Accident makes Brown and Vincent acquainted with a broken-down villain, who has a lovely and virtuous daughter. Brown, exasperated by the preference of his cousin for Vincent, resorts to divers expedients for his ruin, which gradually

*NEITHER of these works have been received from the publishers; and we are indebted, at a late hour, for a brief notice of each, to a friend in whose unbiassed judgment we should not hesitate to confide. Publishers, here and elsewhere, would oblige us and themselves, by forwarding their publications as soon as they are issued from the press.

become deeper in rascality, and are for a time successful. The broken-down villain becomes his agent in these devices, and Brown, under his teaching, plunges deeper and deeper into vice; proceeding, finally, to the length of making an attempt upon the life of Vincent. In process of time, however, the plans of the rascals are defeated; Vincent is found to be the son of an opulent gentleman, stolen in infancy by the villain and certain confederates; Brown perishes miserably, and the hero is made happy, *secundem artem*.

This is but a mere outline; the filling up is much more ingenious and interesting than the bare outside invention might lead one to anticipate. The character of the heroine is drawn with force and spirit; and the history of the villain, Brown's assistant and adviser, including the abduction of the child, forms an episode of considerable length, and of very decided merit. It occupies, perhaps, a third of the whole work, and is wrought out with great and sustained vigor.

On the whole, we think 'Charles Vincent' fairly entitled to a respectable rank among American novels; and in truth, we have read not a few, both American and English, exhibiting less talent, and much less taste, which have been hugely lauded by the press, and bought up at a great rate by the public, even to the achievement of several editions.

'Sidney Clifton' is ascribed, and we believe truly, to Mr. GEORGE D. STRONG, a West-India merchant, and president of the Commercial Bank. Mr. Strong has contributed, occasionally, in verse, to various periodicals, and with unqualified success. His poetical effusions possess a high degree of merit, which has been quickly and warmly appreciated; but we are not aware of his having ever before attempted a prose composition, of any length. It is no more than just to add, that his *coup d'essai* gives evidence of talent, and rich promise of future excellence. His novel exhibits humor, invention, perception of character, and skill in the conduct of a story; less of the latter than of the others, but that is precisely the fault which practice will remove. In a first work, it is not unreasonable to expect some forcing of incidents, to bring all things handsomely round; for, to tell the truth, it is a troublesome matter, even with experienced hands, to wind up a story neatly.

The plot of 'Sidney Clifton' is more complicated than that of 'Charles Vincent'; and the progress of the story brings out more numerous and more varied characters. It opens, after the orthodox fashion, with the supposed parentage of the hero, who appears before the reader as the offspring of guilt, early left an orphan by the suicide of his father. He is adopted by a benevolent cartman, and in process of time gains admission to the counting-house of a rich merchant. This merchant has a profligate son, who becomes the enemy of Clifton, and by a series of rascally expedients, contrives to involve him in disgrace and ruin. As in Charles Vincent, rivalry in love is the exciting cause of the young villain's enmity. Clifton has gained the affections of a beautiful young lady, and also, unfortunately, of another young lady, who takes a very decided part in the conduct of the story. He is badgered into fighting a duel, in which his antagonist falls, and immediately after takes flight for England. There he achieves great success in literature; rescues a nobleman and his daughters from robbers; becomes involved in other remarkable adventures; and finally discovers his real father, in the person of a rich Englishman, nearly connected with the nobleman whom he had laid under obligations. Finally, all mischances and misunderstandings are cleared up; the innocence of Clifton is proved; his profligate and vindictive enemy is suitably punished; and all parties are made happy.

This, again, is but a mere outline of the plot; and moreover, we have taken no notice of several interesting episodes, one of which — the licentious designs of the young profligate upon a lovely Jewess — is wrought up with much power and effect. We have been obliged, also, to omit all reference to the descriptions of metropolitan scenes, which are remarkably spirited and racy. Among them, are the doings at a fashionable party, and a dinner at the Astor House, in both of which the satirical powers of the author are displayed to good advantage. The style of this novel is unequal, but generally very good. We can trace the unpractised hand, occasionally; but there is no very obvious defect, in either force or elegance. In short, 'Sidney Clifton' is a very clever novel, and deserves a liberal share of public favor.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AMERICAN PRISON DISCIPLINE.—The opening paper in the *North American Review*, for the July quarter, is an admirable dissertation upon the systems of prison discipline in the United States, including a sketch of the abuses of criminal justice, in the earlier history of punishments in this country. It is an elaborate review of several volumes and pamphlets, from authentic and distinguished sources, which give ample evidence that the public is fully aware of the importance of the subject which they discuss. A revolting description is given of the condition of American prisons, under the old system of penitentiary discipline; an example of which is furnished in the case of the Walnut-street prison, in Philadelphia, which, in 1783, was depicted as follows, in a report of a committee of the state council, appointed to inquire into the existing abuses of prison discipline:

'In this den of abomination were mingled, in one revolting mass of festering corruption, all the collected elements of contagion; all *ages, colors, and sexes* were forced into one horrid, loathsome communion of depravity. Children, committed with their mothers, here first learned to lisp in the strange accents of blasphemy and execration. Young, pure, and modest females, committed for debt, here learned from the hateful society of abandoned prostitutes, (whose resting-places on the floor they were compelled to share) the insidious lessons of seduction. The young apprentice, in custody for some venial fault, the tyro in guilt, the unfortunate debtor, the untried and sometimes guiltless prisoners, the innocent witnesses, detained for their evidence in court against those charged with crimes, were associated with the incorrigible felon, the loathsome victim of disease and vice, and the disgusting drunkard, (whose means of intoxication were unblushingly furnished by the jailer.) Idleness, profligacy, and widely-diffused contamination, were the inevitable results. The frantic yells of bacchanalian revelry; the horrid execrations and disgusting obscenities from the lips of profligacy; the frequent infliction of the lash; the clanking of fetters; the wild exclamation of the wretch, driven frantic by desperation; the ferocious cries of combatants; the groans of those wounded in the frequent frays, (a common pastime in the prison,) mingled with the unpitied moans of the sick, (lying unattended, and sometimes destitute of clothes and covering,) the faint but imploring accents for sustenance by the miserable debtor, cut off from all means of self support, and abandoned to his own resources, or to lingering starvation; and the continual though unheeded complaints of the miserable and destitute, formed the discordant sounds heard in the *only* public abode of misery in Philadelphia, where the voice of hope, of mercy, of religion, never entered. In this nursery of crime, almost every species of profligacy was practised without punishment, and openly taught, without any attempt at prevention; sins, to which the purity of christianity has not attached even a name, were nightly perpetrated.

'In this abode of moral contamination and of suffering, a few were released from their misery by the lingering pains of hunger, of cold, and neglect; several committed suicide; and the frequent and fatal pestilence—the inevitable consequence of filth and crowded apartments—swept off multitudes, to whom the means of education, as well as the lessons of religion had never been offered; whose dying hours were unimproved; whose beds were attended by no merciful minister of the gospel, urging them to repentance, and bearing the blessed hope of mercy and forgiveness. They departed, either unheeded, or surrounded by wretches on whom their awful example produced no reform; from whom their sufferings received no compassion, nor any alleviation. The last sigh of the most hardened was breathed out in audacious and shocking defiance; while brutal indifference, or agonizing despair, marked the dying moments of many of the tenants of a jail in a christian community.'

This shocking description, it is added, too accurately depicts the condition of the greater part of the prisons in this country in 1788-9, especially the old state-prison in this city, at Charlestown, (Mass.,) and in the old New-Jersey state-prison. The result, says the reviewer, of this state of things, was, 'that a prison became a secret place, an *imperium in imperio*, governed by its own laws, or rather by its own precedents; a cavern, whose gloom was never irradiated by a gleam of sunshine, and whose noisome miasma was never stirred by the breezes of heaven. Here every noxious plant vegetated in rank luxuriance, and here every obscene beast made his chosen habitation. So

thick was the darkness which enshrouded these abodes of misery, that they might exist in the very midst of an enlightened and philanthropic city, and yet not a man could be found who had any knowledge of what was transacted within their walls. Whatever might be the sufferings of the wretched inmates, they were all borne, so far as the community was concerned, in silence. No one would believe the narrative of a state-prison convict; or, if he believed it, no one would be easily convinced, that criminals could be governed by any thing better than starvation and cold, the lash, the dungeon, and the bayonet.' The natural effect of this treatment was, that the very means employed for preventing crime, became the means, not only of multiplying it, but also of rendering it more cautious, more expert, more nefarious, and more systematic. A most affecting, and we doubt not strictly authentic, illustration of the nature and tendencies of the former, and to too great a degree of the present system of prison discipline, is given by the reviewer, which we regret our inability to quote. It proves, conclusively, that so far from having a tendency to *diminish* crime, the tendency of the system was directly to *increase* it; and that prisons of every kind were seminaries of vice, in which criminals could select and educate their associates.

The first effort to arouse the public mind in this country to the enormity of this evil, was made by 'The Philadelphia Society for assisting Distressed Prisoners,' in 1776; subsequently, this society was dissolved, and in 1787 another was established, under the name of 'The Philadelphia Society for alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons,' which has the enviable fame of being the first to reduce the humane and philosophic theory of preventive and reforming punishments, by the separate confinement and instruction of prisoners, to the unerring test of successful experiment. The other association, and that on which the greater share of the labor in this cause has of late years fallen, is the 'Boston Prison Discipline Society,' organized in 1825. It has published thirteen annual reports, which are said to furnish a mass of facts and statistics respecting prisons, and the various subjects connected with criminal jurisprudence, of greater value than can be found in any other works at present in the English language. It has proved, that the attempt to reform criminals is by no means hopeless, and that the treatment of prisoners is a matter into which every virtuous member of society is bound to make inquiry. We commend to our readers that portion of the review which immediately succeeds, wherein the reformation of criminals, as the paramount object, and the manner in which it may be most successfully accomplished, are considered in a humane spirit, and with unanswerable argument.

The reviewer goes, at some length, into a consideration of the comparative merits of the Philadelphia and Auburn systems of discipline, the first of which insists upon total, and the other upon only partial solitude; in the one case, the prisoners being *always* in the solitary cell, and in the other, only *for the night*. Objection is made to the Philadelphia system, that it is not in fact solitary; that communication between convicts in adjoining cells, through the air and water-pipes, cannot be prevented; and that this defect was on one occasion well nigh proving fatal to the Western Penitentiary, at Pittsburgh, inasmuch as a general insurrection had been concerted by the convicts, and was on the point of breaking out, when it was discovered by the vigilance of the warden. The reviewer decides in favor of the Auburn system, as the most successful, considered as a school of reformation; and although the severity of punishments in the prison would tend to the opinion that the Philadelphia system is more merciful, yet it is contended, that this evinces mismanagement in the institution, rather than inherent evil in the plan; since the lash is seldom used in the Connecticut and Massachusetts states' prisons, which are under the same discipline, as is also the House of Correction, at South Boston, where, with the average number of two hundred and fifty prisoners, not a stripe has been inflicted in five years. 'There is neither gun, bayonet, sword, pistol, cowhide, cat, or whip of small cords, gag, restraining-chair, hand-cuff, stocks, or any instrument of torture,' about the establishment, which has nevertheless been most successfully conducted. In fine, it is argued, that 'either system may be conducted mercifully, and either may be conducted brutally. Both require a man skilled in the government of men; a

mild, firm, temperate, and benevolent, yet inflexible disciplinarian. Under such a man, there will be but little suffering in either; without such a one, in either there will be much.'

We are no apologists of crime, nor have we any superfluous sympathy to waste upon the fate of rogues, who are justly 'condemned under the law'; but we hold that justice should always be tempered with mercy. 'I have often remarked,' says an acute observer, and a practical philanthropist, who participated alike in the pleasures of the happy, and the miseries of the unfortunate, 'in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him.' How different is the reasoning of too many keepers of public prisons, and their lax subordinates! Do they not too generally consider the victims of the law as utterly corrupt; and, because they have sinned against their own welfare and the welfare of society, as beyond the pale of that charity which 'suffereth long, and is kind?' And does not this species of argument tend to the multiplication of prohibitions, until obedience becomes well-nigh impossible? We verily believe it does. The heart is steeled against humanity, in the intercourse of a prison. Some four years since, in a journey of pleasure to the west, we visited the Auburn prison. In traversing its gloomy rounds, we paused for a moment in one of the long and narrow covered ways, to survey through a loop-hole an extended work-shop of prisoners, bent to their labor of shoe-making. A kind of subdued murmur, from the dull blows of innumerable hammers upon yielding leather, was the only sound that fell upon the ear. While we were gazing at the populous family of *cordonniers*, a face, eminent among the rest for the brightness of its expression, was suddenly illuminated by a very perceptible smile. 'Surely,' we said, mentally, 'that fellow is not particularly unhappy, for a state-prisoner.' But scarcely had the thought passed through our mind, when we observed a tall, lank under-keeper, near the northern extremity of the apartment, descend from his perch on a platform, and beckon to our 'happy' laborer to approach. He laid his tools and unfinished work noiselessly aside, and advanced, with an undisguised expression of fear in his countenance. In reply to a motion from the keeper, he ascended the platform, and removed his coarse garments to the waist. Our guide, seeing what was going forward, manifested some anxiety to have us pass on; but we remained at our post, like a man-of-war's-man, 'to witness punishment.' The keeper, grasping a long horse-whip, (not the scourge of small tingling cords, which it is said was only used in the prison, under the later administration of Captain LYONS,) stood at such a distance that the full force of every blow might be felt by his victim. He administered seven strokes, each of which made the sufferer literally 'double himself up,' as he writhed in agony. Never have we beheld such an expression as dwelt upon the countenance of the convict, when he donned his striped coat, and descended to his place. It was a look, born we are sure of a quenchless spirit. It is our belief, from a hint of the guide, as well as the attending circumstances, that this keeper had for some time been on a cold scent for an opportunity to chastise the prisoner; and that the smile — provoked, perhaps, by a momentary forgetfulness of misery, and the obtrusion of a pleasant thought — which we had remarked, furnished the first occasion for the exercise of his tyranny. Who can doubt what were the feelings with which that convict went scourged to his dungeon that night? Past all doubt, revenge, the more irritable and vital, because at present impotent, sat ever after at the portal of his heart, repulsing every genial sentiment, and every penitent emotion; and although the culprit had but a Pisgah prospect of liberation, having been sentenced for seven years, of which he had served but one, yet we venture to predict, that an imagination ravid and strong, will keep for ever alive the bitter memory of that brutal chastisement. For a remedy for such abuses as these, and for the plan of a better course, which, while it shall visit retributive, shall yet administer humane, justice, we must again commend the article in question to the reader's earnest attention; asking him, in the mean time, to consider the following extract:

"There exists, in the standard by which public opinion measures human guiltiness, a zero point, and a range of transgression both above and below it. This point is fixed, in the main, by legisla-

tive enactment. Let a man be ever so corrupt, let him be faithless, impure, dishonest, only let him keep *beyond* the reach of the law, and he will, too frequently, in the ordinary intercourse of society, share in every mark of conventional respect. He is a member, in good standing, of the body politic :

' Well dressed, well bred,
Well equipped, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through every door.'

We feel bound to sympathize in the sorrows of such an one, to rejoice in his successes, and, in the things in which he is faulty, to labor for his reformation.

"But let a man be convicted of a transgression which brings him *within* the reach of the law; let a civil process be issued against him; let an officer take him into custody, and walk with him through the crowd of his silent, astonished, and unrecognising friends; let him but cross the threshold of a jail, and hear the harsh bolts of a dungeon grate upon his ear; let him be convicted by a jury, and sentenced by a judge, and abide for a longer or shorter period a term of confinement; and, moreover, let his manner be ill-bred, his appearance hirsute, his garments tattered, with not a lingering trace of the gentleman about him, and all his relations to society are instantly changed. It mattered not how many might be the circumstances extenuating his fault; whether the offence were the first or the fiftieth; nay, whether the culprit was young or old, ignorant or well informed; until very lately, his treatment was, in all cases, precisely the same. It seemed as if society could look leniently upon every thing else, but the infraction of her own laws; or, rather, as if we held, with the ancient Spartans, that crime did not consist in the act, but in its being detected. It had come to be believed, that, as soon as man became a convict, his very nature was changed, and all the relations of his fellow men to him were changed also. Henceforth, appeal to his reason or to his conscience was useless, and, like a brute, he could be influenced only by fear. Nay, it was worse than this. We address the *hopes* of brutes as well as their fears; but no one ever addressed the hopes of the wretch on whom the hand of punitive justice had fallen. He had lost caste. No one cared what became of him. It mattered not how much he might be abused, what insolence of office he might suffer, or how deeply the iron in the dungeon might enter into his soul. If he repented, and was in heart a reformed man, no one would believe him; no one would employ him; and he was obliged to give proof of his moral improvement, by suffering starvation unto death. How benevolent and how thoughtful was that proof of discipleship which our Saviour enjoined, 'I was in prison, and ye came unto me!'

Is not this as undeniably true, as it is eloquently expressed? Is it nothing in extenuation of crime, that its victim *was* virtuous, until, day after day, Poverty poked her pale, lean face in at the window, and he had good reason to fear that he was doomed to a perpetual struggle with misfortune, till death should make it a drawn battle? Is it altogether strange, that thus situated, a man should act upon a primary hint from the great master of evil, or a second-hand suggestion from some one of his apt scholars? If there be no extenuation in all this, should a well-filled purse, that 'pineal gland of the body social,' make the impure clean, and the morally diseased healthful? CHARLES LAMB says he trembled, at times, when he looked at his fingers, to see how admirably they were constructed, for 'picking and stealing.' There is a moral in the thought; and the humanity which prompted it should never be lost sight of, within the gloomy walls which enclose upward of ten thousand prisoners, in the United States.

STATEN-ISLAND: NEW-BRIGHTON. — It is a very trite remark, that our common privileges or blessings are not adequately appreciated; but if the adage be as ancient as the hills, it is true as truth itself, which existed 'before ever the hills were brought forth.' We have been struck with the force of this old saying, in a recent excursion along the harbor and sea-borders of Staten-Island, extending from New-Brighton to the telegraph station. If the unrivalled scenes which may be commanded throughout the entire course of this route, were a day's remove from town, it would doubtless become one of the most prominent resorts, excepting perhaps Niagara, in the country. But because it is *near*, and may be reached in thirty minutes' sail over our matchless bay, every hour in the day, many, we dare say, in our crowded metropolis, fancy it less worthy a visit than scores of inferior places, some ten or fifteen leagues away. New-Brighton, however, is beginning to be thoroughly appreciated. We believe that thousands — attracted by the magnificent Pavilion, the beauty of the shores, the natural terraces and rounded eminences, rising gradually one above another, and crowned by, or commanding views of, tasteful residences, to say nothing of the pure and refreshing air — are now acquainted with the charms of this spot, who perhaps a year since thought little and cared less about its numerous beauties. Uninterested, to the value of a penny, in any landed

estate upon the island, and anxious only that others of our citizens should realize 'the things which we do *know*,' we shall ask attention to a slight sketch, which has for its sole object the awakening of metropolitan attention to, and a proper pride in, the beauties of nature, which are spread with such a lavish hand along the whole south-western border of the Bay of New-York.

Sitting at high noon, on our ever memorable 'Independence Day,' beneath a tree which crowns one of the upland summits, that swell so gently and gracefully around New-Brighton and the Quarantine-Ground, a fervid sun tempered mean time by passing summer clouds, we looked around upon this varied scene: To the South, the Narrows, that gate which opens upon the old world, across the Atlantic, spread wide its guarded pass, to afford us a view of 'old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,' partly relieved by the dimly blue Highlands of 'Neversink,' but beyond, swelling in the imagination from the vast almost to the infinite; while between you and its nearest border, villas gleam among the trees, from the crests of wooded hills, and collections of white dwellings brighten in the sun. Farther to the east, follow the 'ribbed sea-sand' of Coney-Island to the verdant shores of Long-Island, where the yellow wheat-fields and green meadows are diversified with rich patches of forest, over which rise heavenward the spires of a peaceful inland village. Passing Brooklyn, swelling proudly from its prominent heights, and our own noble city, with its numerous steeples, domes, and turrets, 'sitting like Tyre in the midst of the sea' — reposing in beauty beneath the transparent veil of haze, which but adds enchantment to the view — the eye rests upon the glorious Hudson, stretching in majesty beyond the abrupt walls of the Palisades, and widening into the Tappan Sea. On the north and west, undulation after undulation, rise the blue hills, growing fainter and fainter, until terminated by the range that carries the Catskills onward to Pennsylvania, on a visit to their near relations, the Blue Ridge Family; while, coming toward the sea-board, the beautiful city of Newark 'sparkles all revealed,' in its green lap, and along the end of its picturesque bay. Westwardly, opens a little vale of Tempe, with wide meadows along 'The Kills,' and rich woodlands, lovely landscapes, and pastoral villages, steeple-crowned, filling the eye, onward to where the distant mountains bound the view. Then pause, for a moment, to glance at the bay beneath you. All is life and animation. Broad bands of sunlight thrown across it in the distance, give you the hue of our western fresh-water lakes; more near, the 'cat's-paw' ripples of the fitful breeze are painting irregular purple shadows; gay steamers are leaving behind them long tracks of foam, or ploughing the wave before them; while, like the faint drum of a partridge, in the stillness of the woods, comes up the subdued sound of their weltering wheels. Ships, and water-craft of every description, are crossing and re-crossing each other's path, or reposing idly at anchor, before you — their sails now bathed in sunlight, now lying in shadow; while beneath your feet spreads out the chaste and elegant settlement of New-Brighton, reclining picturesquely upon its green and sloping bank, with the beautiful and spacious Pavilion rising in the midst. Now, reader, we have drawn, as we think, a faithful sketch; and would simply ask, if the scene be not one of surpassing loveliness? An English gentleman, whom we recently accompanied to a Liverpool packet, off Sandy-Hook, dwelt with admiration upon the view we have attempted to depict; and declared that, for natural capabilities and attractions, he had seen nothing, in any country, superior to the uplands of Staten-Island, along the Bay and the Narrows. With a rich soil, then; without local *désagremens* of any kind; within a distance from town less than that of some of our streets from the business marts; with countless building-sites, and with air of the purest and freshest; what should hinder, that New-Brighton, and its environs on all sides, should be sprinkled with country-seats? It cannot be otherwise; and we close our hurried paragraph with the prediction, that before six years shall have elapsed, the whole high water-borders of the island will be covered with villas; and we look to see them well shaded by transplanted trees, of a large growth. 'These are the anticipations. Let them not be disappointed!'

GERMAN MANNERISMS. — The *Foreign Quarterly Review* claims, in a recent number of that established periodical, to have toiled long and successfully, and with an almost German devotion, to render German literature popular in England; to transplant the strongest shoots and fairest flowers of that soil; and to 'impart the lavish wealth of its opened mines of learning, to adorn and improve the British mind.' The Review has come at last to think, however, that the general feeling has of late run too violently into the extreme; that many English writers have imbibed a Germano-mania, and transferred the praise due to their plethoric scholarship, into an indiscriminating admiration for every thing that bears the shadowy, subtle, and meditative impress of German peculiarity; until even the faults and excrescences of German taste and style have come to be expatiated and insisted upon, and urged vehemently upon the public, as eminent beauties.* If, as our reviewer reasons, England is too practical in her habits; too constantly kept in straight-forward vigilance and bold existence, to allow time, to any extent, for ultra metaphysical niceties; is not America much more so? It is still more undeniably true of our own country than of England, that 'all the elements of material life and action are so unceasingly whirled together, combining and conflicting in the crucible of a positive chemistry, that the lighter vapors, the sublimations and sublimities of alchemical expectations, float away into the air, while the *caput mortuum* is left at the bottom, and the general extract retained for practical purposes.' There are numerous eager enthusiasts of German literature, whose praises are heard and suffered to sink in the mysticism that envelopes them, who, in their writings, seem to act upon the advice of Mephistophiles to the student, in 'Faust'; namely, not to be 'over anxious about having meaning connected with words, since it is precisely where meaning fails, that words come in most opportunely.' Goethe says, elsewhere, that 'it is with the fabric of thought, as with a weaver's master-piece, where one treadle moves a thousand threads; the shuttles shoot backward and forward, and the thread flows unseen.' If a man, in walking along Broadway, were to reveal every thread of the fabric in his brain, what a conglomeration there would be! What a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark! And this is precisely the error of the more eminent authors of Germany. While they have any thing to spin, the wheel goes; and sometimes, long after, 'Her writers,' says our reviewer, 'are not satisfied, unless their readers know all they have done, and dreamed, in the progress of their labors; every portion of their course is held to be of equal importance; every turn and gesture of the inner and the outward man equally deserving the reader's most anxious admiration.' There are certainly bright stepping-stones along the muddy road which many German writers tread; but those who follow after, instead of selecting these, oftentimes 'slump' into holes and shallows, but are yet so blind in their admiration of the way, as to consider it very delightful travelling. Forced and fantastic expressions can never atone for the freshness and strength whose place they usurp. 'Clearness and simplicity of thought,' says the Quarterly, 'will always induce, with the least practice, a corresponding clearness and simplicity of diction; and according to the imperfections of the latter, we can determine, with sufficient accuracy, whether the mind that puts it forth is turgid or verbose; inert from indigestion of overcrowded reading, or thinking, or smoking.' The reviewer enters his protest against the

* It may not be amiss to mention, in this place, that the remarks in our last number, upon the 'Germanic infections' of the day, were not intended to apply, as some have seemed to infer, to the general style of Dr. CHANNING. We were 'rejoiced to find a severe critique upon the Germanosities of the time,' in the *Edinburgh Review*, because an uncanvassed verdict in their favor, from so high an authority as Dr. CHANNING, would be likely to increase them an hundred fold, through the license which would at once be taken by inferior intellects. It was the new and pernicious doctrine, born, we believed, of the Germano-mania, and sanctioned by Dr. CHANNING, that we were glad to see assailed; and not the talents of an author, to whose distinguished aid, in the extension of our literary repute abroad, this periodical has borne frequent and cordial testimony. EDW. KNICKERBOCKER.

excessive exaggeration of praise that has followed the name of *GOETHE*. Like the critics who

— 'were wont to view
In Homer more than Homer knew,'

Goethe's commentators often puzzled him greatly, by proving to him how much he had intended, which he never imagined! For examples of comparative criticism upon the merits of this author, from which may be gathered a fair estimate of his beauties and defects, we would refer the reader to an article upon German literature, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, some three month's since, a paper upon 'Faust,' in the current number of the 'New-York Review,' and the article in the 'Foreign Quarterly,' which we have been considering. Having perused, as we believe, all the translated productions of *GOETHE*, we are compelled to hold, with the latter authority, that he has been greatly overrated. He is called 'the German Shakespeare,' whereas the distinction between the two may well be termed 'boundless.' The German was a man of vast acquirements, whose works all bear the trace of study; a giant only in national peculiarities; a genius, but of artificial life; an artist of nature, not her worshipper. Moreover, the disgusting obscenity, from which the best of his productions are not free, and which literally teems in many of them, should not be lost sight of in the account. A writer who never hesitates to paint the grossest depravity, and even depicts it with a sort of zest; whose sensual scenes and sentiments debauch the understanding, inflame the sleeping passions, and prepare the reader to give way so soon as a tempter appears; to be compared with the immortal *SHAKESPEARE*! 'Shakespeare ruled the heart, and swayed the sympathies of mankind; his thoughts open the intellectual world of man; and all his aspirations ennoble the mind.' The blaze of *GOETHE*'s reputation may not soon be blown out; but we can readily believe with the *Quarterly*, that 'Germany will surpass him yet.'

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE. — Some fifteen years ago, there was commenced in the 'Trenton (New-Jersey) Emporium,' a series of village tales and sketches, which gradually acquired extensive popularity, in every quarter of the United States. Scarcely a newspaper in the country, but bore over its miscellaneous columns, 'From the Trenton Emporium.' This initial line was always a token of good cheer, and never failed to insure a perusal of the article which it heralded. Who does not remember 'The Pet Lamb,' 'The Social Glass,' 'The Sprout Family,' 'The Silver Sixpence,' 'The Last Herring,' and the rest of the charming Alesbury family? They were all remarkable, not less for their plain and attractive style, and simple dramatic interest, than for the useful lessons which they invariably inculcated. In this regard, they bore a strong resemblance to the well-known stories of 'Poor Richard,' by Hon. *CHARLES MINER*, of Pennsylvania. The writer presented us with sudden and lively pictures of nature. His incidents were few and simple, but there was nothing of jejuneness in his simplicity. It was the artlessness of nature. Some ten or twelve years since, the tales and sketches in question were collected into a volume, and published at Trenton, by Mr. *JOSEPH JUSTICE*; and this little book, through the kindness of a friend, now lies before us. A glance at its pages has revived a recollection of the boyish eagerness with which we were wont to peruse their contents, in the journals of the day, and awakened anew a feeling of gratitude toward the good '*OLIVER OAKWOOD*,' from whose pen they proceeded.

We have spoken of the style of these unpretending stories, and allude to it again, to say, that of all others, it is the most entertaining to the merely general reader, and worth all the cumbrous, misplaced description, and crowded melo-dramatic incident, so common at a later, and even the present, day. Whatever be the *locale* chosen by the writer, he gives it with the faithfulness of an artist's pencil, in a few happy touches. Take, for

example, the opening lines of 'A Winter's Night,' a story of a benighted father, rescued from impending death, by the lover of his daughter. The dusky aspect of the western horizon betokens an approaching snow-storm: 'at length, the sun went down in clouds; the winds arose higher and higher, until the cottage trembled like a leaf. Caroline opened the window, and looked out. It was a dismal night, and the snow was beginning to fall in large dry flakes around; the thick clouds almost shut out even the faint moonlight from the evening, and the lofty forests frowned darkly, on every side.' The first sentence in 'The Village Belle,' is an equally felicitous picture: 'If ever you should come to Alesbury, you will see a sweet little cottage in the meadows, toward the river, half hid away amid a cluster of black alders, with its white chimney and snowy paling peeping through the foliage.' Here lived the 'village belle,' an arrant coquette, who trifled with the feelings of her suitors, until she lost them all. 'Time rolled on, and the grass at length began to grow in the path that led over the meadows to the cottage;' and this bit of natural description fully prepares the reader for the sequel. Look at this summer scene, dashed in with one stroke of the pen: 'A heavy but refreshing shower was just over, and a clear and beautiful rainbow lay pencilled on the breaking clouds, extending its token of promise from the mountain-top in the east, to the buttonwoods on the distant river banks.' Glance, too, at this autumnal etching: 'It was late in the month of September, when the shrill note of the locust, the harbinger of decaying vegetation, had long been heard, and here and there a dry and solitary leaf hung upon the fading foliage, like the gray hairs upon the head of waning manhood.' Does not this brief passage suggest to the reader's mind a complete picture of the advent of an American fall; the audible stillness of the noontide air; the quail whistling in the stubble field:

'And on the breath of autumn-breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Far floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down?'

Our author's portraiture of human passion and feeling are not less true to nature; but of these we can afford space for only a solitary passage, from a story entitled 'The Home-Gathering':

'There is more of spell-work about the home of our fathers, than he who has never been a wanderer, imagines. Ask the poor exile on a foreign shore, what visions flit across his bosom, and enchain his fancy, and call forth the deep-drawn sigh, as he gazes, silent and lonely, on the sweet midnight moon, and he will tell you, in the fulness of his heart, they are the visions of his early home. Though his path be across the ocean; though he wander among the icebergs of Lapland, or sit down in the far-off islands of the sea; he feels that he can never out-travel the memory of his native village, nor forget the delights of his paternal cottage. Though ambition lead him into foreign lands, or fortune tempt him into the world of business, he will often pause, even when success has gratified his wishes, and linger whole hours over the memory of days gone by, as they steal, in the language of the bard of Morven, like music to the soul. He will delight in every bush, and tree, and flowering landscape, and singing bird, that resembles those he saw and loved in youth; and if, in the farthest corner of the globe, he hears the gentle breathings of a strain with which on his native hills he has been familiar, what a world of sweet yet half melancholy joy does it kindle in his bosom! Yes, home is still dear to our hearts; and like the comet exiled from the sun, we would still go but to return; and seldom grow so old, and never wander so far, as to be beyond the reach of its attractions.'

A brief passage from the sketch entitled 'The Beggar and Banker' — in which, 'philosophically speaking,' as GREGORY THIMBLEWELL would say, the former has a decided advantage over the latter, in an instructive street colloquy — and we have done. 'In the first place,' reasons the village gaberlunzie man:

'Do you take notice that God has given me a soul and body, just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating, drinking, and taking my pleasure, as he has you; and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus, as we pass. Then again, it is a free country, and here too, we are on an equality; for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face, with as much indifference as he would a brother. You and I have the same common master; are equally free; live equally easy; are both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end.'

'But,' observed the Banker, interrupting him, 'do you pretend there is then no difference between a beggar and a banker?'

'Not in the least,' rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness; 'not in the least, as to *essentials*. You swagger and drink wine, in company of your own choosing; I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day, perhaps; I make a shilling, perhaps; if you are contented, I am; we're equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling. If I have less property than you, I have less to care about. If fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Beside, my word for it, I have fewer enemies; meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as merry a song as the best of you.'

'But then,' said the Banker, who had all along been trying to get in a word, 'is the contempt of the world nothing?'

'The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have, perhaps, the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there too. And beside, the world deals in this matter equally unjustly with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular, worth naming, is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me. I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I should be pronounced the cleverest fellow.'

Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to learn, that OLIVER OAKWOOD is yet extant, and that the pleasant old gentleman has yielded to the solicitations of the KNICKERBOCKER, and the inclinations of his very intimate friend, STACY G. POTTS, Esq., a gentleman belonging to his native town, who has great influence with him, and consented to let the public hear from him, through these pages, 'now and ag'in;' and as an evidence that our 'old friend in a new place' is still but in his prime, and as an earnest, moreover, of what may be expected at his hands, we must ask the reader's attention to the history, in a preceding sheet, of 'The Man who had Nothing Else to Do.'

THE LAW AND THE PROFITS. — We have received at sundry times, and from divers places, several communications, the writers of which we should be glad to favor, and one of whom, especially, we should be sorry to disoblige — upon the general themes of law, lawyers, and courts of justice. One contends that law, one of the noblest sciences that can engage the human mind, is employed by a majority of its professors in this country, not for the laudable object of protecting the poor man against the attacks of the opulent, or the wiles of the crafty, but for the mercenary and selfish purpose of pocketing costs; that these 'lawyer-crimes' are winked at by the public; and that thus an institution designed to guard the innocent, and secure punishment to the guilty, is often so perverted, as to reverse its object entirely. This, it is argued, is done by defeating the honest man's claim through some 'flaw' — which, like a hereditary disease, may have trailed from generation to generation, in some of the ridiculous legal forms that have been handed down from time immemorial — or through the criminal assiduity of lawyers, (callous to right and wrong, when the question is to gain or lose a cause,) who labor to render gilded vice triumphant. Our contributor seems to speak feelingly, as though he himself were a victim. He professes to be a firm believer in the theory of the living principle, in its progress through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which SORTNEY has recorded of an eccentric character. A lawyer, ready to avail himself of every advantage which his profession afforded, he traced from a bramble into a wasp, thence into a butcher-bird, and lastly into a fox, the vulpine character being manifestly retained in his countenance. There was another, who, from sweeping his master's office, and blacking his shoes, had risen to be a noted pettifogger, who was his particular abhorrence. His living principle, he affirmed, could never have existed in any other form than that of a nuisance. Another correspondent draws a portrait of a village lawyer, so evidently faithful, that before it finds a place in the KNICKERBOCKER, we must inquire, with the queen in Hamlet, 'Is there no offence?' — a thing to be thought of, while 'the greater the truth, the greater the libel' is the law of the land. We allude to the elaborate history, by 'T. H. W.,' of a Massachusetts state legislator, from the time his name was first gilded on a strip of tin, to his occupancy of a seat in the 'General Court;' a very spirited picture of a man who, instead of raising himself up to

his noble profession, degraded it to his own level. Now, with deference to the opinions of our correspondents, we think the evils upon which they have enlarged, will always, to a great degree, be *corrected* by the public. It is as impossible that a disingenuous and dishonest lawyer should be respected in the community, as that a dishonest merchant should be esteemed among his upright neighbors. Nor does temporary success, through adroit evasion of justice, by low cunning, or misty special pleading, secure the practitioner from his *real* rank in his profession. 'Pray who was that crafty-looking person, that left the apartment a moment ago?' said a friend to Johnson, one day, at a dinner party in London. 'I cannot exactly tell you, Sir,' replied the old bear, 'and I should be loth to speak ill of any person whom I did not *know* deserved it; but'—and he drew the listener toward him, as he added, in an under tone—'I am *afraid* he is an *ATTORNEY*!' If we remember BOSWELL rightly, the man had reached a bad eminence, through the exercise of industry and low cunning, as a lawyer. Promoters of litigation, with none other than mercenary views, who, for a consideration, stand ready at all times to 'make the worse appear the better reason,' will here, as well as in England, inevitably incur the verdict implied in the reply of the 'Great Leviathan.' Take, for example, the case of AARON BURE, whose character as a lawyer is admirably considered in an article upon his 'Life' and 'Private Journal,' in the last number of the North American Review. He was sufficiently skilful in weaving the filmy cobwebs of the law; but the spring which moved him, in this as in every thing else, is rightly described, malgré the glosses of his biographer, to have been only selfish cunning. 'It was this,' says the reviewer, 'which made him acute in trifles; which impelled him to the study of all flaws in title-deeds, and defects of form in legal process; to the cultivation of technical niceties, and of the innumerable devices by which fictitious issues may be interposed before the true ones.' He was 'a disciple of that school of his profession, which dispenses lawyers from the necessity of conscience.' His standard of all human action was low; his estimate of others generally the meanest; and the predominating feature of his character was *craft*. What marvel, that he lived despised, and died unlamented? Such members of the legal profession may be successful, perhaps, for a time, in a pecuniary point of view; but the price paid for the mere acquisition of silver, makes the gain a loss. Character, standing in society, the blessings of sincere friendship, weigh down the scale past equipoise. Are our friends answered?'

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for June, is a good number of a very good periodical. The 'Midsummer Anthology,' with which it opens, contains several spirited poems by our correspondent, Miss MARY ANNE BROWNE, England, with a pleasing bit of verse by 'one IOTA,' who has chosen an odd signature. From the concluding paper of the number, 'Scraps of Hibernian Ballads,' we take the subjoined natural and touching stanzas. They are from the pen of an unfortunate young peasant, of Ireland, whose early hopes were crossed by the untimely death of one whom he 'loved, not wisely, but too well.'

'When moonlight falls on wave and wimple,
And silvers every circling dimple,
That onward, onward sails;
When fragrant hawthorns, wild and simple,
Lend perfume to the gales;
And the pale moon, in heaven abiding,
O'er midnight mists and mountains riding,
Shines on the river, smoothly gliding
Through quiet dales:

I wander there in solitude,
Charmed by the chiming music rude,
Of streams that fret and flow:
For by that eddying stream she stood,
On such a night, I trow:
For her the thorn its breath was lending,
On this same tide her eye was bending,
And with its voice, her voice was blending,
Long, long ago!

Wild stream! I walk by thee once more,
I see thy hawthorns dim and hoar,
I hear thy waters moan,
And night-winds sigh from shore to shore,
With hushed and hollow tone:
But breezes on their light way winging,
And all thy waters heedless singing,
No more to me are gladness bringing;
I am alone!

Departing years, their swift way keeping,
Like sere leaves down thy current sweeping,
Are lost for aye, and sped;
And Death the wintry soil is heaping,
As fast as flowers are shed:
And she who wandered by my side,
And breathed enchantment o'er thy tide,
That makes thee still my friend and guide—
And she is dead!

HOUSE-TOP REFLECTIONS.—‘I am getting a-weary of these annual jubilees of liberty,’ said a friend, as he elbowed his way, in the twilight of our late anniversary-day, along the ranges of booths that lined and surrounded the Park, and heard the deafening din of revelry which swelled up from the many-voiced multitude. Yet was he uncompromising in his defence and love of country, and only eschewed gunpowder explosions, great and small, and desired not to be rudely jostled by what Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM terms ‘unassorted predestinarians a-walking.’ It was our natural cue, however, to speak of the affected decadence of *amor patriæ*, which is sometimes manifested, even by single-minded and hearty Americans, on the return of our annual ‘Sabbath-Day of Freedom.’ We say ‘affected,’ because the spirit which was awakened anew sixty-three years ago, has not vanished from American bosoms; although one might think so, to hear the oft-repeated question, ‘What can one say that is *new*, in a Fourth-of-July discourse?—what that is in the least *interesting*, at this late day?’ And we have seen comparisons such as these, in passages of indigenous criticism, and that too in high quarters: ‘It is more trite than an independence ode;’ more tedious than a Fourth-of-July oration;’ as if these performances were necessarily striking synonyms for sickly sentiment, and hackneyed dulness. To all such queries and criticisms, we would answer: ‘Well, if we can say nothing new, let us repeat the *old story*; let us keep alive, and active, the spirit of old ’76; that spirit which long ago dictated an instrument so well befitting a great nation speaking for itself.’

These and kindred thoughts followed us to our sanctum. ‘What,’ thought we, ‘would the architects of our liberties say, could they know, that in the brief space of little more than half a century, the story of their disinterested sacrifices and perils, their bravery and their victories, had come to be considered, by many of their posterity, as a ‘wearisome tale that is told?’ Patriotic *American* reader, if ever you are inclined, by reason of personal association, or other cause, to yield, even for a moment, a tacit acquiescence in the popular sneer we have cited; to think or speak lightly of our national anniversary, and the usages which it perpetuates; just roll back the tide of time, for a few years, and place yourself in the midst of the master-spirits of our revolutionary history. Fancy *yourself* one of that audience which might have heard ADAMS urge the Declaration of Independence. Some there are, of his hearers, hesitating, doubting, desponding. They have seen enough of war; the orator is meddling, they think, with an interdicted subject, and no good can come of it. His very boldness they consider temerity, and his eloquent arguments the theses of an astute sophist. He is no lip-orator, alive to the titillations of mere applause. ‘It is the cause, the cause!’ His language, bold and figurative, yet brief and concise; his compressed sentences of condensed meaning; his powerful appeals, and sublime heart-touches, are the fruits of a conviction, that not to be warin in the cause he has espoused, is to be frozen. Hear him, reader; you cannot hear him too often:

‘Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. * * * Set before the people the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy’s cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

‘Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day’s business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

‘But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations.

On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.'

Our reflections were ended on the house-top, whither we had repaired, to survey the indistinct but magnificent panorama which it commanded. All around we could read, in characters of light, a fulfilment of the prediction of the illustrious prophet and patriot. On every hand, fiery tokens of rejoicing 'transpierced the wounded air.' The multitudinous sounds of a great city spoke but one voice. What ADAMS foretold, and we have heretofore faintly depicted, was again enacting. Clusters of India crackers, prolonged by double, treble, and anon uncountable explosions, indicated the ubiquity of juvenile patriots. Blue, red and yellow fires every where colored the streets. Here an illuminated balloon gleamed like burnished gold in the light of the 'silver rain' of a rocket, which had exploded above it; there, far hissing through the air, trailed a fiery serpent; nearer by, a fountain of fire rained down golden drops upon the swarming, tumultuous metropolis; and on all sides, streams of light rushed toward the zenith, paling for a moment the 'ineffectual fires' of the whole host of stars. 'That will do!' doubtless exclaims the reader: 'Let him that is on the house-top now come down.' Very well, an' you will have it so. The scuttle-door is closed, with an emphasis.

OF THE TRIALS OF DOGS AND HORSES. — 'Gentle reader; and if gentle, good reader; and if good, patient reader; for if not gentle, then not good; and if not good, then not gentle; and neither good nor gentle, if not patient;' will you tarry to hear a word upon the trials of dogs and horses, 'about these days?' Little do almanac-makers reflect upon the misery which accrues to these noble animals, after the advent of the season which they describe crisply, in the margin of their tables, as 'Dog-days begin.' Hydrophobia is certainly a fearful thing; but, metropolitan reader, let us entreat you to set your face against the persecution of an entire race, because now and then one chances to be an 'unclean beast.' What abuses of humanity have we seen, in the last three weeks! Faithful creatures, that, with the opportunity, would have risked their lives to save their tormentors, *made* mad by infuriate pursuers! There is now no 'sweet security of streets' for any of the canine tribe. They should be requested to stay at home; and in nine cases out of ten, if properly instructed, they will comply with the requisition. In Holland, there are high-schools for dogs, where even poodles go through with a regular course of education. They are taught to go, and come, and tarry, at the word of command, with unfailing promptitude. But if your dog will be gadding, see that he is muzzled. When one thinks of the intelligence and affection of the dog; his love, his gratitude, his unremitting watchfulness; it is quite easy to appreciate Dr. DANIEL DOVE's esteem for the noble animal. He says that whenever he 'looked at a dog who had been humanized by society, who loved his master, pined during his illness, and died upon his grave,' (the fact has frequently occurred,) he could not but fancy that such a creature was ripe for a better world than this, and that in passing through the condition of humanity, it might lose more than it could gain. Would that dog-haters and dog-catchers might partake something of this spirit, instead of considering the whole canine genus as totally depraved, especially while 'Sirius rages.' And oh, cruel hack-drivers, and ye omnibii-nien of the town, remember that 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast!' As we write, two noble animals lie cold and stark in the street, that two hours ago were among the sentient and the quick. We say 'sentient,' and not without reflection. Let us ask the doubter if he remembers a story, among numberless others of a kindred description, of a troop of British cavalry, which had served on the conti-

ment, and was disbanded in the city of York, England, and the horses sold? Their noble-minded commander could not bear to think that his old fellow campaigners, who had borne brave men to battle, should be ridden to death as butchers' hacks, or worked till they became dog's meat; so he purchased a piece of ground, and turned out the old horses to have a run there for life. These animals were once grazing promiscuously, while a summer storm gathered; and when the first lightnings flashed from the cloud, and the distant thunder began to roll, supposing these sounds to be the signal of approaching battle, they were seen to get together and form in line, almost in as perfect order as if they had had their old masters on their backs! Are not such creatures sentient? Are they to be wasted at noon-day, by the cruelty of their inferiors? 'Forbid it, reason; forbid it justice!'

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.—We have before us the fifteenth 'Part' of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD's edition of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' So far from sinking in public estimation, as a writer, as has been more than once predicted, by certain astute critics in England, Mr. DICKENS seems even more and more affluent in intellectual resources, as he advances in his literary performances. The interest of 'Nicholas Nickleby' continues unabated. The sketches of character contained in the two chapters which comprise the present division, will bear a favorable comparison with the most felicitous of the writers' limnings. Ralph Nickleby and the lecherous, avaricious Gride; the petulant invalid and his lovely daughter, Madeline Bray; and last not least, 'Mr. Vincent Crummles, of provincial celebrity,' are each portraits so natural, colored with such minute fidelity, that we must consider them as transcripts of character in real life, rather than creations of the imagination. Mr. DICKENS is a most accurate and acute observer; and possesses the rare faculty of making his reader see and feel all that he records. The ability to create, is equally apparent, throughout his works. Memory and imagination blend their influences, and nature controls both. He trusts to these sources, and makes little use of the adventitious aids employed by less gifted and more plodding novelists. We speak advisedly, when we say, that all the memoranda preserved for the works which Mr. DICKENS is now writing, could be contained in a sheet of note-paper. 'I never,' says he, in a recent letter to us, 'commit thoughts to paper, until I am obliged to write, being better able to keep them in regular order, on different shelves of my brain, ready ticketed and labelled, to be brought out when I want them.' As readers are usually interested in the personal appearance and social habitudes of distinguished authors, we subjoin a sketch of Mr. DICKENS, which may be regarded as authentic: 'In person, he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side, rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is in repose extremely agreeable, and indicative of great refinement and intelligence. Mr. DICKENS's manners and conversation, except perhaps in the perfect abandon among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice, and quiescent; evincing habitual attention to etiquette, and the conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London; but with a lovely wife, and two charming children, occupies a retreat in the vicinity. He is about twenty-six years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or four. Mr. DICKENS is entirely self-made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius, and his industry.' The reader will be glad to learn, that the KNICKERBOCKER will be favored, in the course of the present volume, with effective evidence of Mr. DICKENS's 'good wishes and cordial feelings.'

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS. — Reader, did you ever peruse the following 'Hymn to the Flowers,' written by HORACE SMITH, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses?' If you have never read them before, we congratulate you; and if you *have* seen them once, we will not so slander your feeling and good taste, as to suppose that you are not rejoiced to have them recalled to your remembrance. They seem, to our poor conception, the concrete essence of poetic beauty:

'DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle,
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column,
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned!

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the lone aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God!

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest book!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
Weep without sin, and blush without a crime,
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your love sublime!

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours!'
How vain your grandeur! oh, how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source, your presence bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope;
Each fading calyx a 'memento mori,'
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
We are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

MILLER, THE BASKET-MAKER. — Our readers have not forgotten THOMAS MILLER, the sometime humble basket-maker, of England, whose 'Day in the Woods,' and other productions, have been noticed in these pages. He has recently published a work entitled 'Rural Sketches;' and judging from extracts in the London periodicals, we infer that he is going on from strength to strength, in his literary career. 'Home Revisited' would do honor to any pen in England. A passage or two will evince the justice of our encomium. The basket-maker has left London, 'to place his feet once more upon the very hearth-stone where he sat when a boy:'

'Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the dreamy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered. The old house was still the same, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied twenty years ago; there was no change, saving that they appeared to look older, somehow more venerable; but the alteration was more in myself than the objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp clear clicking with which it had greeted mine ears when a child, and when it told the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. . . . The gilt balls, which decorated the tall case, were tarnished; the golden wheels into which my fancy had so often conjured them, were gone; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock-chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time; they seemed weary with long watching; they could no longer keep a firm foot-hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. I looked on those ancient fingers, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure. They no longer told the time when my play-fellows would call upon me to wander into the green fields.'

We need not ask the reader to admire the deep feeling, the clusters of rustic imagery, and the pictures of sylvan scenery, which animate the subjoined passage:

'And have I forgotten those days? No! I traversed the scenes with as much pleasure last summer as ever I felt in my boyhood. And oh! pardon me, if for a moment I felt proud at the thought, that the emotions which I had gathered in those lovely solitudes, had been wafted to a thousand hearths. I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city; and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have 'blessed them unaware.' From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the drowsy brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the wood-pecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue-winged jay, as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the gray rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest. Then up flew the lark, carrying his 'tira! tira!' heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river, glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees, until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill 'chithering of the grasshopper' fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighboring valleys; or up sprang the pheasant with a loud 'whirr'; the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf, with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, muffling its roar first, as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the grunted oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle. Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain sent forth their melodies, until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of laborers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman, as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud 'rasp, rasp,' and leaned upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedges. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the threshers' flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamor of some neighboring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by — of companions who are now dead — of happy hours that can never return.'

PORTRAIT PAINTING. — Such of our readers as have been 'constant,' for the last four or five years, will remember the occasional notice which has been taken in these pages of the productions of Mr. C. GIOVANNI THOMPSON, a young but experienced artist of this city. A recent visit to his rooms, at the University, has convinced us, that the predictions of his progress to eminent distinction in his profession were well-founded. Beside a large full-length portrait of Rev. Ex-chancellor MATHEWS, in course of execution for the University, we remarked portraits of several other distinguished citizens. Among others, a group of children, executed for J. LOBIMER GRAHAM, Esq., attracted especial attention. The general effect of this effort is exceedingly fine. On the right, a child, with natural action, and much brightness and energy of expression, is springing up to pluck a rose from an Etruscan vase. The second, a younger child, is gracefully disposed on the steps leading to the vase, and in the serene quietness of its infantile demeanor, affords an admirable contrast to the life and spirit of the other. On the right fore-ground, a statue-fountain throws up its cool jet, while the back-ground takes in a distant, hazy landscape. We remarked, also, a Madonna-like head, 'La Pieté,' which struck us as exquisitely beautiful, in the sweetness and serenity of its expression. The mouth, in particular, is perfect. Two or three cabinet portraits, of the larger size, deserve mention, for their spirited execution; but the smallest sizes we should think a difficult and by no means a desirable medium for a portrait-painter. They must needs cramp his genius, in their narrow limits, almost as much as a miniature; a branch of art which led that renowned critic, ANTHONY PASQUIN, to observe, we fear with too much truth: 'A miniature painter is among artists, what a bachelor is among men; a creature who is reluctantly admitted to be of the same species and order, but who so contracts his movements, and journeys in so narrow a path, that the great ends of his being are not fulfilled. He may be said to whisper, and not talk; to vegetate with caution, but can never be exuberant, and generously unfold his masculine properties in the propitious beam of day. No man, I am persuaded, can be a miniature painter, with willingness, who has a large and beneficent heart. An Aurelian and a man-milliner should congregate in the same parish.'

MUSICAL CANT. — 'I never remarked any one,' says SIR WALTER SCOTT, 'that was exclusively attached to his own profession, who did not become a great twaddler in good society, beside being narrow-minded, and ignorant of general information.' We have been reminded of this remark of an acute observer, by a contest which has been going on in some of the public prints, in relation to the merits of 'Amilie,' the charming opera, which, week after week, during the past season, filled the National Theatre to overflowing, with admiring audiences. A musical critic, attached to a daily journal in a sister city, and greatly addicted, it is said, to what the Germans term the 'blowing and scraping pleasures,' recently pronounced the opera to be contemptible, and accompanied his verdict with characteristic sneers at the taste of our citizens. It was great folly, it appears, for them to be pleased with 'Amilie;' it was contrary to all musical rules! A very unnecessary consequence, as it seems to us, has been given to the harmless critique in question. The numerous admirers of the pleasant opera which it assails, should have suffered it to pass without comment. We have known those whom it cost far more trouble to conceal their ignorance than to show their knowledge of the science of music, to be foisted into temporary repute, by disproportionate oppugnation to professional criticism, which the public needed no caution to disregard. Of all cant, deliver us from musical cant! We have often encountered it at the theatre, at concerts, and musical soirées, where some conceited amateur would inform his neighbor, while the melody of some pleasing performance was lingering in his ear, that that was 'in very bad taste; absolutely shocking, in point of correctness; and miserably deficient in the unity, or 'general oneness,' which should pervade a composition of that description.' The *effect* was not the object; the *means* only were to be considered by the audience. A running

argument probably ensues, sprinkled with learned technicalities, and comparisons between celebrated masters. 'The song should have been set in the hypodorian key, the proslambanomenos of which mode was, in the judgment of the ancients, the most grave sound that the human voice could utter;' or the like. Some such portentous bore it must have been, who caused an old writer to exclaim: 'What pleasure or satisfaction does the mind receive from a recital of the names and performances of those who are said to have increased the chords of the primitive lyre from four to seven—Chorebus, Hyagius, and Tepander? Or when we are told Olympus invented the enarmonic genus, as also the Harmatian mood? Or that Eumalpus and Melampus were excellent musicians, and Pronomus, Antigenides, and Lamia, celebrated players on the flute? Or, we may add, whether Bellini, Rossini, or any other master, ever composed such music as that of 'Amilie?' If it be good—and *that* matter is satisfactorily settled—the public will scarcely relinquish it, malgré the adverse dicta of self-constituted musical critics. What Mr. IRVING says, in another place, in relation to literary, will apply with equal force to musical, productions. 'Whenever a person is pleased with a work, he may be assured that it has good qualities. A composer who pleases a variety of hearers, must possess substantial powers of pleasing; or, in other words, intrinsic merits; for otherwise, we acknowledge an effect, and deny the cause. The hearer, therefore, should not suffer himself to be readily shaken from the conviction of his own feelings, by the sweeping censures of pseudo critics. The performance he has admired, may be chargeable with a thousand faults; but it is nevertheless beauties and excellencies that have excited his admiration; and he should recollect that taste and judgment are as much evinced in the perception of beauties among defects, as in a detection of defects among beauties.' Again we say, preserve us from *nil admirari* flutists and fiddlers, and save us from musical cant!

'THE CRAYON PAPERS.'—The subjoined is one of some scores of similar communications which we have received, since the accession of Mr. IRVING to the literary force of this Magazine. Although aware that the subject of 'ANGLO-AMERICANUS' remarks would shrink from the publication of his epistle, we yet are reluctant to decline its insertion; since the pleasing associations of which the writer speaks, are common to the other correspondents to whom we have alluded, and to whose congratulations we should be sorry to be deemed indifferent:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

'What's in a name?'

SIR: On glancing over your Index, some months ago, my heart bounded on beholding the name of GEOFFREY CRAYON. Bear witness, ye young ones, and thou, not so young, (though not much faded, either!) who gather around the astral lamp, and listen to my nightly readings, did I not pronounce his name with enthusiasm, and promise to you dainty things—a promise which I have since amply performed? Fifteen or sixteen years ago, there was a report that his name was WASHINGTON IRVING. I saw it affirmed in Blackwood, good authority in most cases, no doubt; and it has been reiterated to me since, a thousand times. But I will neither believe 'Old Kit,' in this matter, high as is his authority, nor any body else. With due deference, I submit, that the proper style and title of the personage in question, is GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent. . . . Bless you, Sir, he was one of my earliest acquaintance! When, some twenty years since, I lived in a retired village of merry old England—a village which had the sole use of one copy of a weekly newspaper, that traversed the alpha and omega of its subscribers in turn—did I not, in this said newspaper, read an extract from 'Westminster Abbey,' in the 'Sketch Book' of GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent.? Can I forget the emotions which it kindled in my mind? How I was rapt in the admiration of its finished style, its captivating descriptions, its just moral sentiment, its awing reflections! Is not the recollection as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday, that I hastened to the neighboring town, to ask the book-seller if he knew one GEOFFREY CRAYON, and could introduce me to a thorough acquaintance with him? How impatient I was for the transit of Pickford's sluggish conveyance from London, which was to bear to me GEOFFREY! How, on his arrival, we were at once friends, close and confiding friends; understood each other perfectly, and were one in thought, sentiment, and feeling? Why, Sir, we have had more communings together than any couple of friends whom you might name out of a hundred! We have participated in the gambols of Christmas, visited church-yards, followed meandering streams, sighed over decaying beauty, blighted hopes, and broken hearts;

and in merrier moods, have had many a hearty laugh together, at the foibles and follies of mankind. Beside all which, when that interesting period came to me, in which 'a man leaveth father and mother, and cleaveth,' etc., did I not introduce GEOFFREY CRAYON to my gentle companion — not unfrequently, almost ere the honey-moon had passed — calling an intelligent neighbor to make one of the quartette; when he and I, and she and Geoffrey, conversed freely together, until the decaying embers on my new hearth admonished us to retire, long before we were tired of each other's company, on those winter evenings? I think you will agree with me, that I should know his name. 'Decidedly,' as the Chinese have it, it is none other than GEOFFREY CRAYON.

ANGLO-AMERICANUS.

COOL IMPUDENCE. — The Great Western brings us Bentley's Miscellany for July, with the announcement of an eminent literary attraction, in bold relief, on the cover, to the following effect: 'Arrangements have been made for the appearance of 'The Crayon Papers,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, in the 'Miscellany,' simultaneously with their publication in the United States.' The 'simultaneous' article, in the present number, is one which appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER four months ago. It will be very fresh in the American republication! It breaks off abruptly, in the middle of a description of 'Wolfert's Roost;' and Mr. IRVING is made to say: 'I shall hereafter throw some light upon the state of the mansion, and of the surrounding country at the time. *In your succeeding Miscellany, this can be done!*' Is n't that rich, reader? It is but a short time since, we mentioned that two original articles from these pages had been altered and transferred to the 'Bentley's,' without the slightest acknowledgment; and here is another attempt of the same description. Happily, we have it in our power, without detriment to our interest in London, to turn Mr. BENTLEY's chucklings into mortification, and to render his 'eminent attraction' a nullity. In the mean time, for the benefit of the American reader, we may state, that since Mr. DICKENS left this periodical in disgust, it has been gradually declining, and is now indebted for its attraction to what it can steal, without presenting any thing original, that would tempt an American newspaper to return the compliment.

DEATH. — The subjoined sententious passage from an ancient writer, will remind the reader of an equally terse paragraph, by the author of 'Lacon,' upon the same theme, ending with this beautiful antithesis: 'The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.' 'Spend,' says QUARLES, 'a hundred years in earth's best pleasures; and after that a hundred more; to which, being spent, add a thousand, and to that ten thousand more; the last shall surely end as the first are ended, and all shall be swallowed up with eternity. He that is born to-day, is not sure to live a day; he that hath lived the longest, is but as he that was born yesterday; the happiness of the one is, that he hath lived; the happiness of the other is, that he may live; and the lot of both is, that they must die; it is no happiness to live long, nor unhappiness to die soon; happy is he that hath lived long enough to die well.'

GREENWOOD CEMETERY. — When we inquired, recently, whether the 'awful Potters' Field, which frowned with its long trenches upon the citizen, as he ruralized toward Harlem, was to compose the only suburban cemetery which this great and affluent metropolis might boast, we were ignorant of the fact, that the trustees of the 'Greenwood Cemetery' had selected two hundred acres of ground, on the hills of GOWANUS, near Brooklyn, which they were engaged in opening and improving as a Picturesque Rural Cemetery. Report speaks highly of the beauty and variety of the scenery, and of the fine views of ocean, 'mountain, rock, and river,' which may be commanded from the grounds. We gladly commend this praiseworthy enterprise to the liberal favor of our citizens.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—At the close of a theatrical season, curiosity is generally on tiptoe, to learn the prospects of the coming year. Managers, who are generally a very mysterious, quiet sort of people, are not always willing to satisfy the earnest inquiries made at the box office for information on this interesting subject. They have a good reason for this, in the increased attraction which is sure to wait upon a brilliant star, when it bursts forth, unheralded and unexpected, before the wondering and astonished vision of us theatrical simples. But for ourself, we confess to a very inquisitive Paul Pry-ish sort of disposition in regard to theatrical matters generally, and those pertaining to our well-beloved 'Old Drury,' in particular. The anxious public may be grateful that we have not restrained this amiable propensity in this instance, but have permitted it to lead us into all sorts of unpleasant predicaments, in its efforts to ascertain the true state of things in regard to the coming season. We say, that like our predecessor, Paul Pry, we have incommenced our gentility exceedingly, in this commendable 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;' but as in all cases virtue is its own, if not its only, reward, we are consoled, and almost made happy, by the thought, that in the present case, beside this common reward of a good action, we shall receive the unfeigned thanks of the theatrical readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*; and if the result is such as we expect to the theatre, probably the freedom of the house, enclosed in a gold box from the manager. The information which has cost us so much trouble to obtain, and which we are thus generously about to bestow upon the public at large, may be relied upon as being entitled to the full credit that belongs to the reports which are circulated at this time of the year, in regard to all theatrical *to be's*. The many sources from which this important knowledge has been obtained; the ingenuity employed in gaining it; the preponderating number of kicks over coppers which some of our emissaries have received in its pursuit; are all matters now and for ever locked up within the sacred *escritoir* of our own bosoms, never to see the light, unless drawn from their concealment, by the matter of the gold box herein before mentioned. In the first place, then, as regards the building itself. The interior is to be entirely remodelled; the old gold and glitter of the boxes and proscenium is to be done away with entirely, in the new arrangement; Mr. EVANS has been ordered to spare neither pains nor expense in the adornments of that part of the house belonging to the audience, and to be equally lavish in the like expenditures upon the stage. The fronts of the boxes are to be covered with a superb silk drapery, representing scenes from the most celebrated American tragedies that have been produced at the Park the present season; instead of the old and too familiar representations of worn-out scenes from the *once* celebrated plays of SHAKESPEARE. These tapestries are now on their way from the celebrated Gobelin manufactory. A superb chandelier, containing one thousand jets, the large drops of pure crystals and aqua marines, the smaller ones of rose diamonds, lighted with a gas made from olive oil and fragrant bitumen, grace the centre of the dome, and will create an illumination considerably brighter than a noon-day sun. A highly finished drop-curtain, representing the interior of the house as it now is, and as it then will be, in happy contrast, will take the place of Mrs. Siddons, and her interesting family. The present stock company will be curtailed of its *unfair* proportions, and such additions made, as will remove all ground of complaint against this essential part of the establishment. We hope we shall not give umbrage to Messrs. JOHNSON and NIXSON, when we state, that their places are to be filled by such men as FARREN and HARLEY; and in making this statement only, the public may judge of the efficient change contemplated in this department. A new stage manager is to be appointed, and furnished with two assistants, to aid him in the multifarious and important duties of his station. Mr. MACREADY has been mentioned as likely to accept the very liberal offers made him by Mr. PRICE, to undertake the responsibilities of this high office; in which event, we may expect the revival of those plays of SHAKESPEARE, with their superb scenic accompaniments, which Mr. MACREADY has so lately introduced to the English public. A regular dramatist is to be attached to the establishment, who will not only himself furnish productions for this stage, but will also receive and decide upon the plays of other authors, offered for representation. This highly intellectual and dignified station will be filled by Sergeant THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, Esq., a gentleman every way qualified for the office, and especially fitted, by education and experience, to understand and appreciate the classical productions of our native dramatists. We have now to make known the names of *some* of the most celebrated artists, who may be expected to appear at the Park Theatre, during the approaching season. Engagements are spoken of as having been positively entered into with the following very respectable actors:

FOR TRAGEDY.

Messieurs MACREADY,	Mesdames WARNER,
" VANDENHOFF,	" HELEN FAUCIT,
" KEAN,	" VANDENHOFF,
" WARDE.	M'lles MARS and RACHEL.

FOR COMEDY AND FARCE.

Messieurs FARREN,	Mesdames KEELEY,
" POWER,	" FITZWILLIAM,
" HARLEY,	" MEARS,
" LISTON,	" EAST,
" KEELEY,	" DAVLY,
" DOWTON.	" HAYLETT.

BALLET.

M^{lle} TAGLIONI!

The ESSLERS!

Mons. and Mde. TAGLIONI, and a corps du ballet, consisting of eighty of the best figurantes of the Academie Royale. Directeur du Ballet, TAGLIONI, Père.

OPERA.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

M ^{lles}	GRISI,	Signors TAMBURINI,
"	DE LA RIVIERE,	" LABLACHE,
"	ERNESTA GRISI,	" IVANHOFF,
"	PAULINA GARCIA,	" BALFE,
Mesdames PERSIANI,	"	" TATI,
" STOCKHAUSEN.	"	" BRIZZI.

INSTRUMENTAL.

The STRAUSS Band, led by Mons. SCHALLCHER;

O L E B U L L !

The celebrated Violinist, Herr DAVID;

The extraordinary Pianist, Mons. DOHLER,

The Wonderful Flutist, Mons. LABARRE;

The Astonishing Violoncello, Mons. A. BATTU.

P A G A N I N I !

Among the miscellaneous, we have unquestionable authority for stating, that Herr SCHRYER's veritable troop of dogs and monkeys, from the Theatre Royal, have come into terms for an engagement of six nights; on which occasion the *Thames Tunnel* will make its first appearance in America. To meet the enormous demand upon the treasury, which the engagement of this extraordinary combination of talent will create, the prices will be advanced to five dollars to the boxes, and two-fifty to the pit. We are happy to have it in our power farther to inform our readers, that Mr. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, late of the Bank of the United States, will undertake the management and control of the treasury department.

c.

NATIONAL NAMES. — The reader will call to mind, in perusing the article entitled 'National Nomenclature,' elsewhere in the present number, a letter from a distinguished American gentleman, then in London, which appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER* some months since: 'Let me entreat you,' says he, 'to give our unhappy country a name! Some years ago, a patriotic and commendable effort was made to adopt the name of FREDONIA. This so far succeeded, that we are, for want of a better, still partially known by it in Europe; and you may see for sale the flags of all nations illustrated on a map, with this name in connection with our flag. The term 'United States' is very indefinite; so indeed is that of the 'United States of America,' as well as extremely inconvenient. Some 'citizens of the United States of America,' (what a wretched circumlocution!) visiting the *Thames Tunnel*, inserted after their names, 'Virginia.' Now whatever we may think of their intelligence, not one in ten of those whose names are there registered, ever hear of Virginia, or even know where it is. For the want of a name, too, the 'inhabitants of the United States of America' are called *Yankees*, and this is applied to a Louisianian as well as to a New-Englander. The newspapers, also, for want of one convenient word, are driven to inexpressive and ungraceful diminutives. At home, we do not so clearly see the want of a cognomen; but any native of the United States travelling in Europe, will keenly feel the need of a name and patronymic.' Foreigners have repeatedly taken notice of our 'classical' towns. Capt. MARRYAT, in his late work, speaking of the village of Syracuse, in this state, says: 'I do detest these old names, vamped up. Why do not the Americans take the Indian names? They need not be so very scrupulous about it; they have robbed the Indians of every thing else.'

LITERARY RECORD.

COLLEGIATE ADDRESS. — We have before us an 'Address delivered at the third anniversary celebration of the Alpha Delta Phi Society of Miami University, on the Triumphs of Mind,' by GILES M. HILLIER.' To the inculcations of this address, we yield our hearty assent; but we must declare of its style, that it is labored and sophomorical, to the last degree. Nearly half a dozen times in a page, the writer is compelled to take refuge in a quotation. Scrap succeeds scrap, to the number of forty; indeed, they are thickly sprinkled throughout the brief discourse. We remember, also, one or two amusing examples of *catachresis*, on pages indicated in our memoranda; but the pamphlet has been mislaid, and we cannot cite them. The same laughable error struck us in an English work, into which we casually glanced, not long since. The writer spoke of 'removing the mask, and exposing the cloven foot,' and of 'giving the hydra-headed monster a rap over the knuckles!' The Address is from the press of Messrs. L'HOMMEDIEU AND COMPANY, Cincinnati.

THE NEW-YORK GAZETTE. — Our opinion of this antediluvian journal — which the first navigator 'took in,' regularly, till his craft grounded one morning, on the top of Ararat, when he *stopped*, without paying his subscription — has been already expressed in these pages. As it is quite unnecessary to repeat, that Mr. DANIELS, its sole editor until recently, in independence, tact, genuine humor, and an agreeable, lively style, is just what the editor of a popular daily sheet should be, we shall say nothing on that point; but simply state, that A. MCCALL, Esq., late of the 'Troy Whig,' and now associated with Mr. DANIELS in the proprietorship and editorial responsibilities of the Gazette, is reported to be, in all respects, an equal co-laborer with his *established* partner. The 'Gazette' will be a newspaper of the first class; and we are glad to learn, that a semi-weekly for the country is to be commenced. We hazard nothing in saying, that it will be as well worth taking as any journal in the country.

'UNDINE.' — The second publication of Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN's 'Library of Romance' is 'Undine, a Miniature Romance, from the German of BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.' It was pronounced a work eminent for 'the fine and the subtle,' by COLERIDGE, and the translator deems it 'a master-piece in its department of German literature.' Why the volume should be encumbered with prefaces, independent of the translator's ample introduction, passes our comprehension to discern. They raise questions never elsewhere started, for the purpose of introducing a forced discussion, which has more of misty affectation, both of thought and style, than of comprehensive argument. In short, if this species of preface is intended to form what the Italians term the '*salsa del libro*,' or 'sauce of the book,' we should prefer to take the volume without the trimmings; however much the choice, to adopt the lucid language of the editor, may 'argue a sad discernment of the better good!'

A 'CURTAILED ABBREVIATION.' — The brief notice of the 'plate-number' of the 'New-York Mirror,' in our last issue, was clipped of an allusion to the 'Light of the Light House,' a beautiful poem by EPES SARGEANT, Esq., and of the capital extract annexed, descriptive of the daughter of the light-house keeper. The second stanza is exquisite:

'A fairy thing, not five years old,
So full of joy and grace,
It is a rapture to behold
The beauty of her face!
And O! to hear her happy voice,
Her laughter ringing free,
Would make the gloomiest heart rejoice,
And turn despair to glee.

'The ocean's blue is in her eyes,
Its coral in her lips,
And in her cheek the mingled dyes,
No sea-shell could eclipse!
And, as she climbs the weedy rocks,
And with the sunshine plays,
The wind that lifts her golden locks,
Seems more to love their rays.'

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SCIPIO'S DREAM.

IN a recent letter of Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, that distinguished scholar recommends the translation of the 'Somnium Scipionis,' among other philosophical productions of CICERO. The following, prepared with much care and labor, is respectfully submitted to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. 'It is intended to establish,' says DUNLOR, in his 'Roman Literature,' 'under the form of a political fiction, the sublime dogma of the soul's immortality; and was probably introduced at the conclusion of 'De Republica,' for the purpose of adding the hopes and fears of future retribution to the other motives to virtuous exertion.' The speaker is PUBLIUS ÆMILIANUS SCIPIO, surnamed 'Africanus the Younger.'

You are aware that in the consulship of Manius Manilius, I held the post of tribune of the fourth legion. Upon arriving in Africa, I took the earliest opportunity to wait upon king Massinissa, for whom our family have reason to feel the warmest affection. When presented to him, the aged man clasped me in his arms, and burst into tears; presently, he looked up to heaven, and said: 'I thank thee, supreme sun, and ye other gods, that ere the close of life, I behold in my kingdom and beneath my roof, P. Cornelius Scipio, whose very name infuses new being into my limbs!' The memory of one so pre-eminently good, is ever present to my mind. I then made some inquiries about his kingdom, and he about our republic, till at length question and answer brought us to the close of the day.

After an entertainment, served up in a style of regal splendor, we protracted our conversation till a late hour of the night; and during the whole time, the old man's sole topic was Africanus, whose actions, and even sayings, he remembered with the utmost minuteness. Owing to the fatigues of my journey, and the lateness of the hour, upon retiring to rest, I fell into a sleep unusually sound. It frequently happens, that our subjects of study and conversation produce in sleep a result like that which Ennius relates in an anecdote of Homer, his constant theme during his waking hours; so in this instance, Africanus appeared to me, in a form which reminded me less of his person than of his image.* I shuddered as I recognized him; but he said to me: 'Take courage, Scipio; banish fear, and treasure my words in your memory.'

Methought the place where we stood was at a vast height above the earth, and resplendent with the brilliancy of countless stars.

* It was customary with the Romans to place images of their ancestors in the halls of their dwellings.

Pointing to Carthage, he said : ' Do you see yonder city ! Do you observe how that, despite her subjection to the power of Rome by my arms, she is reviving the wars of former times, with restless pertinacity ! Have you not come to attack her with a rank but little superior to that of a common soldier ! Within two years, a consulship shall enable you to accomplish her utter overthrow, and to earn for yourself a surname which you now hold by inheritance from me. When you shall have extirpated Carthage, received the honors of a triumph, of the censorship, of embassies to Egypt, Syria, Asia, and Greece, you will be again elected consul in your absence, and will terminate a momentous war, by the extinction of Numantia. But when the triumphal chariot is conveying you to the capitol, you will incur the displeasure of the republic, disordered by the machinations of my grand-son.* Then, Africanus, it will behoove you to display to your country the light of your mental accomplishments, of your genius and wisdom.'

' But here the path of destiny is but dimly revealed to me. For when your life shall have extended through seven times eight visits of the sun to either tropic, and when these two numbers, each of which is esteemed perfect, though for different reasons, shall, in the natural course of things, have brought around this period, to you most critical, then the whole state will turn their eyes to you alone ; to you the senate — to you, all good men — to you our allies — to you the Latins, will look up ; upon your shoulders the safety of the state will lean for support ; in short, it will devolve upon you to quiet the republic, by the exercise of a dictator's power, provided you shall elude the designs of your own relatives upon your life.'

Here Lælius uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the rest groaned audibly : Scipio, however, said with a smile, ' Pray do not interrupt my slumbers ; but a truce to the subject ; listen to the remainder.'

' As an incitement to greater zeal in guarding the weal of the republic, be it known to you, Africanus, that all those who may have benefitted, built up, or preserved their country, have a particular spot assigned to them in heaven, where they will enjoy a blessed eternity ; for of all things upon earth, nothing is more acceptable to the Supreme Deity, the ruler of the universe, than those confederate bodies denominated *states*, whose governors and preservers having once gone forth from this place, will hither return.'

Now, though overwhelmed with fear, not so much of death, however, as of the treacherous designs of my relatives, I yet found courage to inquire, whether he himself, and my father Paulus, and others whom we supposed no more, were really living. ' Those alone truly live,' said he, ' who have burst the bonds of the body, and escaped from that prison-house of the soul : the state which you call life, is death : but look ! here comes your father Paulus !' At sight of him, I burst into tears ; he embraced me with a kiss, and bade me weep no more.

Suppressing my tears, therefore, the moment I could speak, I said :

* TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

'Tell me, excellent, sainted father! since *this* is life, as Africanus says, why should I linger upon earth, in exile from you?'

'So it must be,' said he; 'for unless the God of all this vast temple which you are surveying, shall himself release you from the thralldom of the body, no welcome hither will ever await you. For mankind are at birth subjected to this law; that they shall inhabit the earth, which you observe in the centre of this temple; and souls are given them from the essences of those sempiternal flames, which you call *stars*, and which, being of globular forms, and animated with divine minds, perform their revolutions with astonishing velocity. Wherefore you, Publius, and all the pious, must preserve the spirit in the prison-house of the body, and never quit the scenes of life, save by the command of the Giver of life; lest in so doing, you should seem recreant to a trust reposed by God. And remember, Scipio, like your uncle here, and like me who gave you being, to cultivate justice, and a dutiful affection ardent toward parents and relatives, but deepest toward your country. Such is the path to heaven, and the assembly of those who have already lived, and who, released from the body, now dwell in the region which you here behold.'

This region was the belt that flashes with the most vivid brilliancy, which you, after the Greeks, call the Milky Way. As I surveyed the universe from this station, every thing seemed grand and wonderful, in the highest degree. There were stars which we have never seen from the earth, and all of magnitudes such as we have never conceived; by far exceeding that body, which, in the remotest part of heaven, shines with a borrowed light in the neighborhood of the earth. The earth itself is far inferior to them, and indeed is so inconsiderable, that I was ashamed to look upon our empire, which occupied, as it were, but a point on its surface.

As I continued gazing upon the earth, Africanus said to me, 'How long will your mind grovel thus? See you not the temple into which you have come? The universe is made up of nine globes. One of these is external and divine, and includes the rest: this is the Supreme Deity himself, encompassing and keeping the whole in their places. It is a revolving globe, comprising the everlasting courses of the stars. Within this are placed seven globes, which revolve in a direction opposite to that of the superior heavens. Of these seven, one is the planet, on earth called Saturn. Next is Jupiter, whose brilliant light sheds health and prosperity upon man. Next, is the fiery, terrible Mars. Next, in the centre of the planetary region, is the Sun; the chief, the leader and governor of the other luminaries; the soul and regulator of the universe; of magnitude so vast, that immensity is filled with his light. Venus and Mercury attend him as satellites. The Moon, illumined by the sun's rays, revolves in the lowest orbit. Below her, all is mortal and perishable, except the soul, which the bounty of the gods has given to man. Above the moon, all is immortal. The earth, which is the ninth globe, and the central body of the universe, is the lowest of all the planets. It remains immoveable in space, and all ponderable substances tend toward it by their own gravity.'

Lost in wonder, I surveyed awhile the scene in silence. Upon recovering from my amazement, I inquired: 'What is this sweet, full-

toned music I hear?' 'It is produced,' said he, 'by the motion ~~and~~ concussion of the stars; a combination of intervals unequal, but ~~separate~~ ^{separate} by a fixed proportion. By a blending of acute and grave tones, they utter forth a various and equally sustained harmony; for it is impossible that bodies so vast should revolve in silence. It is a law of nature, that of extremities, the one shall give out a grave tone, the other an acute. In this way, the revolutions of the superior stars, being more rapid, are attended by a loud and acute sound; that of the moon, in conjunction with the lowest, by the gravest sound; the earth, which is the ninth globe, and immoveable in the centre of the universe, is lowest of all. The eight revolving globes, two of them acting with equal force, produce *seven* distinct sounds; which number may be called the knot* of all things.

'Learned men, who, copying nature, have imitated these sounds on strings and the voice, have thus procured their re-admission to this place; as also other men of genius, who have cultivated divine studies. So overwhelming is this sound, that human ears have become deaf to it. No one of the senses is so blunt as that of hearing. The inhabitants of Catadupa, where the Nile rushes over precipitous mountains, with a tremendous roar, have lost this sense, in consequence of the intensity of the sound. Here, the noise produced by the immense velocity of the revolving universe, is so vast, that human ears cannot receive it; just as it is impossible to look directly upon the sun, without destroying the organ of vision.'

Amazed as I was, I yet cast my eyes to earth occasionally. 'I see,' said Africanus, 'that you are still contemplating the abode of man. If it seems to you as insignificant as it truly is, be ever mindful of the things of heaven, and despise the earthly. For what celebrity or glory, worth the seeking, can you attain? You observe that a few narrow and scattered tracts comprise the whole inhabited portion of the earth; that in these spots vast deserts are interspersed; and that the inhabitants, some on either side of you, some behind, and some opposite, are so effectually disjoined, that no inter-communication can take place. From these you certainly cannot expect any glory.

'You perceive that the earth is encompassed by certain zones; that two of them, the most remote from each other, and resting upon either pole, are in a state of congelation; and that the intermediate and broadest one is scorched with the heat of the sun; so that but two of the zones are habitable. The men who walk the southern zone, being on the opposite side of the earth, can have no communication with your nation. Of the northern zone, which you inhabit, observe how small a strip has fallen to you. The whole tract, of inconsiderable length, but of greater breadth, forms a sort of petty island, washed by the sea which you call the Atlantic, the Great, the Ocean. Behold how small the subject of these grand epithets! Now in the inhabited and known countries, even, can the name of yourself, or any of your countrymen, scale yonder Caucasus, or swim the Gan-

* THE ancients supposed that the number *seven* was possessed of various mysterious properties. Cicero's idea seems to be, that it was a sort of key to the secrets of nature; a *knot*, in which they are bound up.

ges? Who in the remote regions of the rising or setting sun, of the north or south, will ever hear your name? And these apart, you must be sensible that but a small space is left for the diffusion of your glory. Those men, too, who now talk of you, how long will they do so?

'Supposing that future generations should successively transmit our praises to their posterity, as they received them from their fathers; still, by reason of deluges and conflagrations, which must occur at stated periods, our glory cannot be durable, much less eternal. Moreover, of what importance are the praises of posterity, while it is impossible to obtain those of preceding ages; when men were as numerous, and certainly better than now?

'Furthermore, among those whom our names may reach, no fame can be acquired which shall endure for a *year*: for though, in popular language, a year is measured by the periodical return to one place of a single heavenly body, the sun, yet the *full* year is complete only when the stars shall return to their original starting places, and present, after the lapse of ages, the same configuration as at the beginning. How many generations of men it comprises, I scarcely dare affirm.* In former times, when the soul of Romulus entered this abode, men thought the sun had left his station, and become extinct. Now when the sun shall have again arrived at the same spot, and again withheld his light, and all the stars and constellations been recalled to their first positions, then a full year will have elapsed; but of this not the twentieth part has yet rolled by.

'If a distressing doubt of your return to this abode of the great and eminent has ever harassed you, of what value is human glory, that can barely endure through a small part of a single year? If you would look upward, and contemplate this as your eternal home; if you would not live for vulgar renown, nor fix your hopes on human rewards; let Virtue, by her intrinsic allurements, incite you to true glory. Some will indeed talk of you, but trouble not yourself as to what they may say; for all fame is restricted to yonder narrow regions; it has never been perennial, in a single instance; it is demolished by the hand of Death; it is extinguished in the oblivion of posterity.

'Africanus,' said I, when he had finished, 'if for those who have deserved well of their country, a path is opened to the gates of heaven, although from my childhood I have walked in the steps of yourself and my father, and thus endeavored to sustain your glory, yet now that so high a prize is held up, I shall strive with greater vigilance.' 'Strive on,' said he, 'and keep in mind that it is not yourself but your body that is mortal. You are not manifest in that *form* of yours; the *mind* is the man; not the shape, which may be described with the finger. Know, then, that you are a god; for that must have a divine nature, which lives, thinks, remembers, foresees; which rules, directs, and moves the body, as the Supreme God does the universe; and as God, who keeps in operation the universe, which is in some degree mortal, is eternal, so the soul, which animates the frail body, is immortal. For whatever possesses the attribute of perpetual mo-

* THE 'full year' of Plato included fifteen thousand years.

tion, has also that of eternity ; but a cause of motion, which is subject to external influence, must, whenever the motion ceases, have itself ceased to operate. *Self-motion*, then, can alone be perpetual, since its cause is inherent and unfailing. It is also the source and *first* cause of all other motion. But a first cause can have no antecedent ; for all things are effects of it, nor would it be a first cause, if it had been created ; and if it had no antecedent, it can never become extinct ; in which case, this first cause of motion could neither be re-produced by a like, nor create a like from itself. All motion, then, must result from some original impelling cause, which, it appears, must be a self-moving power. It must also be increate and imperishable ; for all heaven might fall together, and all nature stand still, without generating a power sufficient of itself to give a motive impulse.

' Since then it appears that whatever is self-moved is eternal, who will deny the immortality of the soul ? For all bodies that are subject to external impulse, are inanimate ; animate bodies, on the other hand, are governed by internal impulse. Such is the constitution of the mind ; and since it alone possesses the power of self-motion, and is increate, it must be eternal. Train it, then, in the noblest exercises ; the noblest of all, is guarding your country's weal. The mind that is practised and worn out in such pursuits, will wing its way with a speedier flight to this abode, its own home ; and the sooner if, while enclosed in the body, it shall occasionally rove abroad, and lose itself in the contemplation of celestial scenes. Those who have surrendered themselves to corporeal pleasures, and bound themselves, in a willing servitude, to sensual delights, have violated the laws of God and man. Their souls, when loosed from the body, will hover around the earth ; for ages they must be tossed about in expiation of their crimes, before they will be re-admitted hither.'

He vanished : I awoke.

SONG OF THE SEA.

BY LIEUTENANT G. W. PATTEN, UNITED STATES' ARMY.

My home is on the heaving sea,
Beyond the breakers' roar,
And I never know a thought of wo,
Save when I see the shore ;
My life is like a flashing car,
And like a merry stave,
For I whirl along the deep, huzza !
And I dance upon the wave !

Amid the calm, without a care,
For aught that earth can bring,
Wide rocking in the idle air,
I sit aloft and sing ;
And when the storm booms fierce and far,
Regardless of the gale,
I climb the slippery shrouds, huzza !
And bend the bellying sail !

(Hammock, Okfenokse Swamp.)

The woodland note is sweet to hear,
And soft the hum of hives ;
But there's no music to my ear,
Like that which Ocean gives,
When fierce our barque, with every spar
'Taught strain'd,' her flight to urge,
'Mid rattling tramp, and wild huzza,
Beats back the bristling surge !

They say the landsman's bosom thrills
With deeper joy than ours,
That glory crowns the sunset hills,
And fragrance scents the bowers :
But off ! stretch seaward from the bar !
Spread out the canvass free !
And should they hail, tramp back, ' huzza !
Our home is on the sea !

E L E G Y .

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON.

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE.*

I.

SILENT, in the veil of evening twilight,
 Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
 Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
 Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill;
 Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
 Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
 And the weary hind to the repose
 Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

II.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
 Mid the ruins of departed days,
 By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
 Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
 Sadly think I what in gray old ages
 Were these wrecks of lordly heritages;
 A majestic castle, like a crown,
 Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

III.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,
 Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
 And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
 Blinks the empty window space between,
 Blessed perhaps a father's tearful eye
 Once the noblest son of Germany;
 One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
 Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

IV.

Go in peace! thus spake the hoary warrior,
 As he girded on his sword of fame;
 Come not back again, or come as victor,
 Oh be worthy of thy father's name!
 And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
 Deadly flashes forth! his cheeks were glowing,
 As with full-blown branches the red rose
 In the purple light of morning glows.

V.

Then a cloud of thunder flew the champion,
 Even as Richard Lion-Heart to fight!
 Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
 Bowed before his path the hostile might!
 Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
 Homeward to the castle crag he wendeth,
 To his father's glad yet tearful face,
 To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

* This poem is as celebrated in Germany, as GRAY's 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard' is in England and America. A pensive tone prevails throughout, as in most of MATTHISSON's writings. He and his friend SALIS are 'two melancholy gentlemen, to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death, to come and ferry them over the lake.' The scene of the 'Elegy' is the old castle of Baden-Baden.

EDD. KRICHERBOCKEN.

VI.

O with anxious longing, looks the Fair One
 From her turret down the valley dear;
 Shield and breast-plate glow in gold of evening,
 Steeds fly forward, the Beloved draws near!
 Him the faithful right-hand mute extending,
 Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.
 O but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
 Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay.

VII.

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
 Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
 O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
 Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.
 Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
 Wild adventures in the Holy War,
 Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
 The remembrance of his fierce delight.

VIII.

Oh, what changes! Awe and Night o'er shadow
 Now the scene of all that proud array!
 Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
 Where the strong-ones revelled and were gay.
 Thistles lonely nod, in places seated,
 Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
 When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
 And to horse in speed the father sprang.

IX.

Ashes are the bones of these — the mighty!
 Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
 Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
 Now point out the places where they rest!
 Many to the winds were long since scattered,
 Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
 O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone,
 Sweep the cloud-folds of oblivion!

X.

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
 Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
 Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
 All that earth doth bear, to empty night!
 Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,
 High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,
 Urns devoted unto Memory,
 And the songs of Immortality!

XI.

All, all, that with longing and with rapture,
 Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
 Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
 When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
 Friends at evening part with warm embraces,
 Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;
 Even the joys that Love and Friendship find,
 Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

XII.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
 Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
 And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
 Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
 Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
 On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,
 And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,
 Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

EARLY HOME RECORDS.

BY F. W. THOMAS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW.'

I HAVE always had a peculiar respect for the Methodists. My grandfather was a rigid member, and one of the first proselytes in Baltimore. I have heard it said, that he stood within the door of a humble dwelling, I think in Triplet's Alley, where he could see what was going on without, as well as listen to the preacher, in order to give notice of any contemplated intrusion, while WESLEY expounded his faith to his then few followers. He was at that time a man of ample means; a leading member of the city council, many of whose ordinances he framed; charitable and public-spirited, and withal a local preacher, for which he received no salary. The good he strove to do, was performed for its own sake. He 'coveted no man's silver, nor gold, nor apparel.' One Sabbath, while administering the sacrament, he was struck down with a paralysis, from the effects of which he never recovered. I have often heard him speak of Wesley, and the little flock who then worshipped with him. We all know now what a strong hold the Methodist faith has on the public mind. I should not, however, omit to notice one trait in my grandfather's faith. He was sternly opposed to what are called 'shouting meetings;' he held, however, that christianity inculcated, in all its precepts, republicanism; and that Methodism conformed more strictly to it than any other christian creed. Though not myself a member of any church, I remember, with deep respect and reverence, the manner in which he would open the 'big ha' bible' and say, while the family were all assembled round him, before retiring for the night, 'Let us worship God!'

In 'the monumental city' I read law, and before I was nineteen, was admitted to its practice. I had some little business, particularly in defending criminals; and I was wont to exercise my lungs in crazy declamations at political meetings. I am now satisfied, that the worst criminals I have defended, were not 'criminals at the bar.'

I had not been a 'lawyer at law' quite a year, when ill health compelled me to renounce the profession, and I became domiciliated at the residence of my uncle, who rejoiced in a delightful farm, a few miles from town. A kinder spirit never illumined mortal clay, or left it for a fitter sphere. But for his attention, and that of a beloved aunt, 'life's fitful fever' would have ended with me but a few years after it commenced.

While practising my profession, I defended a school-mate of mine, under the following circumstances. His father was a Methodist, a peace-loving man, who had been converted under the preaching of my grand-father, for whom he had a profound respect, and more than brotherly regard. The fraternal hand extended beyond this world, and I believe binds them in another and a better.

This worthy gentleman, who was named Godfrey, acquired a handsome fortune, and purchased a large estate a few miles from my uncle's. His son Adam, who was named after my grand-father, was

a roystering, reckless blade, but his character was dashed and streaked with the noblest impulses, which would flash forth like the play of the lightning in a darkening cloud. He had a lovely sister, named Jane, whom I have always deemed to be one of the most enchanting women I ever beheld; and it was not more her peerless beauty, than her angelic purity, which impressed you. A young lawyer, of feeble mind, but malignant heart, was assiduously attentive to her. I knew him slightly, before I knew her; and he was wont to remark to me, in reply to some jest or other of mine, with regard to the report of an engagement existing between them, that he 'never could get that far, until he turned religious, and that he was waiting on the 'anxious seat' of hope, for the first favorable opportunity.' I did not relish this jest at the religious views of a sect whom I respected; and I told him so, with a bluntness that ever afterward prevented any thing between us but a salute in passing.

Jane, at first, rather encouraged his attentions; but certain developments in his character, together with her father's wishes, caused her to reject him. Perhaps the advice of Adam influenced her as much as any thing; for he despised my brother limb, and loved her brother with a devotedness I have never seen surpassed. Upon this, the rejected suitor, in a disguised hand, wrote an infamous anonymous letter to her father concerning her. It was shown to Adam, who had then left school, and was living with his widowed father, and his sister in the country, where they generally passed the summer. Without saying a word, Adam mounted his horse, repaired to town, and sought the office of the lawyer, whose door he entered and locked, and whom, in his rage, he would have beaten to death, with no other weapons than his horse-whip and fist, in spite of the superior size of his antagonist, and his liberal use of the chairs and table, if persons without, attracted by his cries of 'murder!' and 'help!' had not rushed in, and with much difficulty rescued him.

Our lawyer, whose skull was as brainless as that of his dead brother, whose

'dome of thought and palace of the soul'

was rid of its tenant, when Hamlet picked it up in the grave-yard, where they laid Ophelia in the earth, would nevertheless not be knocked about the sconce, without 'complaining of his action of battery!' Adam was immediately indicted for the offence. He employed me as his counsel, and this renewed an old acquaintance. I had no doubt who wrote the letter; but the point was to prove it, in mitigation of damages; for although weeks elapsed before the trial, my brother limb still bore, on that day, like the veteran of a worthier field, convincing evidence, to adopt an ancient pun, that if Adam had been such a dullard at school as not to be able to write, it was plain enough that he could make his mark.

I obtained many of the lawyer's letters, and several legal instruments which he had drawn up; but he had so well disguised his hand, in this outrageous communication, that it could not be said that any similarity existed between them. The counsel remarked, in commenting upon 'Junius Identified,' a work which assumes to prove that Sir Philip Francis was the author of those celebrated letters,

that the *external* evidence was sufficient, he believed, to satisfy a jury of the fact, but that the *internal* evidence proved the contrary; that Sir Philip's mind was not capable of the authorship. Our evidence was quite the opposite of this — the internal evidence: the mind and heart of the party were quite capable of the act; but the external proof was wanting.

I knew that if I were to ask him if he wrote the letter, that the court would not require him to answer the question, should he or his counsel object to it, as no one is bound to criminate himself. But I thought, from what I knew of his character, that he would not employ any aid, and I did not believe that the prosecuting attorney, who knew him well, would be over anxious to shield him from the inquiry. I therefore believed, that by suddenly producing the letter, and asking him the question boldly, 'Did you write that?' I might extort the confession from his conscious guilt. It was optional with my client, either to have a jury trial, or to submit the case to the court. I advised the latter. I knew the judge to be a man of sterling integrity, who from his heart would despise such an act as I went to charge upon the prosecuting witness. The success of a case does not always depend either upon the fact or the law.

The witnessing lawyer, who was large enough to have swallowed my little friend Adam, entered with great minuteness into the aggravations, horrors, and death-purpose of the assault. He told how he was seated in his office, busily engaged in professional business, when my client entered, locked the door, and knocked him down, and before he was enabled to defend himself, horribly blacked his eyes. '*Ecce signum!*' said his glance at the court, as plainly as ever glance said it. He was thus prevented, he said, from seeing any thing distinctly that afterward occurred; my client, he declared, took advantage of this, and attacked him with a chair, with the intention of murdering him.

'It's a lie!' shouted Adam, oblivious of his whereabouts, and advancing toward the witness, with the evident intention of 'deepening the combat' and the 'black-and-blue' of his eye. His honor ordered silence, looking sternly at Adam, as if with the purpose of reprimanding him, when I took advantage of the occasion, and suddenly opening the letter to the confused gaze of the witness, demanded, 'Did you write that?' 'I must do my duty,' I added; 'I have specimens of your hand-writing in court.'

'The guilty victim started, and scarcely knowing what he did, confessed the fact. I asked no more questions, but handing the letter to the judge, explained, in a sentence, the relation the witness had sought to establish for himself in the family of Mr. Godfrey, and his failure; which, I stated, I could prove by persons then in court, if the witness denied it. He replied at once:

'I do n't deny it; and that will prove that I meant no harm in writing the letter.'

The judge thought otherwise. I never saw his countenance assume such an expression of displeasure, as on this occasion, although he was a stern man, and had long presided in a criminal court, which had made him familiar with every species of depravity. He imposed but

a nominal fine upon my client, and seemed to regret that it was made his duty to impose any ; and then read the lawyer a lecture, which I am persuaded he will never forget. He said he had doubts whether it was not his duty to exclude him altogether from the bar. This remark operated as an effectual expulsion ; for the letter-writer left the city a few weeks after ; and if he has not materially mended his ways, he has certainly, ere this, appeared as a prisoner, instead of a practitioner.

SHORTLY after this trial, in mid-summer, I repaired to the country, obtained a Rosinante, and, as far as my health would permit, amused myself—when I left my books, which was very often—with the little incidents and adventures in the neighborhood, not forgetting an occasional attendance at the political meetings. My indisposition spread a gloom over every thing. My father's family had departed for the west. For many years they had occupied an estate adjoining my uncle's ; and with a feverish, morbid fondness, I delighted to visit the scenes of my boyhood, and dwell upon every rivulet, and rock, and hill, and tree, that had been familiar to my earliest memory. How often, in the hush of night, when returning from town, have I taken a by-way through the woods, that I might call up old, thick-clustering associations ! With feelings so different from a child's, when, benighted by the old grave-yard, I have stopped my horse, and tried to recall the sensations of indescribable awe with which my school-mates and myself hurried past it, in solemn silence, when the evening sun had gone down, and left us lingering in our playful stroll home from school. Near by was our parting place ; and well do I remember the echoing shout, or the whistle dying away in the woods, with which the lonely little wayfarers beguiled their fears, as they took their separate paths to their homes. More than one bonny face was in the group, from which I was here wont to part, the black or blue-eyed daughters of our kind neighbors around. They are mothers now, and most of them have followed, ere this, to the grave, their gray-headed sires, who were wont to pat me on the head, and promise to vote for me, if I took the right side in politics, when I grew to be a man ! Many of them are resting in that old grave-yard ; and although it is not many years ago, more than one of their fair-haired daughters are sleeping their last sleep beside them—stem and flower together ! Twice, with my frail literary attempts, have I sought the shrine of the autocrats of literature in the east ; the publishers, who drink their wine, it is said, out of the skulls of authors ; but wide and far I turned from the monumental city ; for well I knew, I could not bear to call up old associations, to sunder them again. The final leave-taking, if I die away from these old haunts, cannot give me half the sorrow. I must wait until the ice grows a little harder around my heart, before I revisit the home of my childhood. It will be hard indeed, even then, if it be not melted by the memory of 'auld lang syne,' in the scenes 'where memory first began ;' of the country church, that to my boyish ideas of distance, stood afar off, toppling the knoll that was buried in the woods ; and the grove, where I have thrown myself lazily along, and watched the playful squirrel, or

listened to the birds that kept the holiday of nature in their branches :

'I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a boyish ignorance,
And yet 't is little joy,
To know I' in farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!'

A DAY or two after I had settled myself in the country, my friend Adam, who had been amusing himself in travelling from village to village, with an itinerant juggler, returned, and called to see me. I observed, with deep regret, that he had not only fallen into habits of occasional wild intoxication, but had also acquired a passion for gaming, which had already lost him large sums of money. While he was absent, I had visited his family frequently, and was delighted with the beauty, intelligence, and almost angelic purity, of his sister. With the good old gentleman, I was wont to hold long discourses upon free will, predestination, Wesley, Summerfield, Bascom, and Adam Clarke's Commentaries. I ventured to remonstrate frequently with Adam upon his habits; but he always turned it off with a laugh or joke, or left me without saying a word. I saw he deeply distressed his father and sister. After this, I seldom accompanied him any where, or knew much of what he did, except from a common friend, whom I shall call Harry, who was attached to his sister, and who was doing every thing in his power to reclaim her brother and his friend. I began to fear his efforts were hopeless.

One day Harry came from the city, where they had been together for a week, and told me that Adam was with a nest of gamblers; that he had raised every cent he could control, and lent it to him; but that he had no doubt he would lose it all. 'They are cheating him foully!' said Harry. 'I told him if he would suffer himself to be made a dupe of, in that way, I would not stand by and see it. And so I left him.'

That night Adam returned home. He was silent and sad. A camp-meeting was to commence the next day, and an eloquent and aged missionary, a celebrated minister, was to deliver a discourse. I had been all the evening talking with him. His silver locks parted over his high, calm forehead; his fine features, the simplicity of his dress and manners; the naturalness of his conversation, and his gushing, heart-felt piety, impressed me with feelings of profound respect. It was a beautiful summer moonlight night, when the family were all called together to prayers. Adam was seated moodily apart, on the porch, and entered the room doggedly. The missionary addressed us upon the joys of home, and the homely virtues, told us how they solaced the cares of life, and prepared us, in our contemplation of them, for the 'home of homes.' The pathetic tenderness of his language and manner stole over the heart like the strains of some touching melody, which the affections seem to recognize, yet wonder over. It was like a song of home, heard in a far land; a memory of the past, which something undefinable has linked, by an electric chain, with the future. It was, in fact, the piety of a better world, calling

down blessings, like sun-light, upon the rugged pathway and weary wanderer of this; cheering him, the while, to lift his moral eye above the mists that enshroud him here, to the light that would lead him to its holy home. He concluded with a prayer as impressive as his remarks, and bade us good night.

As we left the room, Adam said, with an oath, 'That's a good man; do n't you think so, Trimble?'

'I do,' I replied, emphatically.

We all took a seat at the end of the porch, in silence, which was interrupted by an inquiry of Adam, 'how he came on with those fellows?'

'Badly, in their good opinion,' replied Adam: 'I knew they were cheating me, and I waited to catch them at it. I was alone with them, and presently saw one plainly hide a card. There were three in the room. I had no friend by, but I was desperate. I sprang to the door, locked it, drew my pistols, and told them that I had detected them in the act of cheating; that I knew there was a combination among them for that purpose; and said I, presenting my pistols, 'You must refund every cent I ever lost to you, or take your *chances*! Two of you I can kill instantly, and the other must take it 'rough and tumble' with a desperate man!' You know them; Bowling, Jackson, and Sharp. They tried to laugh it off, but I stood on the other side of the table, and drawing out my watch, gave them just one minute. Bowling blustered, and swore he'd have the law of me; but asked me, nevertheless, how much I claimed. 'Fifteen hundred and fifty dollars,' said I. He's leader, you know; and he shelled it out. I pocketed my watch and my money, opened the door, and left the room. As I passed out, I heard Bowling whisper to the others: 'Let's follow him out, brain him, and get back the money!' As he said this, all three followed me out. I warned them to return; they would not, and I fired at the foremost.'

'Did you kill him?' we all exclaimed, at once.

'No; I may have hit him, though I believe they all returned to their room, and I left the house unmolested. I am told they mean to get me indicted for shooting with intent to kill. I do n't care for myself; but the disgrace, let such a trial end as it may, to the old gentleman and Jane —— Trimble, what do you say about it?'

'Why,' said I, plainly, 'to tell you the truth, if you had not been associating with these men so much, lately, your character, and the respectability of your family, would bear you through with a grand jury, and prevent them from finding a bill. As it is, though they should indict you upon the false swearing of these men, (for from your statement, there would be no grounds,) they could not, in my opinion, possibly obtain a conviction. Did any one overhear Bowling's remark about braining you?'

'Yes; Whelan, the bar-keeper, was in the next room. It is separated only by a thin board partition, full of chinks, from the other, and he overheard it. I have done him some favors; and as I was leaving the house, we talked the matter over, and he told me what he had heard. But his testimony is no better than theirs; he's a gambler, himself, and they're three to one.'

'I think,' said I, 'I can manage it, if they have not gone too far to retreat. I'll ride in to-morrow.'

'Do, Trimble,' said he, grasping my hand, 'and you will do me a service I shall never forget. I do n't care for myself—but the old gentleman and Jane! He paid a large debt for me, yesterday; and this, *this*!—' 'That old missionary,' said he, abruptly interrupting himself, 'prayed with great feeling! Yes, he did!'

'Adam,' exclaimed Harry, 'with not half the feeling of a prayer I heard this morning. I walked leisurely out, and arrived here before breakfast. When it was over, your father and sister followed me out of the room, and asked for you. I told them I believed you were in town. Your sister burst into tears, but said not one word. I was tired, and going into the front room, I threw myself on the sofa, behind the folding-doors. I was lost in thought, and do n't know how long it was before your sister entered the back room, alone. She kneeled down, and prayed aloud; thinking that no one heard her but the Being to whom her supplication was addressed. I wish you could have heard her. She was praying for *you*!'

Adam sprang to his feet, struck his clenched hand against his brow, and rushing from the porch, passed into an adjacent grove.

I staid all night, but saw no more of Adam until the next morning, when he made his appearance at the breakfast table, and announced his intention of accompanying his sister to the camp-meeting.

I mounted my horse, rode into the city, and proceeded directly to the hotel, at which I knew the gamblers, at least Bowling, stopped. Though gaming is not among my vices, since I never played for a cent in my life, yet I knew Bowling well. We agreed in politics, and he was a great better on elections; one who gained his point by indirection, and who, though not so depraved as he was thought to be, was more vicious than bold. Once, when he was indicted for gambling, I had defended him.

I asked for him, and was told he was in his room. Not being disposed to stand upon ceremony, save when it is required, I asked the number, and forthwith proceeded thither. I rapped. A husky voice called out, 'Come in!' I entered. The gambler had evidently just arisen, late as it was, for his bed was unmade; and with his coat off, and in his stocking-feet, he was gathering into a pack a number of cards that were scattered on the table and floor. On the table, also, were a couple of empty decanters, and several half-filled glasses, from the different colored contents of which, it was evident, that though the gamblers might have agreed as to their game, they had that variety which is the spice of life in their choice of liquors. The ends of cigars, which had been thrown, with unsteady hand, toward the fire-place, were scattered around. Bowling appeared a little confused, when he recognized his visiter, but he immediately rallied. His brow was flushed, and he threw upon me an inquiring glance, as he said:

'Walk in, Mr. Trimble; I am glad to see you. Any thing stirring?'

'Nothing remarkable, that I know of, Bowling; how is it with you?'

'I am glad to see you, Squire. I was asking, just now, after you. I have been robbed, Sir, of three thousand dollars!'

'Ah,' said I.

I'll tell you; you hav' n't quit the practice, have you? They told me you were living in the country. I want your advice. Yes, Sir; take a seat; robbed of three thousand dollars. That infernal black-leg, Adam Godfrey; I won some money from him; he drew a pistol on me, swore he'd kill me, if I did n't give him three thousand. I can prove it, both by Jackson and Sharp. Not only that, but after I paid him the money, as I was leaving the room, he shot at me. There, Sir, look at that hat; that bullet-hole tells the story. I'll go the whole law against him. I want you to go with me to the magistrate's; I must have out a writ. Nothing less than an attempt to murder! Limbo'll cool him! You must resist any bail, save the highest. There, Sir; that bullet-hole tells the tale!'

I thought it would have been well, could Adam have escaped, if the bullet had gone a little lower.

On discovering what his feelings were, I thought myself justified, in defending Adam, to practice a little artifice, for I knew that they would swear any thing against him: this was sufficiently evident, indeed, from what I now heard. I therefore remarked:

'Bowling, it is proper that I should tell you, that I am employed by Godfrey against yourself, Jackson, and Sharp.'

'Against *me*! — for what?'

'Why, he says that you, with the rest, cheated him out of fifteen hundred dollars, which he made you refund; that after he left the room, you followed him out, agreeing to beset him, 'brain' him, and take back the money.'

'Ha! can he prove it? — can he *prove* it?'

'Yes; he says that a person in the next room, I believe through a thin partition, overheard you, as well as himself; and that on your following him out, to put your threat into execution, he fired to defend himself. I shall be sorry to appear against you, but a lawyer must go for his client. The truth is, you are well known to be gamblers; and with this proof, if he should bind you over, the court would require enormous security. Beside, I should not be surprised, if he could prove that you, together with Jackson and Sharp, were overheard conspiring to cheat him, and boasting afterward that you had succeeded.'

Bowling looked exceedingly blank at this. Oh, what an advantage innocence has over guilt!

'Squire,' said he, in an altered tone, approaching close to me, 'as you say, the hounds are always after us. If ever there were persecuted men, we are. Damnation! I'll tell you' —

'Stop, Bowling; remember I am, in this case, Mr. Godfrey's counsel. Do n't tell me any thing against yourself; for I should be sorry to be compelled to use it.'

'You're right. He's combining with a set of rascals to put us down; that's it. He knows that the court and jury will be against us, and after he has obtained, by threatening our lives, money we won fairly from him, he wants more; I suppose to try his luck somewhere else. How much more does he claim, Squire?'

'I do n't know,' I replied, 'that he is entirely certain how much you got from him; but I speak candidly to you'——

'Do, do; I do n't think you have any cause for being an enemy of mine.'

'None whatever. I appeared for Godfrey once, when he was charged with an assault and battery. He nearly beat a doctor to death.'

'He 'll die with his shoes on, yet!' interrupted Bowling.

'I defended him, as I said; since then, I have known him well, and his family, who have wealth, and are of the first respectability. On their account, I do n't think, when his temper cools, he will be over anxious to appear in this business; for if he should, it would be evident to all that he had been gambling himself.'

'That's a fact! Gambling?—he's *always* gambling; he's one of the biggest black-legs I ever knew.'

'His father, I am sure, would object to any thing of the kind, on his part; and I think I have some influence with the old man.'

'Then, Squire, let's have it hushed up. You shan't lose by it. But that Godfrey is a perfect devil! Nobody can do any thing with him. He was once near throwing Jackson, big as he is, out of a three-story window. Do you think he 'll cool off?'

'He would n't, if it were not for the exposure. I'll advise with him.'

'Do—*do!* Stop, won't you take something to drink?'

'No, I thank you.'

'When shall I see you, Squire?'

'In a day or two; in the mean time, keep dark.'

'I will—depend on me; I'll go immediately and see Jackson and Sharp,' said he, hurrying on his coat. Squire, I may depend on you now?' he continued, offering me his hand.

Taking the proffer, I replied: 'The matter shall be hushed up, Bowling, or it will be your fault. Forthwith see Jackson and Sharp.'

So saying, I left Bowling ruminating upon the change which affairs had taken; and thus I leave the reader, until another number.

'CARPE DIEM.'

'An inch of mirth is worth an ell of moan.'—OLD BURTON.

If life is but a flower,
And beauty but its bloom,
Why not enjoy the fleeting hour,
Ere it bear us to the tomb?
If Fame is but a bubble,
And Glory but a sound,
Why not enjoy the pleasures now,
That lie neglected round?
If woman smiles and leaves us,
To bow at lucre's shrine,

Spurn the cold heart that cheats us,
And quaff the generous wine;
The fairest and the brightest,
As dreams, must pass away;
Others will rise, in beauty's pride,
To reign their fleeting day.
Then here's to wine and woman,
The matron and the belle;
To love, and mirth, and music:
So vive la bagatelle!

Montreal, August, 1839.

VOL. XIV.

MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

* Would to God we had lived together, as if the next hour were to be our last ! But the lesson comes too late !

Yes, too late, unhappy mourner !
 All thy agonies are vain :
 Cold thy brother lies before thee ;
 Tears may gush like summer rain :
 Unavailing all thy grief,
 Tears can bring thee no relief !

Many a trifle, long-forgotten,
 Selfish thought, and cruel word,
 On thy writhing soul is echoing,
 With a voice which *will* be heard :
 Vain thy deep, remorseful grief,
 Sighs will bring thee no relief !

Thou dost shrink from every solace,
 Human sympathy may bring ;
 In thy helpless desolation,
 Thought will flash, and Memory sting !
 None may soothe thy lonely grief,
 Earth can bring thee no relief !

Thou whose friends are still beside thee,
 Listen to this sorrowing strain ;
 Ponder well the solemn warning,
 Which its mournful truths contain :
 Hearts which such remorse have known,
 Peace may find in heaven alone !

A. B.

MY FISHING GROUND.

NUMBER TWO.

HERE I am, upon my old ground again. My companions, the trees and rocks, stand calm and eloquent around me. But methinks they look more sober now, than when in the full tide of spring glory. The summer deepens ; the birds have put on a more matronly demeanor ; their wild and extatic gushes of music are no longer heard, but a sweeter and more plaintive strain breaks forth in their stead.

Hark ! Cling-clang ! cling-clang ! On the hill above me, the sturdy yeoman pauses amid his labor, to sharpen his scythe. There is music, and a nameless rural charm, in the beating of his weapon, which is only equalled by the tinkling of the shepherd's bell. How tranquil and soothing the sound ! As he pauses, I hear but the solemn murmur of the crickets, and then the *rush* of his steel, as it sweeps through the grass, in one broad semi-circle. Is not this a life of poetry ? Around him lie his 'swarths,' thick as the green waves of the sea. He is out in the great temple of nature ; the heavens and the earth are an open book to him, written out by the finger of God himself ; eloquent, melodious voices are around him.

There ! I have you ! How he writhes upon my hook, scattering around him a few drops of water, like globules of silver, as, like a malefactor, he hangs suspended between the heavens and the earth.

Would you had the gift of speech, my fine fellow! You would plead as sincerely as many a wiser one has done before you, who had been as foolishly caught. You are not the only one who has felt the barbed steel, from being too greedy. The world is filled with 'fishers of men;' and their hooks are most ingeniously covered. The usurer sits all day with his long pole, and still longer line, filled with bait, and 'bobs' from morning until night. It is not for me to say how many have had their gills torn. Messieurs Quackery and Humbug are most indefatigable fishers; and the people bite now as well as they did twenty years ago. It would be a rare sight to see all the victims on one string! There would be no distinction of rank or condition. Ignorance and talent, wealth and poverty, would hang side by side. So much for moralizing upon you, my little prisoner!

Hark to the low whistle of the quail over the hill! 'More wet! more wet!' There he sits, watching the wheat-field, which runs in waves of gold before him. He 'fares sumptuously every day,' and appears satisfied and contented. He is a quaker in costume and demeanor; grave in his manner, and always appears in a suit of brown, rounded off in his rear. His is peculiarly *the* harvest song; soft and melodious; ringing in the silent noonday over hill and valley, when other birds are silent. He lingers around the husbandmen, in their toil, from morning until evening. He is one of the loveliest features of the season, and the task would move heavily, without his annual presence.

The whole wood is alive with squirrels. Black, and gray, and red, continually dart past me, and clatter up the trees for security. There is one now, perched on a long, projecting limb, chattering nonsense with inconceivable rapidity. He sits up with his tail curled over his back, and addresses all his conversation to me. He challenges me to reach him; boasts of his safety; calls me all kinds of hard names, and flirts and rattles around, to attract my attention. He knows I cannot shoot him with my fishing-rod, and that he may take advantage of my situation to tantalize me. Oh that I understood the language of the animal creation! The squirrel talks French, as near as I can make out. His gestures and movements are all French; and Noah must have introduced this language into the ark, expressly for his convenience.

Above me, on a blasted oak, sits a crow, peering curiously down at my pole, and setting up every moment his most dismal screech. He has been driven into the woods by some farmer's boy, who detected him plundering his corn-field. He is only waiting until the 'coast is clear,' to make a second descent. He is the most bold, saucy, and guilt-hardened of all the feathered tribe. Like Rob Roy, he takes his tax from all alike. He has a running acquaintance with men of straw, flying strips of cloth, long lines, and click-clack wind-mills; but he has such keen perception, he is such a physiognomist and phrenologist, that he can decide their character at a glance. He has a *flying* knowledge of all mankind, being a regular rover, a bird of the world. It is said that crows scent out gunpowder at once, and act accordingly. They are sextons by office, and have assisted in burying the dead on many a battle-field. There he goes, glossy black, over the green tree-tops, screeching out a farewell, his voice waxing fainter and fainter in the distance, until 'nothing lives 'twixt that and silence.'

But the dusk draws on, since the sun has dropped low behind the hills. The dews have sucked the fragrance from the withered grass, the sweet-scented clover, and the pea-blossom, and they come down in the valley with mingled odors. The lowing of the cattle, as they gather and move from their pasturage, falls on the ear. There is a deeper and more hollow roar in the glen, as the brook dashes onward in the gathering mist. Afar in the heavens, screaming in his loneliness, amid the thickening shadows of twilight, the speckled night-hawk circles in the sky. And hark! from the distant village comes the echoes of a church bell, dying from very sweetness, among the rocks and cliffs which surround me. And now the plaintive, melancholy song of the whip-poor-will breaks in, and deepens the eloquence of the sweetly-solemn scene. The trees begin to grow indistinct, amid the deepening shadows; they assume strange and fantastic shapes. I will away, and leave my blessing in the place of my company. Farewell!

H. H. R.

THE LOST LYRE.

OR THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT AT THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

'Oh what a sadness o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem for the loved and young!'

Siwe, minstrel! sing the bier,
Where rayless she doth lie,
Like morn's bright dewy tear,
Crushed by some footstep, ere
The sun is high!

Lift up the jealous veil,
Which fain would interpose,
To hide the finger pale
Which stole (oh! sound of wail,
Love's bosom rose!

Let music's softest swell
Low breathe the lute along,
And to each echo tell
How flourished and how fell
The queen of song!

Sing to the breezes how,
Caressing and caressed,
Like stream from mountain brow,
To placid lake below,
She ran to rest.

She thrilled the sunset sky
With numbers wild and lone,
And such the melody,
That not a bird was by,
But hushed its own.

But when the world's bleak shower
Came o'er her cheek of pearl,
As dies the passion-flower,
In some ungenial bower,
So passed the girl!

Death languished for the maid,
In his kingdom of decay,
And with a kiss of shade,
All Judas-like, betrayed
The prize away!

Along the silent stair,
So stealthy was his tread,
That the watchers, worn with care,
Knew not that he was there,
Till he had fled.

And the watch-lamp burning dim,
Cast over what was left,
A spectral flickering grim,
As if in league with him,
To hide the theft.

But when 'mid shadows dun,
Bright morn upreared its shrine,
They read, by th' tell-tale sun,
Which dazzled all but one,
The spoiler's sign.

They knew that she had died,
That the archer's debt was paid;
Yet one, who stood beside
That remnant of a bride,
Almost had said:

'How beautifully deep
In minstrel trance she lies!
It is a sin to weep,
So gently closes Sleep
Her soft sealed eyes!

LOVE UNREQUITED.

THERE is a grief which all have known,
Who ever mourned a friendship flown;
And few but once have shed the tear,
Bewailing loss of token dear:
The urn of sorrow marks the spot,
Which speaks the widow's lonely lot,
While Pity oft is seen to shed
Her tribute at the orphan's bed.

Hope hath her shadows, joy its gloom;
Yet suffer each a gentle doom,
Compared with her whose lot must prove
The pang of unrequited love!
When after all that woman's art
Could do to curb that rebel heart;
With every plea of maiden pride
At length exhausted or defied;
She feels 't is idle to restrain
The throb which tells — *she loves in vain!*

P.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I have already given you a legend or two, drawn from ancient Spanish sources, and may occasionally give you a few more. I love these old Spanish themes, especially when they have a dash of the Morisco in them, and treat of the times when the Moslems maintained a foot-hold in the peninsula. They have a high, spicy, oriental flavor, not to be found in any other themes, that are merely European. In fact, Spain is a country that stands alone in the midst of Europe; severed in habits, manners, and modes of thinking, from all its continental neighbors. It is a romantic country; but its romance has none of the sentimentality of modern European romance; it is chiefly derived from the brilliant regions of the East, and from the high-minded school of Saracenic chivalry.

The Arab invasion and conquest brought a higher civilization, and a nobler style of thinking, into Gothic Spain. The Arabs were a quick-witted, sagacious, proud-spirited, and poetical people, and were imbued with oriental science and literature. Wherever they established a seat of power, it became a rallying place for the learned and ingenious; and they softened and refined the people whom they conquered. By degrees, occupancy seemed to give them a hereditary right to their foot-hold in the land; they ceased to be looked upon as invaders, and were regarded as rival neighbors. The peninsula, broken up into a variety of states, both Christian and Moslem, became, for centuries, a great campaigning ground, where the art of war seemed to be the principal business of man, and was carried to the highest pitch of romantic chivalry. The original ground of hostility, a difference of faith, gradually lost its rancor. Neighboring states, of opposite creeds, were occasionally linked together in alliances, offensive

and defensive ; so that the cross and crescent were to be seen side by side, fighting against some common enemy. In times of peace, too, the noble youth of either faith resorted to the same cities, Christian or Moslem, to school themselves in military science. Even in the temporary truces of sanguinary wars, the warriors who had recently striven together in the deadly conflicts of the field, laid aside their animosity, met at tournaments, jousts, and other military festivities, and exchanged the courtesies of gentle and generous spirits. Thus the opposite races became frequently mingled together in peaceful intercourse, or if any rivalry took place, it was in those high courtesies and nobler acts, which bespeak the accomplished cavalier. Warriors, of opposite creeds, became ambitious of transcending each other in magnanimity as well as valor. Indeed, the chivalric virtues were refined upon to a degree sometimes fastidious and constrained ; but at other times, inexpressibly noble and affecting. The annals of the times teem with illustrious instances of high-wrought courtesy, romantic generosity, lofty disinterestedness, and punctilious honor, that warm the very soul to read them. These have furnished themes for national plays and poems, or have been celebrated in those all-pervading ballads, which are as the life-breath of the people, and thus have continued to exercise an influence on the national character, which centuries of vicissitude and decline have not been able to destroy ; so that, with all their faults, and they are many, the Spaniards, even at the present day, are, on many points, the most high-minded and proud-spirited people of Europe. It is true, the romance of feeling derived from the sources I have mentioned, has, like all other romance, its affectations and extremes. It renders the Spaniard at times pompous and grandiloquent ; prone to carry the 'pundonor,' or point of honor, beyond the bounds of sober sense and sound morality ; disposed, in the midst of poverty, to affect the 'grande caballero,' and to look down with sovereign disdain upon 'arts mechanical,' and all the gainful pursuits of plebeian life ; but this very inflation of spirit, while it fills his brain with vapors, lifts him above a thousand meannesses ; and though it often keeps him in indigence, ever protects him from vulgarity.

In the present day, when popular literature is running into the low levels of life, and luxuriating on the vices and follies of mankind ; and when the universal pursuit of gain is trampling down the early growth of poetic feeling, and wearing out the verdure of the soul ; I question whether it would not be of service for the reader occasionally to turn to these records of prouder times and loftier modes of thinking ; and to steep himself to the very lips in old Spanish romance.

For my own part, I have a shelf or two of venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula, and filled with chronicles, plays, and ballads, about Moors and Christians, which I keep by me as mental tonics, in the same way that a provident housewife has her cupboard of cordials. Whenever I find my mind brought below par, by the common-place of every-day life, or jarred by the sordid collisions of the world, or put out of tune by the shrewd selfishness of modern utilitarianism, I resort to these venerable tomes, as did the worthy hero of *La Mancha* to his books of chivalry, and refresh and tone up my spirit, by a deep draught of their contents. They have

some such effect upon me as Falstaff ascribes to a good Sherris sack 'warming the blood, and filling the brain with fiery and delectable shapes.'

I here subjoin, Mr. Editor, a small specimen of the cordials I have mentioned, just drawn from my Spanish cupboard, which I recommend to your palate. If you find it to your taste, you may pass it on to your readers.

Your correspondent and well-wisher,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

LEGEND

OF DON MUNIO SANCHE DE HINOJOSA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

IN the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors; on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport.

IN old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and scymetars, and Moslem helms, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in hounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth, without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dis-

persed his followers to rouse the game, and drive it toward his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came pranking over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this gay cavalcade, rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire: beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor wrung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight, who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, 'Don Munio Sancho,' said he, 'I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son of a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored.'

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals.'

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth messives in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days, the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and

dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horse-men, all staunch and well-tried warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. 'Alas, my lord!' exclaimed she, 'how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when will thy thirst for glory be appeased!'

'One battle more,' replied Don Munio, 'one battle more, for the honor of Castile, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem.' The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit: still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders. Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. 'Now is the time,' cried he, 'to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter.'

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry, and smote his breast. 'Who is me!' cried he; 'I have slain my benefactor! The flower of knightly virtue! the most magnanimous of cavaliers!'

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, 'What seest thou?'

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the warden sounded his horn. 'I see,' cried he, 'a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!' exclaimed the old sene-

schal : ' my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives ! ' Then the castle courts rang with shouts of joy ; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose : he lay in his armor, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered, and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances : and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle !

THE sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription : ' *Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancij De Finojosa :* ' Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salamanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marvelled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith, in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonzo VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend, to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.

NATURAL REVELATION.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE 'RELIGION OF NATURE,' A MS. POEM.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

Ho, heartless Atheist! — hear'st thou not
A mighty eloquence in every groan
Of the storm-riven pine wood, and a deep
And dread divinity in every crash
Of the hoarse midnight thunder? See'st thou not
The footsteps of thy God upon the sky,
What time the dreadful lightning's glare reveals
The spectral mountains, the surf-smitten cliffs,
And the quick darkness makes them black again!
Be thou a man! — fling thy foul creed aside,
And forth with me into the dim old woods,
Where the strong trees are fighting with the storm,
And the loud torrents shake the misty hills,
With their great acclamations! Lo, behold!
It is the tempest's lordly tournament!
And the dark heralds of the storm have called
The mad winds to their mighty festival;
Whether they hear, on the Norwegian shore,
The death-cry of the drowning mariner,
Or toss the life-boat on the southern seas,
Or dance their war-dance round the icy pole!

Oh let your heart be willing to be taught
By these great ministers! — sea, wind, and sky,
And the black clouds that pilot 'n the storm;
The o'erflowing stream, the bald and time-worn rocks,
That dash the growling wave in fury back;
The blue hills gleaming in the lightning's glare,
And the deep thunder's awful requiem!
Yes! enter into Nature's glorious fane,
Whether the storm raves, or the soft winds sigh,
And in that beautiful humility
Which wakes a better nature in the heart,
Kneel down before her altars: make the birds,
In dell and rocking mountain wood, your friends;
And while they stir the dark green drapery
Of the old forests, or in harmony
With the soft sighing of the evening breeze,
And the sweet voice of waters, hear their part
In the great vesper anthem which rolls up
At night-fall from the fragrant wilderness,
Let their glad carolling glide from your ear
Down to the dim chambers of your heart,
And from your heart ascend in thankfulness,
To Him who made, and loves, and governs all!

LONG BRANCH.

'I WILL rob neither ancient nor modern books, but pillage all I give my reader, from the book of the world; so shall he see of what modish existence doth consist.'

OF all places of summer resort, commend me to the Branch. I have spent years of summers at watering places; have walked the pump-rooms at Bath and Cheltenham; have sipped the chalybeate at Leamington, and have strolled, for weeks together, beneath the shades of its venerable trees, and Oxford-like streets. I have bathed and dauceed at Brighton; have played roulette and chatted French with the fair-haired, blue-eyed damsels of the Rhine, at Spa and Ems; and even once passed a night, and was almost frozen for my temerity, at the Baths of St. Gervais, in the heart of the mountains of Savoy; where, by the way, although it was during the height of summer, when I awoke, in the morning, the evergreens overhanging the baths were covered with a mantle of white, and our window-panes crystallized with frost. I have also wended my way, on a July day, with the thermometer at 90°, up the noble Hudson, in a magnificent steamer, in company with a multitude of pilgrims of fashion, to Saratoga; and enjoyed what is termed recreation, in a box eight feet by six, and fasted for a fortnight at a table with two hundred and forty odd, three times a day; which, en passant, I conceive not to be without its effect upon the valetudinarian; and yet I say, of all watering places, give me Long Branch. Its retirement from the busy world; the bank along which you may walk for miles, with the ever-moaning ocean breaking along beneath you; the velvet green of the sward; the old aristocratic fish-hawks, as they sail in conscious security overhead, or repose in silent majesty upon their rugged pines; and even the hard, bone-setting Jersey wagons, with their lank horses, have their charms of association for me. The fishing-grounds, where I have passed days beneath a vertical sun, and the hard sands of the beach, at low water, the green memories of former days, are twined round my heart, in connexion with the 'Branch.' I was taken there in childhood, and many is the pleasant stroll we have had through 'Sherman's' woods, or wandered as far as the 'River,' the 'Ocean House,' or 'Black Point.' It may be, however, that I am too partial; and some idea of my feeling for the place, may be formed, when I say, that it was there that I first met M; and it was there, under the old Bow-house, on a star-lit night, (the very same, I verily believe, that I sat under last summer,) that I took my leave of her for ever!

There is, I am free to confess, in the foregoing, an appearance of egotism, in parading before my readers 'the whereabouts I have been.' It seems to say, 'Here is one who knows; he has seen, and stakes his claims to notice, upon the advantage of travel.' True it is, I have travelled much, and seen more; and let me tell such as have not, there is more to be learned in a day, by the eye, than in a month in the closet. What though it hardens more our hearts, and steels them to the cries of suffering humanity? It likewise causes us to shrink within ourselves, at our own littleness, and mechanically turns our ear to the

inward warning voice, which tells us we too have a destiny to fulfil, a work to accomplish, in comparison with which all our plans, and hopes of personal aggrandizement, in this world, are as the dust of the balance.

The summer of 1838 we all remember to have been one of intense heat. Every watering place, far and near, was crowded to overflowing. The Branch had a benefit it had not known for years. Many a one who occupied the fifth of a small room, would gladly have ran back to the city, but for the doleful tidings brought down daily by the papers, and which was the daily subject of conversation and congratulation among the visitors, such as : ' The thermometer stood this morning, in the shade, at M'Allister's, in Chesnut-street, at nine o'clock, at 90° ; at twelve, 94° ; and at three in the afternoon, at 98° ! ' Never thinking, for one moment, of the numerous professional and mercantile friends, among the *working* classes, who were obliged to weather dust and heat, in the hottest of cities, while we, happy fellows ! were taking our ease, cigar in mouth, in the piazza, or under the bower, inhaling the bracing salt breeze from the ocean.

The society last season, at Robinson's, was as usual almost exclusively Philadelphians, and among them were some beautiful women, and some bred and born gentlemen, too, with whom it was a pleasure to associate ; but despite of good society, books, bathing, riding, etc., we could hardly prevent some heavy hours accumulating upon our hands. Various were the endeavors made to get up amusements, of some kind ; for be it known, there are none at the Branch. Cards are forbidden ; no billiard tables ; nothing but two nine-pin alleys, which require some skill and force to roll the balls *off*, so much are they warped into gutters by the sun. This, as I learned, was brought about to enable the ladies to trundle the balls ; and many is the delightful game, in former years, I have had with sundry fair belles, into whose delicate hands I have handed the balls, who now are married, and pass me in the streets of Philadelphia with a formal nod of recognition, forgetting the many bowls of black-berries and whortle-berries I have picked for them, or the baskets of harvest-apples and peaches I have bought from the bare-footed, tow-headed little urchins, who throng around the bower and portico, to earn a few cents during the watering season !

The Branch has fallen from its high estate. Time was, and in my memory, too, when the esplanade in front of Sears' presented the gay scene of a tournament. Knights (carpet) curvetted and charged, in ranks and squadrons, and right forms of war. The long balconies were filled with bright eyes and fair forms ; and well do I remember the Queen of Love and Beauty upon that occasion, one of Virginia's fairest daughters, placing the wreath of victory on the brows of one who, although now a married, sober citizen, with some half dozen heirs to his honors, cannot fail to entertain a vivid recollection of the tournament at Long Branch. She, the queen of that day, is no more ! She died, beloved and lamented, in a foreign land ; and many, too, who were there, in all the pride of life, now sleep beneath the clods of the valley ; and the tourney is only recurred to, when, around the table, the subject of converse turns upon the palmy days of the Branch, and the elderly ladies endeavor to excite in the few youth

who follow their lady loves to this retreat, the emulation of devising some new amusement, to kill that time which is so fast killing us, in the long days of summer.

I was but a stripling when the tourney was given; and my blood tingled in my veins, when the gay bugle rang clear, over land and sea, the summons to the charge. The scene, at this distance, is indelibly fixed in my memory; and never did youthful knight or page of the chivalric Henry pant more for the charge, in the Vale of Ardres, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold, so celebrated in story, than did I to be permitted to enter the lists, on that memorable occasion.

'*Sea tempora mutant, et nos mutantur con illis.*' The last season, too, had its diversions; and as a flickering luminary, as it draws near and nearer to its close, emits a more brilliant light, so the Branch exceeded in splendor all former years. There was that beautiful conception of modern days, the 'Tableaux Vivant,' in which were portrayed to the life scenes of the elder time. There was Rebecca and Ivanhoe, Pyramus and Thisbe, Jessica and a host of others, all to a most striking perfection; for seldom was there united a more brilliant collection of beauty, than last summer beheld at Long Branch. But it is not what it was. Tourneys, too, there were, but of a far different character from those I remember; and 'low' as it may appear, I will give a brief outline of one I beheld in August last.

It is a bright afternoon; the sun is sinking in the western heavens; the air from the ocean comes in fresh and cool; the billows, with their silvery crests, chase one another, like the hopes of life, to break and vanish on the sands of time. Even the porpoises seem to feel the exhilarating influence of the bright atmosphere, and leap and gambol in the dark blue waves. The sun is warm, and over land and sea all is life and joy. The distant argosies, far away on the main, as they plough their way to the neighboring port, reflect the evening rays from their snowy wings. Jersey and fish wagons, and vehicles of every description, raising clouds of dust, are seen approaching from the north and south. Women and children, too, are toddling along toward the scene of the tourney; for far and near it has been given out, that the young gentlemen of the different houses would on this day divert their lady loves with a '*chassé au cochon*,' anglice, a 'pig-chase!'

Nothing could be finer than the *locale* selected for the display. It was the square field which occupies the space between Robinson's and Lane's houses, enclosed with a board fence, and completely commanded by the southern balcony of the former. The ground is level, and carpeted with a soft turf. Along the fence, and upon seats erected for the occasion, were the spectators, ranged closely side by side, eagerly awaiting the signal for the sport to begin; while within the enclosure were seen the couriers, who, for a quid pro quo, were to enter the lists for the prize, viz., a pig and a purse of gold; numbering among them some fleet-footed Jersey lads, and sturdy fishermen, but in far too great a proportion to the prize. The balcony was crowded with beauty; such as in any other field would have inspired even age itself to have periled life and limb, to win a glance of approbation from some bright eyes I saw there.

And now the stewards give the signal to 'let go the pig;' and a

large, lank animal, evidently selected by competent judges of speed and bottom, trots into the area, his exterior well covered with ingredients of a slippery nature, which his interior had never known. He trots around the field, occasionally trying the fence, as if bent upon escape. And now a shout rends the air. His pursuers are upon him! He turns and makes play; they follow him close, while cheers from the crowd animate the knights. Although 'a rum'un to look at, he's a good'un to go!' He becomes infuriate; pitches against some, overturning them in his route; and between the legs of others, who attempt to 'head him in.' The sport is at the highest; the 'game is blown,' and cannot hold out much longer. And now, as on a former occasion, of which we read in ancient story, at the tournament in the days of King John, at Ashby de la Zouche, their suddenly appears in the lists a new champion; a black knight, of gigantic figure, and no less a personage than the leader of the menials at Robinson's. Fresh and powerful, he outstrips all competitors; and the poor 'blown' porker falls an easy prey.

The champions of the day could not endure this. To have the game carried off by one who had taken no part in the chase, and he a black, was quite too much. High words rapidly follow one another; the crowd press in; the lists are broken down; the whole number of blacks stand round their leader; a furious row ensues, and the stewards press on, to restore order. Women have been termed the silken bonds of society, which bind it together in peace and harmony. This, however, could not be said of them in the present instance. The young Philadelphia bloods, conceiving their honor at stake, in such a termination of the day, soon left the sides of their fair ones, nothing loth, and plunged into the crowd, which was weltering and rolling below, like the billows of the sea.

The champions of the chase, who now began to understand that they were brought from far and near to afford amusement to the ladies and their beaux, disappointed at their ill luck, and indignant at the interference of the negroes, turned lustily upon the silken-hose gentry, and one after another, stewards, young doctors, and lawyers, measured their length upon the turf. What was sport a few minutes before, was now sad earnest. Shrieks and cries were heard from the balcony, which was suddenly vacated. Fair forms were borne away in fainting fits; restoratives of all kinds were in request; chambermaids were seen running, half wild with affright, along the galleries, and children were screaming. The young sons of Æsculapius, who should have been in attendance, were patients themselves, lying battered and bruised on the green field; not of victory, for they got by far the worst of the fray. Night closed the scene; but the honorable scars of the participators of the memorable seventeenth of August, long bore evidence of the part they sustained in that eventful day.

This once delightful resort is going down hill. The ocean is making yearly inroads upon the bank; and where the road ran, when I was first a visitor at Sear's, the moaning sea now breaks, and sand-snipe chase the receding waves for sand-flies. The Branch is essentially a Philadelphia watering place; and an old baronial German residence in the Bergstrasse was not more completely exclusive, so far as strangers were concerned, than was the centre building at Long Branch. But Time, who stamps his impress upon every thing

earthly, has left it visibly apparent in the society which now resorts yearly to this ocean retreat. Most of the old families have dropped off; one by one; and new faces, and aspirants to fashion, now resort there, with but few of the old patrons. It has latterly, too, I am told, a reputation for scandal; and 't is said other business than mere recreation is arranged and planned there. But be that as it may; the air and the water are the same, though ever changing; and in both, to the few who can rightly appreciate them, will be found society and health.

L. S. N.

Philadelphia, July, 1839.

TO A FALLEN OAK

ON THE BANKS OF THE WISSAHICCON, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I.

ONCE in thy bosom sang the wild bird sweet,
And the red Indian stretched his weary frame
Beneath thy shade, in noontide's fervid heat;
The muttering thunder and the tempest came:
Around thee flashed the lightning's forked flame;
Still dost thou rear thy crest, gigantic oak!
Laughing to scorn their elemental aim,
And boldly daring Time's destroying stroke,
While with each morn thy form to mightier strength awoke.

II.

The antlered rover of the wilderness
Hath bounded near thee in the joyous hours,
With her young fawn, in sportive loveliness;
The ring-dove woo'd his mate within thy bowers:
Children of beauty, rainbow-vested flowers,
Opened their bosoms to the golden bee,
Sparkling with gems wept by the dewy showers,
Beneath thy broad and emerald canopy,
Son of the forest home, thou once majestic tree!

III.

But Time hath struck his javelin to thy core,
That sire of life, and monarch of decay;
And now thou liest, all withered, wan, and hoar,
Beneath the night-storm, and the scorching ray:
No more shall blue-eyed Spring, in spirit gay,
Spread thy green banner to the wanton breeze;
Life, strength, and beauty, all have passed away;
Upon thy leaves the worm and lizard seize,
And o'er thee slowly creeps the shroud of fell disease.

IV.

Thou link of the illimitable chain!
Part of the beauty of the glorious past,
Though thus thou liest, to life thou'lt spring again,
And round thee Nature's glorious mantle cast;
While from her treasures of the undying vast,
The teeming earth, the spirit-breathing blue,
The glow, the glory, and the lightning's blast,
The balmy breeze, the silver-dropping dew,
Shall from thy mouldering form unnumbered forms renew.

Gimcrack the Second.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

THE STORY OF POPPY VAN BUSTER:

IN THREE CHAPTERS: BEING THE RELATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES WELL KNOWN TO MANY LIVING AND CREDIBLE PERSONS TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND THEREFORE NOT ENTITLED TO THE DISTINCTION OF BEING CALLED A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

WILL INTRODUCE THE READER TO THE MANSION OF THE VAN BUSTERS, AND ALSO TO THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES OF THIS HISTORY.

It has justly been observed, by a very great philosopher, that 'Time levels all things;' but there is nothing to which the old destroyer pays less respect, than a wooden house. Time, however, is a conservative, compared with those destructive gentlemen who compose the common council of this famous city. No sooner do they take their oaths of office, than they begin to pass laws for the demolition of a thousand or two houses, in different parts of the town, without the smallest regard to the remonstrances of their occupants; and if there should chance to be such a thing as a green hill within their jurisdiction, they proceed to level it without delay. This they facetiously term 'making improvements.' The consequences attendant upon this system of house-demolishing, must, of necessity, in some instances, be picturesque in the highest degree, and in almost all cases, very melancholy. The disastrous consequences of one of these 'improvements' will form the subject of these chapters.

In one of the long, strait avenues which beautify the upper part of this tumultuous metropolis, stretching its flagged walks far beyond the vision of an ordinary eye, stood the wooden mansion of the Van Buster family. It was perched at a fearful height from the surrounding pavement, on ground barely sufficient to bear its weight; and being propped up by numerous slender poles, and long pieces of scantling, it bore no small resemblance to one of those entomological specimens, to which Nature, in her bounty, appears to have given legs sufficient for half its species. But I doubt if the Van Buster house would have kept its airy position with one prop or one inch of ground less; indeed, the only wonder was, how it kept together at all. Time and the elements had done their worst, and reduced it to as rickety and worthless a condition as the most inveterate lover of ruin could have desired. The little urchins in the neighborhood no longer tried their skill in archery, by shooting at its windows; for there was not a glazed pane left in the whole building, and the quilted petticoats which supplied the place of glass, were not so easily demolished; they were left undisturbed to bleach in the sun and rain. The gable-end which looked into the newly-opened avenue, bore, in curiously shaped iron figures, the date of its birth, '1779;' and no one would have guessed that it had sprang into existence a year later.

On either side, it was flanked by long rows of flat-roofed houses, flaunting in all the pride of red paint, and green Venetian blinds. Every body wondered that such a fashionable street should be disgraced by such an antiquated piece of architecture; for there is nothing so repugnant to fashion as antiquity. The old house hung upon the fair fame of the neighborhood, like the old man of the sea on the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor. Rents of genteel houses opposite were not more than double what their tenants could afford to pay; and hence landlords were loud in their complaints against the venerable old pile. All the Irish chambermaids in the street used to cross themselves as they passed it of an evening, and the darkies would roll up the whites of their eyes, in evident consternation, as they shuffled past; for some wicked individuals had got up a story that the house was haunted. The report, however, as my enlightened reader will suppose, had no foundation in fact. But it was not surprising that the old house should be regarded with a suspicious eye, by those whose faith was stronger than their philosophy; for the absence of all signs of in-dwelling life gave it a most gloomy and mysterious appearance. It sent a chill to the heart, to hear the shutters creaking on their rusty hinges, when the wind was high; and many a little slumberer has been startled from a pleasant sleep, by the slamming of its doors, on a stormy night. It was true, that sometimes, of a still morning, a light curling smoke might be seen rising out of an aperture in the roof; but

‘The smoking chimnies, which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitalitie,’

were gone; the cheerful peals of women’s tongues, the merry sound of children’s voices, and the light-hearted, infectious laugh of innocence and youth, were no longer heard within its walls; the beggar no longer rested at the door, and the prowling thief, in his remorseless rounds, passed it wholly by.

The sole occupant of this apparently deserted mansion, was POPPY VAN BUSTER, the principal personage in this history, and the last of his family. Some asserted that he was the first, also; for in this metropolis, where a neighborhood changes its population once in ten years, at least, it could not be expected that any of Poppy’s neighbors should remember so far back as when he was born. There seemed to be a sympathy between him and his house; and as no body beside him could have been found hardy enough to sleep under its dilapidated roof, so, it was thought, it would not have kept itself above the head of any one else.

The once numerous family of the Van Busters, owing to non-marriage, and various accidents, had dwindled away, until poor Poppy was left in his old age, without a companion in the world, save an old China parrot, which one of his ancestors had brought over from Holland. All the associates of his younger years had long been swept away by the tide of time. Some had gone to seek their fortunes on the grand canal; some had become great speculators and some great rogues; others had been hung, and some had found their way to the alms-house. Not a solitary companion had Poppy, to return his greeting in the morning, or to bid him good night, when he retired to rest. But his old house was to him father, and mother, and

friend; he loved the very cobwebs with which its blackened walls were festooned; and his heart clung to it with greater fondness, as day after day he saw all the old familiar objects in his neighborhood disappear, and something new and strange rise up in their place. Here a green hillock, on whose gentle slope he had many times basked in the warm sun, was levelled, to fill up a pond where he had skated when a boy; and there a long alley of sycamores and weeping willows were succeeded by a stationary army of tall black lamp-posts; and where every thing was once green, and fresh, and pleasant, all was changed to close, confined streets; and green meadows and noble orchards were succeeded by a hard pavement, and little bits of dusty gardens. These changes filled the heart of our hero with grief, and his head with dismay. He would sit and ponder for hours, puzzling his brain with vague surmises about the probable cause of all the strange movements that were going on around him. He had never read a newspaper, or spent an evening in a bar-room, in his life; how then could he know any thing about the great improvements that were going on in the world? The word had not got into general use, when he mixed with his fellow citizens; and steam-engines, and electro-magnetism, to say nothing of phrenology, and clairvoyance, were subjects of which he knew no more than his China parrot.

Indeed, so ignorant was Poppy of the true condition of things, that he honestly thought that the bricks, of which the interminable rows of houses in his neighborhood were built, all came from Holland. Although he was never known to perpetrate a joke but once in his life, and that was when, one April fool's day, he placed a tub of dirty water on top of the barn-door, and then was the first to open it himself, yet he would occasionally indulge in a quizzical smile, when he looked upon the flat-roofed houses all around him, and compared them with the tall gables of his own well-beloved mansion, which were so cool and pleasant in summer, and so well calculated in winter to slide off the snow which was sure to fall upon them; they were exactly adapted to the exigences of the climate, and Poppy thought to himself, 'How powerful is fashion, that, spite of beauty, comfort, and convenience, makes men adopt her models, whether suited to their wants or not!'

Hardly a day passed by, in which Poppy did not receive either an offer from some speculator for his lot, or a threat from the street commissioners, that his house should be pulled down about his ears, if he did not not leave it. But temptations and threats were alike unavailing. At one time, the corporation had the appraised value of the land carted up to his door, all in specie; thinking, silly body! that the sight of so much silver would overcome his sturdy Dutch affections. He did not even deign a reply to the insulting act, but continued quietly smoking his pipe, with his eyes resting on his China parrot, all the while the agent of the corporation was remonstrating with him. On one occasion he did, indeed, condescend to make a reply, when he was sorely beset. His honor, the mayor, thinking to awe him into compliance, called on him in person. But this dignified unbending of official greatness failed of its expected effect. His honor found our hero smoking his pipe, as usual, in his little par-

lor; but not being aware of the quality of his visitor, or probably anticipating the errand on which he had come, Poppy did not even rise to greet him. This want of courtesy the worthy magistrate affected not to notice, but began his remonstrance, in a tone of subdued dignity; for he was a cunning man, and knew that nothing could be gained by violence.

He began by making a few magniloquent and incomprehensible remarks, such as are suitable for great occasions, and having discoursed on the march of mind, the influence of steam, and other matters quite as foreign to the subject in his thoughts, he gradually developed to the unmoveable old man the object of his visit. He even condescended to read, from a yellow sheep-skin volume which he had brought with him, the law which compels a man to yield up his property at the will of the common council, whether he be disposed to do so or not. He then went on to cite innumerable precedents, enough to have terrified the soul of any body but a Dutchman. But the eloquence of the mayor, the law, and the precedents, had no more effect upon Poppy, than they had upon his China parrot; for he had, if possible, a greater contempt for the laws, than he had for improvements. But his honor, like a skilful general, had reserved the force of his fire for a rallying charge. He told Poppy, with great exultation, that the board had passed a resolution to build him a new house, with marble mantels, and folding-doors, exactly like those which surrounded him, if he would quietly consent to vacate his old one. At the bare mention of such an abomination, Poppy threw down his pipe, jumped upon his feet, and swore a terrible oath, all the blood in his body rushing the while into his withered face.

'No!' he exclaimed, 'never! This is my house; it was my father's; it has never deserted me, and I will never leave it! I was born here — I will die here!'

The worthy magistrate was electrified, and finding that Poppy was impervious alike to law and eloquence, he suddenly withdrew, without displaying any of those pleasant and dignified airs with which he had entered; as a company of warriors will march into battle, observing all the rules of the strictest martial etiquette, and making a great flourish of drums and trumpets, but finding it necessary to make a retreat, will scamper off, every man for himself, without paying the smallest respect to army tactics.

At the next meeting of the common council, the mayor sent in a report of his proceedings; whereupon it was resolved, that Poppy Van Buster was a stubborn old Dutchman, and that he and his old house should be forthwith removed, *vi et armis*.

The work of destruction went daily on, and Poppy disputed every inch of ground, until his house was left standing in the fearful situation in which we have described it. Here the levellers stopped. They had an undefinable dread of going farther. Whether they desisted out of respect to the old gentleman's affection, or whether they feared that he would invoke some dreadful calamity on their heads, is not now known. The corporation winked at the neglect of their agents, and consoled themselves with the expectation, that the next September gale would certainly topple down the old house, or that death would shortly overcome the obstinacy of its tenant. But

gale succeeded gale, and season followed season; and neither Poppy nor his house gave any signs of immediate dissolution. How long they would have continued in existence, it is impossible to conceive, had not chance, which has brought to a close matters of greater importance than this, when design has failed, at length consigned both house and tenant to their native dust.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINS A HISTORICAL FACT, WHICH THE READER MAY NEVER HAVE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE.

It so happened that Poppy was one morning inspecting an old chest of drawers, which once belonged to his great aunt, when he found a large roll of faded taffeta, tied up with innumerable pieces of thread, and worsted yarn. An unusual curiosity prompted him to examine its contents. After removing a good many envelopes, all of which were carefully tied up like the outer one, he at last came to a small roll of what appeared to be nothing more than dirty brown paper, but on close examination, it proved to be continental money. He remembered that during his aunt's life time, she was supposed to be immensely rich, but that on her death, the only article of value found among her effects, was an old tortoise-shell snuff-box. 'This then,' thought Poppy, as he unrolled the bundle of continental notes, 'was my aunt's fortune!' And he could not but think, that Providence had thrown in his way this hidden treasure, to reward him for his constancy in clinging to the home of his ancestors. His next thought was how to dispose of such an enormous sum of money; and after reflecting on the subject almost a month, it occurred to him that his cousin Nicholas, who lived in Coenties' slip, was entitled to one half of it; and he determined to make him a visit, and announce his good fortune to him; for Poppy was the soul of honesty, notwithstanding he was such an inveterate enemy to modern improvements. He never wasted a thought on the probability of his finding his cousin, although it was a very long time since he had heard of him; but immediately commenced selecting himself a dress, from the extensive wardrobe of his ancestors, in which to make his visit. It was the old gentleman's wish to avoid observation, for he dreaded the consequences of being seen away from his house, and had a vague idea of the mutabilities of fashion. He therefore very discreetly selected the most modern dress he could find. This consisted of a pair of velvet breeches, with a patch on each knee, but so little faded, that there was considerable room for guessing at their original color, which might have been green. The fashion of the coat was quite indescribable. Its collar was very small, but the tailor, as if conscious of having done a wrong to that part of the garment, had made most exuberant tails, with yawning pockets, of fearful capacity, which told as plainly as pockets could speak, that the date of their construction was anterior to the race of pick-pockets in this thriving city. The crown of his hat was about the shape and size of a great bowl; and the rim being broad, it was buttoned up at the sides, to keep it from slouching. Thus equipped, did the honest old gentleman steal quietly out of his house, one pleasant morning in July, to go in search

of his cousin Nicholas, just as the sun was beginning his daily task of heating the tiled roofs and cobble-paved streets of the 'commercial emporium,' as well as every other emporium in the Union. A slight moisture suffused his eyes, as he heard the heavy sound of his footsteps on the hard flagging of the street, for it called to mind the verdant carpeting which once overspread the very place where he was walking. But he drove away all melancholy feelings, by thinking of his aunt's fortune, and imagining the pleasant surprise of his cousin Nicholas, when he should hear of his good luck.

But alas! that we should anticipate pleasures, when even those which are enjoyed pass away before we are scarcely sensible of possessing them! O that men would learn, from the continued decay going on around them, never to fasten their affections upon mere earthly things! Little did Poppy think, when he left his old house that pleasant summer morning, that never again should his head rest beneath its venerable roof. He had advanced but a short distance on his honest errand, when Fortune, who is never asleep when there is mischief to be perpetrated, directed the street inspector to the very spot where our hero was quietly trudging along. That indefatigable officer was taking a short ride, for the benefit of the morning air; and his attention being arrested by a strange-looking figure, he presently discovered it to be none other than Poppy himself; and no sooner did he become satisfied of this fact, than he turned his horse's head, and rode full tilt to the mayor's, to give information that our hero was abroad. The mayor immediately sent notice of the fact to the recorder, and the recorder sent notices to the members of the two boards; and before the good citizens of the commercial metropolis had finished their breakfasts, the common council were assembled in joint ballot, all political differences were forgotten, and as there was no time for any member to make a display of eloquence, by opposing a measure at first, which he intended to support in the end, it was unanimously resolved that they would form a procession, and with the mayor and the recorder at their head, proceed immediately to the house of the Van Busters, and behold its demolition.

The procession was accordingly formed; and there being no time to send off invitations to the strangers of distinction then in the city, they were joined by no one, excepting the chimney-sweeps, and a few runaway boys from the House of Refuge, a part of the community who, as is well known, have a great fondness for all kinds of processions and celebrations, whether civil or military. When they arrived in front of the devoted mansion, the honorable body, nothing daunted by the fiery hot rays which Sol, as if in anger, was pouring down upon them, respectfully uncovered their heads, while the mayor delivered a speech on the novel subjects of the march of mind, anthracite coal, and other matters in fashion at that time. When he closed, the mob gave three cheers, the corporation workmen took their axes from their broad shoulders, and the work of destruction began. In one short hour, the venerable mansion of the Van Busters, once the pride of Manhattan Island, lay a mass of shapeless ruins.

Before the clouds of dust, caused by the overthrow of the worm-eaten house, had settled away, the corporation voted to each of its members a silver medal, in commemoration of the event, settled a

pension on the street inspector, and complimented each other on their liberality and energy. They then adjourned to Bellevue, to eat green turtle, and drink champagne, where they spent the remainder of the day in elegant enjoyment.

The curious in such matters may find a full account of the toasts drank on that occasion, with several other interesting particulars, in the evening papers of that day.

CHAPTER III.

RELATES WHAT BEFEL THE HERO OF THIS STORY, WHILE ON HIS JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF HIS COUSIN NICHOLAS, AND ALSO THE PARTICULARS OF HIS MELANCHOLY END.

POPPY continued to trudge along, after the street inspector had met him; but at one time his forebodings were so gloomy, that he half determined to turn back, and endeavor to get word to his cousin Nicholas, without visiting him in person; something, however, caught his eye at the moment, and he travelled onward, until he found himself surrounded by a great crowd in Broadway, who pressed him so hard, that he thought it would be better for him to wait until evening before he returned, as then, he reasoned, all the people would be at home, smoking their pipes, and he could walk along unmolested. Many and wonderful were the sights which he encountered; and at times, all thoughts of himself and his house were swallowed up in contemplating the curious objects around him. He was stunned by strange noises, and his senses were fairly bewildered by the odd-looking people who were continually passing him. Sometimes a bevy of gay creatures would whisk by him, looking so queer, and yet so beautiful, that Poppy could compare them to nothing but the angel forms that he sometimes fancied he saw in his dreams; but these far outstripped in lightness and gayety any thing he had ever conceived of an aerial being. He looked in vain, on every side, hoping to see something that resembled himself. Once, indeed, he was startled at the sight of a familiar form, but as he looked wistfully toward it, he discovered it was only the reflection of his own person in a long mirror, which stood at a shop door. He began to feel that weary heart-heaviness which many of us have experienced, when we have found ourselves alone in a gay crowd, where there was not one familiar face to greet us with a kindly smile. Ah! who would leave home, where he might live, loving and beloved, to mingle, uncared for, in the gayest circles that ever crowded the halls of a palace!

It was late in the day, before Poppy reached the spot where he supposed the little yellow house of his cousin Nicholas still stood; for he did not believe that one who bore his name could be guilty of either pulling down his house, or of selling it; he would as soon have thought of selling his father's bones. But the house of his cousin was gone, and in its place, a tall brick store, with a foundation of solid granite pillars, lifted its head almost into the clouds. He looked in at one of the doors, and saw a great many finely-dressed young men moving about like bees in a hive, behind long ranges of counters and boxes. A young gentleman, with a tuft of yellowish hair under his chin, and a pen behind his ear, asked him if he wished to purchase a lot of cheap goods for cash. But Poppy made no reply. He sat

down on an empty box, at the door, to rest his old limbs, and was almost disposed to curse himself for his folly in leaving his house. But he derived consolation from the prospect of smoking his pipe in quiet, when he should reach home ; and as the sun had set, he began his homeward journey. He found the crowd in Broadway even greater than it was in the morning ; and his perplexity was greatly increased, for he could not conceive where all the people came from, nor where they were going. The glare of the gas lights astonished him more than any thing that he had encountered. To see a bright flame issuing from a little slender brass tube, exceeded every thing he had ever beheld, or heard tell of. But his head having become a little used to the noise, he did not meet with so much difficulty in groping along, as he did in the morning, although his old legs almost sank under him, they were so weary.

At last, he reached the long avenue, where, he fondly thought, his house was standing to receive him. His heart leaped within him for joy, as he turned out of Broadway, and heard the tread and shuffling of feet die away behind him. How much pleasanter, he thought, as he hurried on, was the solitary but familiar creaking of his old window-shutters, as they turned on their rusty hinges, than the vile Babel-like jargon he had been listening to all day ! But when he came to the little eminence on which he had left his house standing, in all the pride of antiquity, and beheld nothing but a heap of rubbish, his heart seemed to wither within him. He leaned against a post for support, and cast his eyes imploringly to heaven. A sickly ray of hope enlivened him ; perhaps he had mistaken the street, and it was some other person's, and not his own misfortune, that he was contemplating. He put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief, to wipe away the moisture from his eyes, but it was gone : it had been spirited away in the crowd through which he had passed. ' Ah ! ' he exclaimed, ' this all comes of that vile money ! I will scatter it to the winds ; it shall do no more harm to any body.' He made a motion with his hand to take the odious bundle from his pocket, but the flap of his coat was gone, pocket and all ! Again he cast an imploring look to heaven, which seemed to ask if an old man's wrongs should go unavenged. He then groped along over the ruins which lay around him, and having found an old stair-case, he climbed up, and discovered his old three-cornered chair standing unurt. His foot struck upon something hard ; he stooped to pick it up ; it was part of his China parrot ; and even this frail relic gave him a momentary pleasure.

The moon had just risen, and her bright beams, as they gleamed through the apertures in the wall, appeared to Poppy the spiritualized forms of his ancestors, hovering over him. The wind, as it swept by him, and sighed through the rifted crevices in the walls, seemed to mourn for his loss. He cast his eyes above him, and beheld a beam stretching over his head, as if tendering him its consolatory support. He untied his cravat, threw a hurried, anxious glance over the desolate scene, and the next moment, Misfortune had done her last deed.

In the morning, Poppy was found hanging from the only remaining rafter of his once dearly beloved mansion. Not a passer-by that saw the old man, with his white locks streaming upon the wind, but blessed himself that he had no hand in causing his unhappy end.

E. F.

THE REJECTION.

BY MISS E. E. STOCKTON, A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Thou little know'st at the heart,
 Thou fain wouldst call thine own;
 How full of chenshed memories,
 And many a haunting tone;
 Sweet echoes of the voice
 That won me *first* to love,
 And still it hath a sacred charm,
 All other sounds above!

Nay, listen to my words—
 They have a meaning kind,
 And only seek to calm and soothe
 The tumult of thy mind.
 I know thy noble heart,
 Full of all truth and worth,
 Thy pure and lofty intellect,
 That scorns the lures of earth.

Yet will I wake once more
 Those visions of the past:
 Ah me! how well I might have known
 They were too bright to last!
 I was a thoughtless girl,
 A thing of April mood,
 One moment singing in the glen,
 Then grieving in the wood.

Beneath the flower-decked sod
 My blessed parents slept,
 And many a time beside the grave,
 Their children sat and wept:
 My sister had the smile,
 The tender, loving eyes,
 That made our angel-mother seem
 A being of the skies.

How beautiful she was!
 With all a statue's grace
 Embodied in her perfect form,
 And softly-rounded face:
 She numbered seven years,
 When first I saw the light;
 Than me by seven years lovelier,
 In every virtue bright.

We had no thoughts unshared,
 No interest apart,
 Till his sweet whispers reached my ears,
 His image filled my heart!
 Yet when he told our love,
 She listened with a smile,
 Though tears of holy tenderness
 Were in her eyes the while.

She decked me for a bride,
 And twined amid my hair
 Fresh blossoms of the orange-tree,
 With her small fingers fair:
 And when she saw new joy,
 Month after month, arise,
 Like one whose mission was fulfilled,
 She left us for the skies!

Philadelphia, August, 1839.

VOL. XIV.

Then uncontrolled and wild,
 Had been my wayward grief,
 But for his sweet, consoling words,
 That brought my heart relief:
 And now I had but him
 To love upon the earth,
 Yet never felt we loneliness,
 Beside our household hearth.

How constant were his cares!
 His thoughts all turned to me,
 Whether in solitude he roamed,
 Or mid gay company:
 He ever knew the cleft
 Where spring's first footsteps fell,
 And plucked for me the early flowers,
 I always loved so well.

When summer winds were soft,
 At starry eventide,
 Discoursing upon holy things,
 He wandered by my side:
 And when the winter storms
 Around our home would rage,
 With what a sweetly serious air
 He read the sacred page!

At last, with speechless woe,
 I saw his strength decline,
 Yet brighter grew his hopes the while,
 As stars in darkness shine:
 But ah! enough to say,
 I was at length alone;
 I, who was not prepared for heaven,
 Where they, the blessed, had gone!

Then deem her not unkind,
 Whose love is in his grave;
 I knew thou wouldst not that this hand,
 Without a heart, I gave:
 There is no scene nor place,
 That tells me not of him;
 There is no hour, from rosy morn,
 To the gray twilight dim.

Winter, and budding spring,
 Summer, and autumn fair,
 His image is before me still,
 As pictured in the air:
 Thou couldst not even speak
 A word of love to me,
 That would not fill my eyes with tears,
 My soul with agony!

Then seek another bride,
 Untouched by sorrow's dart,
 Who will repay the tenderness
 Of such a noble heart:
 And give thy *prayers* to her,
 Who longs to close her eyes,
 And hasten to the blessed throng
 Of loved ones in the skies!

REPUBLICAN DISTINCTIONS IN SOCIETY.

'KNOWLEDGE and goodness — these make degrees in heaven, and they must be the graduating scale of a true democracy. I believe that the Christian law, seconding, of course, the laws of nature, ordains equality — democracy if you please; and therefore, that its progress and final stability are certain. The ladder is knocked down, my friend, and we stand on nature's level.'

MISS SEDGWICK'S 'HOME.'

Our political axiom, that 'all men are born free and equal,' is held up before the eyes of the world as our national motto. We are proud of seeing it inscribed, in characters of light, upon the banner under which we are marching to the highest places of power and of glory; for we know that the gaze of other nations is fixed upon us, in envy and admiration. It is our boast, that under our government, the accidents of birth and station give no one man supremacy over another, in his claims to distinction, and that its highest office is as freely opened to the son of a laborer, as to the son of a president. In contrasting our republic with other countries, we become elevated by the thought of our greatness in the rank of nations; we designate our people as a nation of sovereigns; and viewing ourselves as parts of this mighty whole, we glory in the name of American, and wish for no other title. Thus dignified are the feelings, and thus noble are the sentiments, that we cherish as patriots; but what becomes of our self-respect, and our respect for the rights of others, when we look at ourselves as individuals, and strive to ascertain our own place among our fellows? Apply our boasted motto to society, and we hoot it with scorn. So far from acknowledging that we stand upon the same level with those who surround us, our whole lives are spent in endeavoring to reach those whom we imagine are above us, and to thrust back those whom we think are beneath us.

What a beggar's garb of rags and patches, is our attempted code of distinctions in society! In Europe, there is at least order and symmetry in the arrangement, however unjust or unreasonable they may appear. There, they are considered of so much importance, as to be laid down with all due solemnity in the pages of the learned commentator of English law; and although by these regulations, the tripping damsel in her teens is allowed to take precedence of a venerable and silver-haired grand-sire, if her title should chance to be higher than his, yet such things are in accordance with their government, and with the customs handed down from the feudal ages. But with us it is different. The spirit and the letter of our institutions promulgate the glorious doctrine of liberty and equality. The law of primogeniture has no place among us; we are a brotherhood of freemen, and the right and title of one is as full and as high as that of another. And it is evident that this doctrine also eventually organizes our society, in despite of the puny and contemptible efforts made to counteract it, and the cowardly denial which refuses to acknowledge it. The mechanic's apprentice throws down his tools, enters in the race for wealth or political preferment, and takes his place beside the son of the judge, or of the wealthy merchant. The most aristocratic and manœuvring mother is brought to bestow her jealously-

guarded daughter's hand upon the man whose former occupation she blushes to own, but whose present station renders his alliance an object of her pride and highest ambition.

The wealthy vulgar, conscious of their possessing no *inherent* claims of superiority to the mass around them, entrench themselves behind the gorgeous outworks of display; but they cannot exclude those whom they affect to despise, for rapidly accumulated fortunes soon enable those whom they contemn to occupy the same height, and throw up contiguous breast-works. We see these things taking place around us, and yet we talk of our distinctions in society, our separate circles, which we would fain make others believe are as far asunder as the orbits of Mercury and of Herschel. There are so many 'cycles upon epicycles, orbs on orbs,' in our confused divisions of rank, that no one can tell whose circle is entitled to the highest station in the empyrean, or which individual can show an undisputed claim to a place in any one of them. Look at the ground on which these distinctions are said to rest, and examine the ostensible title that is necessary to gain a passport into the debateable land of 'good society,' and we find the one as baseless as the fabric of a vision, and the other so difficult to fix upon a rightful claimant, that were our would-be exclusives legally strict in their investigations, they would soon be forced

——— 'to tread alone
Their banquet halls deserted.'

Every one familiar with the phraseology of ton, knows what is meant by a 'mixture;' but in defiance of its arbitrary code, these 'abhorred mixtures' take place, in every company that is gathered together, from the social party to the public ball. A large assemblage cannot be collected, without admitting many whom the most fastidious consider as unlawful intruders; but our 'lady patronesses' are obliged to make a virtue of necessity, and to overlook the taint of 'the trades,' provided the industrious occupation has been abandoned for the idleness of acquired wealth. They profess to hold themselves far above the sons and daughters of the man who still plies the tools of honest toil, while they strive to forget that the fortunes bequeathed to them, were wrought by the same implements in the hands of their own ancestors. How inconsistent and how ludicrous, are all attempts at such exclusiveness! And yet they talk of aristocracy, assume a haughty superciliousness toward their supposed inferiors, and utter 'swelling words of vanity' respecting their 'first circles,' and their 'distinctions in society.' Away with such foolery! Away with these paltry card-built imitations of the time-worn, crumbling edifices of Europe! It is these follies, and this baseless pretension, that render us the laughing stock of tourists, and a mark for the finger of scorn and ridicule, when we are travellers in England, or on the continent. The name of *American* has indeed been basely dishonored, if we may credit the accounts given of some of our countrymen and countrywomen abroad. These rivals of cockney tourists, these rambling idlers, whose empty heads and full purses have caused them to play such fantastic tricks in the cities of Europe, what shall we say of them? The ostentatious folly and petty vanity of some, have caused us to blush to own them as Americans; but of those who are

ashamed to acknowledge the land of their birth, and who depreciate our country, and its glorious institutions, we would say, 'Out upon the ingrates! They are no longer of us! We divorce them from our hearths and our homes, and hope they may live and die the subjects of a despot; for they are unworthy to inhale again the free air of our hills, or to touch their feet upon this soil, whose liberty was the blood-bought heritage of our fathers!'

Let us then cast all these follies from us; let us carry our national motto into American society, and proudly acknowledge it as our own, in the midst of the proudest court of Europe, and it will bring us the respect, ay, even the reverence, of the most cringing slave at the feet of royalty. There is a lofty independence, a fearless freedom, in the bearing and character of a *true republican*, which force men to honor him. He looks on men as *men*, and not through the medium of their titles. To him,

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that!'

He maintains the dignity of a freeman, without violating the customs of any society into which he is thrown. He is always an American citizen; at a court presentation, a nobleman's entertainment, or at a merchant's table. We trust that our country may have many such representatives in foreign climes, so as to redeem us from the opprobrium which is said to rest upon us.

Let it be our boast, that the regulations of our social life are based upon the same broad and noble foundation as our political institutions; that our highest places are open to all who are worthy of them, whether they be the descendants of home-born peasants, or foreign nobles.

Let us pride ourselves in making character and intellect the only standard of gradation, for gradations there will ever be, while men differ so much in the cultivation of their hearts and their minds. An agrarianism in social intercourse is as impracticable, and would be as impossible, as an agrarianism in property.

The present code of divisions in society is arbitrary, and principally based upon different degrees of wealth and display; and it is the tyranny of fashion, alone, that keeps such antipodes together. Break up the artificial bands that hold our incongruous mixtures in union, and all will find their proper level. It is the consciousness that external distinctions are all that are required, that leads to those eager struggles for station and precedence. The vulgar and unintellectual woman, who delights in finery and show, and whose husband or father may chance to be a mechanic, knows that there are many women of her own kind in the circles above her; and it is this that tempts her to strive for a place beside them. Were our conventional regulations differently constituted, barriers of exclusion would be needless, for those of low minds and frivolous tastes would not even attempt to mingle with their superiors in mental elevation, for to them there would be neither happiness nor congeniality in the companionship.

It is the natural tendency of society to arrange itself into classes; but these classes, if freed from the marring influence of fashion, will

be gathered together by the attraction of moral sympathy, and by the law of intellectual similitude. The ill-bred and uneducated woman of ton will find that her purse and her style of living can no longer command the company of the well-bred and accomplished; and the refined and the intelligent will associate together, however different may be their fortunes, or occupations. The claims of the various distinctions in society will no longer be *extrinsic*; they will be *inherent*, and our social system will become one of harmony, order, and due proportion. We shall then allow no supremacy from birth-right or heritage, fortune or station; for we shall hold this 'truth to be self-evident, that all men are born free and equal;' and the only distinctions that we, as republicans, shall be willing to acknowledge, are those of character, virtue, and intelligence. G.

LINES TO A BUNCH OF CHERRIES.

WRITTEN WHILE EATING THEM.

I.

BEAUTIFUL cluster! passing fair
 Ye grew on your perch, in the shining air:
 Ye swung like a circle of merry fays,
 In the morning gale, and the noontide rays;
 With an awning o'er you of such bright leaves
 As the thrush for her first-born nestling weaves,
 And with eddies of perfume breathing around,
 From green-wood grove, and from blossomy ground;
 O crimson cluster, fresh and fair
 Did your life laugh on in the shining air!

II.

But alas for beauty! Ye are riven now
 From the shelter and shade of the dancing bough;
 Ah! never again will ye gather bright dyes,
 Priceless and pure, from these sunny skies;
 Ye shall nod no more to the morning gale,
 Though it seek you for aye, over meadow and vale:
 Nor ever shall twilight breezes bring—
 From the wood or the wave, in summer or spring—
 Nor the fire-fly's gleam, nor the silver dew,
 Motion, or perfume, or verdure, to you!

III.

So friendship fadeth; so love's bright eye
 Grows dim, like a star in a stormy sky,
 When the trial-clouds of sorrow and strife,
 Ere its noon is yet welcomed, sweep over life;
 On the greenest branch of youth's bright bower,
 Affections all rapture, blush but an hour.
 Beautiful cluster, would that to be,
 Were to be for ever, for things like thee!
 Oh! would that on all fair things the bloom
 Told not, like the victim's wreath, of the tomb!

Boston, (Mass.)

B. B. THATCHER.

FREAKS OF AMBITION.

'AMBITION is a windy thing; a vain, solicitous, and fearful thing; a secret poyson, the father of envy, and mother of hypocrisie; the moth of holiness, and cancer of madness; crucifying and disgusting all that it takes hold of.' BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

THE innate desire of celebrity, which has a lodging in every human breast, often displays itself in most ludicrous forms. Its secret spring, selfishness, is the same in all; but the dispositions, education, or circumstances, of its possessors, are so various, that it is not strange that its exhibitions are not always of the gravest character.

Many years ago, there lived a man, an uncle of some friend of mine, who was a marvel in his way, and in the latter part of his life, excited the astonishment of every body. He was then a man of obesity, a mountain of flesh; indeed, if my friend was to be believed, such rotundity of body was never before seen.

In his younger days, he was exceedingly ambitious, and was determined to excel in something. He was not a scholar, however; he despised books, and a sedentary life had no attractions for ambition like his. Feats of strength or dexterity were his delight; and in these, no one among his acquaintances could equal him. But the days of his youth having passed, the cares and thoughtfulness of manhood produced a change in his habits. His activity gradually gave place to sedateness, and sedateness brought with it corpulency, whose advent he at first beheld with horror; but, when he found his remedies, such as starvation, exercise, etc., to be of no avail in getting rid of it, he became reconciled to it. Having thus lost, without the prospect of ever regaining, his superiority, he endeavored to find some other employment, wherein he might excel. Although his repugnance to a sedentary life was in a measure overcome by his grossness, his dislike to books remained; consequently, study did not come under his consideration. He had no acquaintance with the arts, and but little ingenuity, so he wasted no time in attempting proficiency in mechanical pursuits. He once supposed he might make some noise as a singer, as he had the semblance of a bass voice; and he did, for a time, make an uproarious noise. But there was one unconquerable obstacle to his progress in this new employment. He was unable to discriminate sounds. It was not, however, until he had nearly stunned his whole household, and excited the dunghill fowls, and occupants of the neighboring styies, to respond to his guttural noises, that he could be persuaded there was 'no music in his soul!' When at length convinced of the fact, the poor man was greatly astounded. The idea of being deprived of the last resource of celebrity, so operated upon his spirits, that, for nearly a year, he was in a state of despondency.

But notwithstanding the depression of the spiritual man, the physical continued to expand; and a year's inaction was tending rapidly to make him what he had so long desired to be, in another shape, namely, a great man. But as fate, or the stars, would have it, he was doomed again to suffer disappointment, and that too by his

own interference. Accident threw into his way an account of that extraordinary unctuous personage, Daniel Lambert. He had no sooner become acquainted with the whole 'outedge and circumference' of this prodigy, than his despondency gave way, and his ambition was once more excited. The proposition, 'If one mortal biped, by means of superfluous obesity, can obtain great celebrity, cannot another mortal biped, with the same quantity and quality of flesh, obtain equal celebrity?' which he revolved in his mind, was, to say the least, plausible. Finding that he was rapidly attaining to the dimensions of his 'illustrious predecessor,' he became so exceedingly elated, that he formed the presumptuous resolution that he would not only equal but surpass him. But alas,

'Man's feeble race what ills await!'

When his mind had become fairly engaged in this ambitious project, and he was exerting all his powers for its accomplishment, from some cause, to him unaccountable, his increase in bulk was suddenly arrested! This was too much for his philosophy to endure. He showed much anxiety, for his frequent disappointments had rendered him irritable and nervous; and soon began to exhibit signs of returning to his former leanness. This destruction of his hopes was the severest blow he had ever received; and he again relapsed into a despondency, which continued for the remainder of his days.

My friend remarked, it was exceedingly queer, that this man should be so ambitious to be fat, when he could have been so without troubling himself at all about it. And such, indeed, would have been my opinion, had I not considered that he was an ambitious man.

I will mention one other instance, where ambition for celebrity exhibited itself in a manner not less ridiculous, though perhaps more serious, than the preceding. I had a friend who was possessed of good talents, and of a kind and gentle disposition, when his vanity did not meet with something to disturb it. He was educated a physician, and as such, sustained a good reputation. Where he lacked knowledge, he substituted gravity. The corners of his mouth were professionally drawn down, and his physiognomy was always in a situation to sympathize with affliction. By lending a willing ear to all applications and complaints; by various little kindnesses to his patients; by an occasional good anecdote; by his general urbanity, and which was worth all the rest, by the performance of three or four 'remarkable cures,' so called, he acquired an enviable reputation. It is unnecessary to say, that his vanity was flattered at this; but he was not content. In an evil hour, he imagined that a reputation confined to a few miles of country, was little better than none at all; and that, although those who now knew him, might continue to bear his name in remembrance to posterity, yet he would still leave the world 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.' To insure the climax of happiness, he must devise some project by which he could obtain celebrity cōextensive with civilization itself. What should this project be? It was a question of deep solicitude. His sleepless nights, his frequent fastings, and intense reflection, in the elaboration of his design, I shall not presume to estimate. At length, it was re-

solved upon. He found out the ladder by which he was to climb to immortality. Let not the reader start in amazement, or hint of 'mountains and mice,' when it shall be revealed. I shall never forget the day he confided to me the important secret. Handing me a small package, he said, trembling with emotion, 'Here it is! I have at last obtained the Elixir of Life! My name is immortalized! An undying fame is *mine* — MINE!' I opened the package. It contained a small phial, to which was affixed this euphonious label:

THE COMPOUND EXTRACT OF LIFE,
AND
EVERLASTING ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY.

Upon examining the paper accompanying it, I found a long enumeration of the diseases for which this immortal extract was an effectual remedy. There were also several paragraphs, wherein was detailed the history of the medicine, which was affirmed to be the result of exertions surpassing belief, and of experiments never before attempted. The many miraculous cures it could affect, and the many it had affected, were set forth in a convincing light; and the medical vocabulary mentioned no disease, which it would not speedily eradicate. Appended to this were several letters, corroborating its wonderful virtues, and instancing several examples in proof.

'But, Doctor,' I exclaimed, 'you do not expect to ride to immortality upon such a hobby as this!'

His vanity was touched; and he replied, tartly:

'Such a hobby! Do you call my 'Extract of Life,' a hobby? my 'Everlasting Elixir of Immortality' a hobby? 'Hobby,' indeed!'

I had hardly supposed him serious before; but this answer satisfied me.

'But you are not going to take this course to acquire celebrity! See; you say 'the unparalleled reputation' your medicine has acquired, 'the frequent counterfeits that have been made,' 'the innumerable diseases it has cured,' when the fact is, that not one particle of it has been used since its invention! I am sure you cannot stoop to such dishonorable means for a reputation. Were some quack, with more poverty than honesty, and idleness than either, to adopt such a course, it would not be surprising; but you, *you*, who have already a good reputation, a good property, a good practice, and a good heart, cannot be guilty of it!'

'Sir,' said he, laying his hand upon my arm, and assuming a solemn air, 'hear me! Fame, of every description, acquired in the few short and fleeting years allotted to man, is but transitory; apt to be decayed by time, to sink into oblivion; but the fame of the illustrious discoverer of a medicine, by which the whole human race is benefitted, will not be diminished; but, on the contrary, will be strengthened and rendered immortal.'

'Well,' I replied, 'there is one obstacle to your success, which I doubt not will prove fatal. The public will see through your flimsy imposition, and forthwith consign you to infamy.'

'I deny that it is an imposition; but even if it were so, I have satis-

fied myself that from the public I have nothing to fear. The public can be made to believe any thing, and much easier than an individual. If an individual suffers from a medicine, he discards it for ever ; but if it benefits the public in one instance out of ten, its reputation is safe. As to dishonesty in transactions with the public, there is no such thing, if the law is kept inviolate. If your exertions are viewed favorably, where is the dishonesty ? I see no objection to the course I am about to take, and am determined the public shall give me what I desire, and that is, fame.'

It was useless to argue with him farther. I saw that his whole soul was bound up in his enterprise, and thought his surest cure would be disappointment. But I was for a while mistaken. He had taken effectual measures to gain for his medicine an extensive introduction ; the newspapers, the bar-rooms, counting-rooms, steam-boats, and every place where such things were admitted, were filled with his advertisements. Agents were appointed in every part of the country, and men were employed to celebrate the sovereign efficacy of his panacea. The consequence was, that no 'philanthropist' had a more extensive reputation than he for a time possessed ; and no medicine was more generally used, than the 'Compound Extract of Life.' But the doctor had hardly begun to enjoy the sweets of his renown, when swarms of medicine-makers arose, and, like the locusts of Egypt, covered the land, eclipsing entirely his fame, and annihilating for ever his 'Everlasting Elixir of Immortality !'

J. E. G.

LINES ON MY DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

THE evening air sleeps calm and pure,
My lovely babe, upon thy grave,
And summer flowers have come again,
O'er thee their drooping heads to wave.

Thou 'rt lost to earth, and ne'er shalt see
Its forms of life and beauty rise,
Nor feel its soft affections flow,
Nor mark the glory of its skies.

Yet say, sweet one ! as round this spot
Thy lingering spirit loves to stray,
Though seraph forms may call thee back,
And joys of heaven may chide thy stay :

Still find'st thou not some soft regrets,
Midst purity and bliss above,
To miss a father's tenderness,
A mother's never-dying love ?

The tender flower, from rugged steep,
Removed to bright and sunny plain,
Droops for its native mountain breath,
And feels the loss midst all the gain.

So, gentle heir of light and love,
Be happy in thine holier sphere,
Yet fold thy wings, and droop thine eyes,
O'er loved and lost ones lingering here.

July, 1835.

VOL. XIV.

S. D. D.

SKETCHES OF A TRIP TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

v.

Grand Island, 1838.

EVIDENCES exist, in this vicinity, of a comparatively large Indian population, in past years. There are three extensive town sites, upon the island and main shore, now partially overrun with shrubs and small trees, and a considerable area of land, which has been under cultivation. The harbor, at the south end of the island, is truly magnificent, and is probably surpassed in size and depth by but few on the continent. It is also an excellent fishing station, and this resource is one of the first importance to its native population. From the main shore, the Indians have paths, leading to Green Bay, and to the Tacquimenon lakes. A valuable tract of hard-wood land extends south from the immediate margin of the lake. The wild-cherry attains a handsome growth among its forest trees, and is stated to be in sufficient abundance to furnish an article of lumber. I mention these facts, to indicate the importance of the station, in the future progress of our settlements. Twenty-five years will probably exhaust the governmental lands, in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and bring this region into request. I have seen it tested, the present year, that wheat will come to full maturity in this latitude; and it will probably be found superior, in this respect, to the more northerly portions of Vermont and Maine. To bring out its agricultural and other resources, a road seems wanting from Point St. Ignace, on Lake Huron, to the north of the Ontonagon, or Lake Superior. The route should embrace the south bay of the main shore, off Grand Island, by way of the Tacquimenon lakes, and thence through Chocolate River Valley to Ance, Kewaiwènon, and the Ontonagon. It appears desirable to the future prosperity of Upper Michigan, to form water communications from the Menomonee river, through Michigomee lake to Kewaiwenon, and from the north Manistee to Grand Marrais. A road from Pine River to the head of the Peesissowee bay, and from Bay de Nocquet to Grand Island, could be constructed at a moderate cost, and would facilitate, at eligible points, communication between the south and north portions of this peninsula. Under any future state of its settlement, Grand Island and Kewaiwènon must be regarded as the two principal ports. Both have natural entrances and harbors, and merely require light-houses to guide the mariner.

Having called your attention, for a moment, to what the probable future condition of the country may be, it may be interesting to inquire into the past. And at this point, the ghost of Indian history starts up in the path before us. Whether we shall follow it through swamps and quagmires, or merely stand off at a distance, and gaze, is the question. At this island, tradition places the former residence of Kabina, a renowned warrior, priest, and necromancer, who performed prodigies of valor, and was aided therein by the secret power of a female spirit, or witch, who resided under the lake. It is probable that Kabina was a real personage, who enjoyed the double reputation of a warrior and a juggler. All beyond this, in their verbal

traditionary lore, is a tissue of the wildest woven web of Indian story-telling, and dæmonology. The Indians were never satisfied with their heroes, until they endowed them with supernatural powers, and made them gods. The Greeks and Romans did the same; and there is just as much probability in some of the more striking actions attributed to Kabina, as to Romulus. The conclusion to be drawn from this coincidence between nations so widely separated, in country, character, and civilization, appears to be, the proneness of the human mind to error. Fiction is, indeed, the great characteristic of an evangelical nation. Truth was introduced into the world by the law and the gospel; and it may be added, that when it shall universally prevail, the triumphs of the Messiah will be complete.

On this island, there formerly dwelt an Odjibwa, by the name of Jeezus. He is frequently alluded to, in the reminiscences of the old traders, not however for any extraordinary preëminence, as a man, but merely from the singular coincidence of his name, which is to be regarded as purely accidental. It appears to be a derivation, in their language, from Jeebi, a ghost; or the spirit of a departed man, or animal. The term applies to either class.*

The present reigning family of chiefs of this island, are denominated *Anungo*, or the Star family, and consist of seven brothers. Shawn E. Penaysee, or the South Bird, died in the autumn of 1836, at a very advanced age. He is succeeded by his youngest son, Monomonee, the elder having migrated to the great Bay de Nocquet, where he is the ruling chief. I observed, in the course of our stay of a day and a half at this island, frequent evidences of the prevalence of the Odjibwa religion and superstitions, in their unaltered forms. In the course of my excursions, I saw the remains of no less than four of the peculiarly shaped lodges, appropriated to the rites of their Jossikeeds, or magi. These lodges consist of nine or ten stout poles, about twelve feet long, set in the ground in the form of a decagon, of some three to four feet diameter. These poles are united by cross-ties, at regular lengths, and wound round with skins, or blankets, so as to render the cloth tense, and the entire structure is carefully contrived to elude observation from without. This is a leading object, as the business of the magician, or juggler, is to impress a belief in his supernatural powers, by *agitating* the lodge, and communicating responses to questions respecting futurity, or things lost or stolen, or persons absent.

The principal inhabitants of the island were absent, during my visit, having gone to the Manatouline Island, in Lake Huron, to receive their annual presents from the British government. Query; would not the British lion growl a little, if the Americans were to make efforts to draw the Indians of Upper Canada into the United States, and there gravely harangue them on local political topics; saying, among other things, 'These English are bad men, and will cheat you.' Yet this is the policy which the local officials of their Indian department, in this quarter, pursue in regard to us. The truth is, both governments are too much in the habit of regarding the Indian tribes

* As animals, as well as men, are believed by these Indians to have souls, there is naturally, to them, no discrimination.

as a certain politic monkey did the cat's paw. The true point of national emulation should be, who shall treat these original occupants of the soil with the highest degree of liberality. Neither party should teach them politics, but both lead them gently in that unerring path of wisdom, the characteristics of which are pleasantness and peace :

'Thou may'st regard the Indian as a tool,
But know, proud man! thou art thyself the fool!

SUNRISE UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

THE sultry air lies listless o'er the plain,
Nor longer cools the city's burning walls;
All things that live, upon the land and main,
Pant for the breeze, to life and joy that calls;
While I, impatient of its fervid sleep
In lowly vale, seek for its stirring breath on mountain steep.

For there it dies not ever; but on wings
Of the soft fleecy cloud, it loves to bear,
From pure blue depths of heaven, from which it springs,
Coolness to brows oppressed with heat and care,
And music to the woods, making the nooks
Of leaves to join the concert of the mountain brooks.

Then rouse ye up its kind approach to greet,
With sunrise on the mountain tops, and stay
To mark how all that's glorious, fair, and sweet,
Comes forth, revealed by the bright god of day;
And as upon the magic scene ye gaze,
It seems his own creation strikes you with amaze.

Long ere he deigns to gild the proudest heads
Of earth's bold mountains, he removes the pall
Of night from his high course in heaven, and spreads
Gay, gorgeous hues on clouds, that seem not all
In joy at his bright presence, but to mourn
In saddened livery, toward the moon's pale horn.

Behold, he comes! — majestic, calm, serene,
From his glad visit to vast empires, where
He poured his genial warmth and glorious sheen,
Unsoiled by the deeds of darkness there;
The battle-strife has knitted not his brow,
Nor stained his chariot-wheels, that roll on clouds of snow!

As we, from this proud height, the earth behold
Ushered into his presence, and the flash
Of his first beams, reveals, in outline bold,
The distant hills, imprinted at one dash,
In dark relief, upon the glowing sky,
To fade there through each shade of blue, till evening die;

We see the very motion of the world,
That seems to bow in solemn awe profound,
Before its god; with clouds for incense hurled,
And for an altar, boundless space around;
While silver streams a holy vestment make,
And hollow winds through forests wild the organ-peal awake!

Just worship!— for behold the glory spread
 Around his throne, as he ascends in heaven!
 Rich, gorgeous clouds for canopy o'er head,
 And deep blue boundless skies for pathway given;
 While, like a carpet o'er the plain, his rays
 Pellucid shed around a soft vermillion haze.

Here let my soul go forth, and be a part
 Of all the glory round me, as the light
 Leaps glad from cloud to cloud, and loves t' impart
 Its own soft-tinted hues to forms so bright;
 So may my spirit mingle with the scene,
 Blending new beauties aye, where'er its course hath been.

The solemn stillness calms my restless mind,
 As it goes forth; I see the swelling sail,
 But hear no dash of waters, and I find
 No sound from steeple gleaming in the vale;
 E'en the green tree-tops, stirred beneath my feet,
 By winds, mine ears with their low murmurs scarcely greet.

Go on, proud orb! through all the realms of day,
 And rouse earth's various throng thy train to join;
 And lure the mists from mountain sides away,
 To grace thy noontide splendors as they shine,
 With fleecy banners, spread through heaven afar,
 That roll their folds of gold around thine evening car!

Cattkill Mountain-House.

A. D. D.

COMMUNIPAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: I observe, with pleasure, that you are performing, from time to time, a pious duty, imposed upon you, I may say, by the name you have adopted as your titular standard, in following in the footsteps of the venerable KNICKERBOCKER, and gleaning every fact concerning the early times of the Manhattoes, which may have escaped his hand. I trust, therefore, a few particulars, legendary and statistical, concerning a place which figures conspicuously in the early pages of his history, will not be unacceptable. I allude, Sir, to the ancient and renowned village of Communipaw, which, according to the voracious Diedrich, and to equally voracious tradition, was the first spot where our ever-to-be-lamented Dutch progenitors planted their standard, and cast the seeds of empire, and from whence subsequently sailed the memorable expedition, under Oloffte the Dreamer, which landed on the opposite island of Manahatta, and founded the present city of New-York, the city of dreams and speculations.

Communipaw, therefore, may truly be called the parent of New-York; yet it is an astonishing fact, that though immediately opposite to the great city it has produced, from whence its red roofs and tin weathercocks can actually be descried peering above the surrounding apple orchards, it should be almost as rarely visited, and as little known by the inhabitants of the metropolis, as if it had been locked up among the Rocky Mountains. Sir, I think there is something unnatural in this, especially in these times of ramble and research,

when our citizens are antiquity-hunting in every part of the world. Curiosity, like charity, should begin at home ; and I would enjoin it on our worthy burghers, especially those of the real Knickerbocker breed, before they send their sons abroad, to wonder and grow wise among the remains of Greece and Rome, to let them make a tour of ancient Pavonia, from Weehawk even to the Kills, and meditate, with filial reverence, on the moss-grown mansions of Communipaw.

Sir, I regard this much neglected village as one of the most remarkable places in the country. The intelligent traveller, as he looks down upon it from the Bergen Heights, modestly nestled among its cabbage gardens, while the great flaunting city it has begotten is stretching far and wide on the opposite side of the bay, the intelligent traveller, I say, will be filled with astonishment ; not, Sir, at the village of Communipaw, which in truth is a very small village, but at the almost incredible fact, that so small a village should have produced so great a city. It looks to him, indeed, like some squat little dame, with a tall grenadier of a son strutting by her side ; or some simple-hearted hen, that has unwittingly hatched out a long-legged turkey.

But this is not all for which Communipaw is remarkable. Sir, it is interesting on another account. It is to the ancient province of the New-Netherlands, and the classic era of the Dutch dynasty, what Herculaneum and Pompeii are to ancient Rome, and the glorious days of the empire. Here every thing remains in statu quo, as it was in the days of Oloff the Dreamer, Walter the Doubter, and the other worthies of the golden age : the same broad-brimmed hats and broad-bottomed breeches ; the same knee-buckles and shoe-buckles ; the same close quilled caps, and linsey-woolsey short-gowns and petticoats ; the same implements and utensils, and forms and fashions ; in a word, Communipaw, at the present day, is a picture of what New-Amsterdam was, before the conquest. The 'intelligent traveller,' aforesaid, as he treads its streets, is struck with the primitive character of every thing around him. Instead of Grecian temples for dwelling-houses, with a great column of pine boards in the way of every window, he beholds high, peaked roofs, gable ends to the street, with weather-cocks at top, and windows of all sorts and sizes ; large ones for the grown-up members of the family, and little ones for the little folk. Instead of cold marble porches, with close-locked doors, and brass knockers, he sees the doors hospitably open ; the worthy burgher smoking his pipe on the old-fashioned stoop, in front, with his 'vrouw' knitting beside him ; and the cat and her kittens at their feet, sleeping in the sunshine.

Astonished at the obsolete and 'old world' air of every thing around him, the intelligent traveller demands how all this has come to pass. Herculaneum and Pompeii remain, it is true, unaffected by the varying fashions of centuries ; but they were buried by a volcano, and preserved in ashes. What charmed spell has kept this wonderful little place unchanged, though in sight of the most changeful city in the universe ? Has it, too, been buried under its cabbage-gardens, and only dug out in modern days, for the wonder and edification of the world ? The reply involves a point of history, worthy of notice and record, and reflecting immortal honor on Communipaw.

At the time when New-Amsterdam was invaded and conquered by British foes, as has been related in the history of the venerable Diedrich, a great dispersion took place among the Dutch inhabitants. Many, like the illustrious Peter Stuyvesant, buried themselves in rural retreats in the Bowerie; others, like Wolfert Acker, took refuge in various remote parts of the Hudson; but there was one staunch, unconquerable band, that determined to keep together, and preserve themselves, like seed corn, for the future fructification and perpetuity of the Knickerbocker race. These were headed by one Garret Van Horne, a gigantic Dutchman, the Pelayo of the New-Netherlands. Under his guidance, they retreated across the bay, and buried themselves among the marshes of ancient Pavonia, as did the followers of Pelayo among the mountains of Asturias, when Spain was overrun by its Arabian invaders.

The gallant Van Horne set up his standard at Communipaw, and invited all those to rally under it, who were true *Nederlanders* at heart, and determined to resist all foreign intermixture or encroachment. A strict non-intercourse was observed with the captured city; not a boat ever crossed to it from Communipaw, and the English language was rigorously tabooed throughout the village and its dependencies. Every man was sworn to wear his hat, cut his coat, build his house, and harness his horses, exactly as his father had done before him; and to permit nothing but the Dutch language to be spoken in his household.

As a citadel of the place, and a strong hold for the preservation and defence of every thing Dutch, the gallant Van Horne erected a lordly mansion, with a chimney perched at every corner, which thence derived the aristocratical name of 'The House of the Four Chimnies.' Hither he transferred many of the precious reliques of New-Amsterdam; the great round-crowned hat, that once covered the capacious head of Walter the Doubter, and the identical shoe with which Peter the Headstrong kicked his pasallanimous councillors down stairs. St. Nicholas, it is said, took this loyal house under his especial protection; and a Dutch soothsayer predicted, that as long as it should stand, Communipaw would be safe from the intrusion either of Briton or Yankee.

In this house would the gallant Van Horne and his compeers hold frequent councils of war, as to the possibility of re-conquering the province from the British; and here would they sit for hours, nay days, together, smoking their pipes, and keeping watch upon the growing city of New-York; groaning in spirit whenever they saw a new house erected, or ship launched, and persuading themselves that Admiral Van Tromp would one day or other arrive, to sweep out the invaders with the broom which he carried at his mast-head.

Years rolled by, but Van Tromp never arrived. The British strengthened themselves in the land, and the captured city flourished under their domination. Still, the worthies of Communipaw would not despair; something or other, they were sure, would turn up, to restore the power of the Hogen Mogens, the Lord States-General; so they kept smoking and smoking, and watching and watching, and turning the same few thoughts over and over in a perpetual circle, which is commonly called *deliberating*. In the mean time, being

hemmed up within a narrow compass, between the broad bay and the Bergen hills, they grew poorer and poorer, until they had scarce the wherewithal to maintain their pipes in fuel, during their endless deliberations.

And now must I relate a circumstance, which will call for a little exertion of faith on the part of the reader; but I can only say, that if he doubts it, he had better not utter his doubts in Communi~~paw~~, as it is among the religious beliefs of the place. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a miracle, worked by the blessed Saint Nicholas, for the relief and sustenance of this loyal community.

It so happened, in this time of extremity, that, in the course of cleaning the House of the Four Chimnies, by an ignorant housewife, who knew nothing of the historic value of the reliques it contained, the old hat of Walter the Doubter, and the executive shoe of Peter the Headstrong, were thrown out of doors as rubbish. But mark the consequence. The good Saint Nicholas kept watch over these precious reliques, and wrought out of them a wonderful providence.

The hat of Walter the Doubter, falling on a stercoraceous heap of compost, in the rear of the house, began forthwith to vegetate. Its broad brim spread forth grandly, and exfoliated, and its round crown swelled, and crimped, and consolidated, until the whole became a prodigious cabbage, rivaling in magnitude the capacious head of the Doubter. In a word, it was the origin of that renowned species of cabbage, known, by all Dutch epicures, by the name of the Governor's Head, and which is, to this day, the glory of Communi~~paw~~.

On the other hand, the shoe of Peter Stuyvesant, being thrown into the river, in front of the house, gradually hardened, and concreted, and became covered with barnacles, and at length turned into a gigantic oyster; being the progenitor of that illustrious species, known throughout the gastronomical world by the name of the Governor's Foot.

These miracles were the salvation of Communi~~paw~~. The sages of the place immediately saw in them the hand of Saint Nicholas, and understood their mystic signification. They set to work, with all diligence, to cultivate and multiply these great blessings; and so abundantly did the gubernatorial hat and shoe fructify and increase, that in a little time, great patches of cabbages were to be seen extending from the village of Communi~~paw~~, quite to the Bergen Hills; while the whole bottom of the bay in front, became a vast bed of oysters. Ever since that time, this excellent community has been divided into two great classes, those who cultivate the land, and those who cultivate the water. The former have devoted themselves to the nurture and edification of cabbages, rearing them in all their varieties; while the latter have formed parks and plantations, under water, to which juvenile oysters are transplanted from foreign parts, to finish their education.

As these great sources of profit multiplied upon their hands, the worthy inhabitants of Communi~~paw~~ began to long for a market, at which to dispose of their superabundance. This gradually produced, once more, an intercourse with New-York; but it was always carried on by the old people and the negroes: never would they permit the young folks, of either sex, to visit the city, lest they should get

tainted with foreign manners, and bring home foreign fashions. Even to this day, if you see an old burgher in the market, with hat and garb of antique Dutch fashion, you may be sure he is one of the old unconquered race of the 'bitter blood,' who maintain their strong hold at Communipaw.

In modern days, the hereditary bitterness against the English has lost much of its asperity, or rather has become merged in a new source of jealousy and apprehension: I allude to the incessant and wide-spreading irruptions from New-England. Word has been continually brought back to Communipaw, by those of the community who return from their trading voyages in cabbages and oysters, of the alarming power which the Yankees are gaining in the ancient city of New-Amsterdam; elbowing the genuine Knickerbockers out of all civic posts of honor and profit; bargaining them out of their hereditary homesteads; pulling down the venerable houses, with crow-step gables, which have stood since the time of the Dutch rule, and erecting, instead, granite stores, and marble banks; in a word, evincing a deadly determination to obliterate every vestige of the good old Dutch times.

In consequence of the jealousy thus awakened, the worthy traders from Communipaw confine their dealings, as much as possible, to the genuine Dutch families. If they furnish the Yankees at all, it is with inferior articles. Never can the latter procure a real 'Governor's Head,' or 'Governor's Foot,' though they have offered extravagant prices for the same, to grace their table on the annual festival of the New-England Society.

But what has carried this hostility to the Yankees to the highest pitch, was an attempt made by that all-pervading race to get possession of Communipaw itself. Yes, Sir; during the late mania for land speculation, a daring company of Yankee projectors landed before the village; stopped the honest burghers on the public highway, and endeavored to bargain them out of their hereditary acres; displayed lithographic maps, in which their cabbage-gardens were laid out into town lots; their oyster-parks into docks and quays; and even the House of the Four Chimnies metamorphosed into a bank, which was to enrich the whole neighborhood with paper money.

Fortunately, the gallant Van Hornes came to the rescue, just as some of the worthy burghers were on the point of capitulating. The Yankees were put to the rout, with signal confusion, and have never since dared to show their faces in the place. The good people continue to cultivate their cabbages, and rear their oysters; they know nothing of banks, nor joint stock companies, but treasure up their money in stocking-feet, at the bottom of the family chest, or bury it in iron pots, as did their fathers and grand-fathers before them.

As to the House of the Four Chimnies, it still remains in the great and tall family of the Van Hornes. Here are to be seen ancient Dutch corner cupboards, chests of drawers, and massive clothes-presses, quaintly carved, and carefully waxed and polished; together with divers thick, black-letter volumes, with brass clasps, printed of yore in Leyden and Amsterdam, and handed down from generation to generation, in the family, but never read. They are preserved in

the archives, among sundry old parchment deeds, in Dutch and English, bearing the seals of the early governors of the province.

In this house, the primitive Dutch holidays of Paas and Pinxter are faithfully kept up; and New-Year celebrated with cookies and cherry-bounce; nor is the festival of the blessed Saint Nicholas forgotten, when all the children are sure to hang up their stockings, and to have them filled according to their deserts; though, it is said, the good saint is occasionally perplexed in his nocturnal visits, which chimney to descend.

Of late, this portentous mansion has begun to give signs of dilapidation and decay. Some have attributed this to the visits made by the young people to the city, and their bringing thence various modern fashions; and to their neglect of the Dutch language, which is gradually becoming confined to the older persons in the community. The house, too, was greatly shaken by high winds, during the prevalence of the speculation mania, especially at the time of the landing of the Yankees. Seeing how mysteriously the fate of Communipaw is identified with this venerable mansion, we cannot wonder that the older and wiser heads of the community should be filled with dismay, whenever a brick is toppled down from one of the chimnies, or a weather-cock is blown off from a gable-end.

The present lord of this historic pile, I am happy to say, is calculated to maintain it in all its integrity. He is of patriarchal age, and is worthy of the days of the patriarchs. He has done his utmost to increase and multiply the true race in the land. His wife has not been inferior to him in zeal, and they are surrounded by a goodly progeny of children, and grand-children, and great grand-children, who promise to perpetuate the name of Van Horne, until time shall be no more. So be it! Long may the horn of the Van Hornes continue to be exalted in the land! Tall as they are, may their shadows never be less! May the House of the Four Chimnies remain for ages, the citadel of Communipaw, and the smoke of its chimnies continue to ascend, a sweet-smelling incense in the nose of Saint Nicholas!

With great respect, Mr. Editor,
Your ob't servant,

HERMANUS VANDERDOME.

NINETEENTH ODE OF ANAKREON.

—
‘*Ἡ γῆ μελαινα πίνει.*’
—

THE dark earth drinks the summer rain,
The trees drink up the earth again:
The boundless sea, though never dry,
Drinks torrents from the breeze on high,
While from the sea, with lurid glare,
The sun drinks deep of vap'ry air;
And in her turn, the moon each night
Drinks from the sun her silvery light:
Now tell me, friends, pray why do ye,
Because I drink, find fault with me!

CABINET PICTURES.

BLINDNESS.

LIFE's everlasting night! — the eye-sight's grave!
 Which makes the smiling world obscure and dull;
 The pall that spreads o'er nature as the wave
 Lethæan, shutting out the beautiful;
 Making earth's glories nothingness; the flowers,
 The lovely, rainbow-tinted, bloom in vain;
 The world's green carpet, and soft woodland bowers,
 Incomprehensible; the milky train
 Of stars, heaven's prairie, radiant with light,
 And gloriousness, and lustre, a sealed book;
 The sun itself, supreme in beauty's might,
 A master-piece, on which we may not look!
 Veiled eye-sight! Earth but owns one darker doom,
 The midnight denseness of sin's rayless gloom!

BLUSHES.

THERE is a blush that tints the orient sky
 With rosy hue, which passes into light;
 There is a blush, when sinks the sun from high,
 Whose ruby coloring deepens into night;
 And there are blushes on the human face,
 Which are thus emblem'd — even as night and day:
 The rosy tint of purity and grace,
 The deeper dye of shame's confessing ray;
 The blush of innocence is as the hue
 Of damask roses; priceless as the gem
 In Giamshid's life-cup lasting radiance threw,
 Or sparkled in the Soldan's diadem;
 The blush of shame's the poison berry's die,
 Beneath whose brightness, death and darkness lie.

CALM.

A LAKE, unruffled by the fluttering breeze,
 Wherein the sky sleeps tranquil as in death,
 Where, motionless as marble, slumber trees,
 Unconscious of the gentlest zephyr's breath;
 A heart that has outlived fierce passion's fires,
 Love, with its pleasing pain and bitter sweet,
 Ambition, with its high o'erwrought desires,
 Swift disappointment, with its winged feet,
 Blind jealousy, which poisons honied bliss,
 Anger, more wrathful than the vexéd sea,
 Revenge, which greeteth with an adder's kiss,
 And crime, with its attendant misery,
 Portray life's calm, which is the far-off goal,
 From passion's storms, where rests the weary soul.

CHARITY.

THOU that dost cover many sins, stand forth!
 Angelic is thy form, open thy hand;
 Widows and orphans, lame, halt, blind, thy worth
 Proclaim, and penury flies at thy command:
 Not to the earth more precious is the dew,
 Than to the heart the fresh'ning grace thou givest;
 The bless'd in heaven thy high perfections view,
 And thou art bless'd, and those in whom thou livest.
 O charity! there is so much of heaven
 In thy beneficence, that hearts would be
 As worlds to which no bright warm sun is given,
 Cold, lone, and comfortless, were 't not for thee:
 Even as the sun, this excellence is thine,
 Thou gildest all on whom thy mercies shine.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON.

NUMBER THREE.

CHURCHES OF THE METROPOLIS.

ONE of the very agreeable spectacles of London, is the appearance of its Sabbath. After seeing, for a whole year, this day undistinguished from the ordinary and shabby days of the week, one is glad to contemplate it again in its Sunday clothes; so grave, so venerable, so decent. The solemnity of this morning is complete. A crape of thin cloud hangs upon the heavens; the air is serene, the echoes distinct, the noise of business still; and a hundred bells, over the vast city, are ringing the joyous tidings, *ding, ding, dang, dong!*

I propose, taking advantage of the serious occasion, and consulting your prevalent tastes, to say in this letter what I know of the London churches. Operas in the last, and sermons in this—it is a pretty antithesis, and a pleasant series in the correspondence. I see nothing profane in the association. These are almost the sole objects, worthy of curiosity, which to the entire stranger are accessible; and beside, a taste for both, in the same mind, is not so unnatural as pious ladies may imagine. They do not usually reflect how much of the sensual, and even voluptuous, intermingles in their devotions, or how much of religious feeling in their innocent amusements, whether sensual or intellectual. My humors operate in fits—fits of love, fits of jealousy, modesty, impudence, and fits of devotion; and the last, since my sojourn in foreign countries, are much the most durable and intense. Cut off from the earthly affections, one falls into religious indulgences naturally. From not a slight touch of melancholy and romance, I love the promenades of grave-yards, and to linger, of a still evening twilight, among the ivy of venerable and antiquated churches. If the metempsychosis should prove true, I should not be surprised, if one day I should return to London, with some affectionate and matronly swallow, to build under the eaves of Westminster Abbey.

Just over London Bridge, there is a venerable antiquity, called SAINT MARY OVERIES. It is so old that it is haunted. Any fine moonlight evening, you can see here the ghost of Mary Audery, an ancient maiden lady, who, with the profits of a ferry she kept before the existence of the bridge, founded a house of sisters, now the uppermost end of the church. A college of priests it became afterward, and was in good Catholic odor up to the Reformation. It then mouldered away in neglect, and the foul bird of night rooked in its spire. A part of it, the Chapel of the Virgin, or as they called it, the 'Lady Chapel,' was leased by the corporation for a bake-house, and another part, (the Presbyterian, I presume,) was let out for making starch. But in time, it was 'white-washed,' so says the history, at the expense of the parish, and with modern additions, nearly devouring the ancient structure, it is now one of the largest of the London churches; three hundred feet long, with a reasonable width. There are remaining many curious decorations, a mixture of monk-

ish and episcopal art, and numerous monuments. The first I noticed was of Gower, the friend of Chaucer; and Fletcher and Massinger lie here, in the same grave! It was immediately by the door of this church, and down the Kent Road, that Chaucer's Pilgrims, telling those immortal stories, which you have read, to lighten their journey, bent their way to the shrine of Saint Thomas of Canterbury; the swaggering sailor, the sergeant 'busier than he was,' the thin cook, and thinner scholar, upon a lean horse; and on this very road, too, it was, that Madam Blaze was so run after by the king, and so bitten, poor woman! by a mad dog. I have visited this spot thrice; and one evening sat here while the wan cold moon fell upon the marble, until I could fancy the light-footed ghosts skipping about the tomb-stones, till the hair bristled, and the blood ran chilly in my veins. *Rhe* is the Saxon for river; so you see the etymology of this church: it is also called Saint Saviour.

I spent an agreeable hour, lately, in and about an old church called STEPNEY, at the east extremity of London; and enjoyed, in some sort, the company of Mr. Addison, in reading over the same grave-stones. This one is given in the *Spectator*, as an example of the simple, and if I recollect rightly, of the pathetic. It is of Thomas Saffrin:

'Ah why,
Born in New-England, did in London die?'

No pleasant matter, after the dignity of being born a Yankee!
This for the 'simple;' and now for the 'pathetic.' He was:

'Third son, of right begot upon
His mother Martha, by his father John.'

I noticed here a Timothy Crusoe, no doubt an ancestor of Robinson's; and that old acquaintance still keeps his place upon the foot-way, and still asks you,

— 'in passing by,
To tread most neatly,
For underneath doth lie
Your honest friend, Will Wheatly.'

A Roger Crabb is buried here, who 'entered eternity (and he must have entered it very thin,) the eleventh day of September, 1680; recommending himself, very justly, as an example of abstemiousness. He sold a considerable estate, and giving it to the poor, lived up to eighty, on 'three farthings per week.' What stupid asses are we, to be concerned for a life that may be sustained to the age of the Patriarchs upon a guinea a year! There is a hard piece of marble here, incorporated with the building, whose inscription claims for it the honor of being once a stone of the walls of Carthage; perhaps the only relic extant of that memorable city. Dido and Æneas may have sat upon it! How got it to Stepney? — and how got Jacob's pillow to Westminster Abbey? — are questions for the antiquaries. This old church is tapestried exuberantly with ivy, and to complete the romance, has plenty of twittering swallows, with no doubt occasional visits from the elves and fairies of Bethnal Green. It has, beside, a pretty touch of the horrible. The villanous environs of Radcliff

Highway are close by, and Wapping, full of thieves, and the ancient gallows, for the hanging of the pirates. More than one ghost has been seen here, by aged and authentic witnesses from Little Britain; strange voices are heard in the air, and

‘To and fro, as the night-winds blow,
The carcass of the assassin swings.’

While looking idly upon this pile, your eyes will fall upon a white marble slab, just below the great eastern window, on which you will observe a coat of arms, and one in the act of impaling a fish, and on the dexter chief point, a ring. Then you will reflect, of course, upon the mystery of this device, and think over all your fish stories, and stories of rings; of Arabian Knights; of Gyges, and of that ancient Greek — what d’ye call him? — who could not succeed in being unfortunate; and finally, you will approach and read the miniature inscription: ‘*Here lieth interred the body of Dame Rebecca Berry;*’ then pondering much, the ‘Legend of the Cruel Knight’ will rush all at once upon your memory, as follows. A knight, passing by a cot, hears the cries of a woman in labor, and foresees, by his knowledge in astrology, that the child being born is destined to become his wife. He endeavors to elude the destiny, and makes various attempts upon the child’s life, in vain. He discovers her in womanhood, and drags her to the sea-side, having resolved to drown her. She is very pretty; blue eyes, pouting lips, and he relents; and taking a ring from his finger, forbids her, in throwing it into the sea, on pain of death, ever to see his face again, unless with the immersed ring. She is much tossed about the world, by land and sea, and in her various fortunes, becoming a cook, finds the ring in the belly of a fish! This is Dame Berry. So great a plague had the Fates to get her married to a knight, and buried at Stepney!

This church will repay your visit; and as I shall be no longer in London, at your arrival, you will perhaps not find these details, malgré the guide-books, altogether supererogatory. While in this neighborhood, you will do well to look into that ancient cemetery, so populous of Dissenters, BUNHILL FIELDS, where you can muse over John Bunyan, Doctor Watts, Lardner, Rees, and a whole cyclopædia of distinguished Nonconformists. I did not forget, while exploring this end, to pay my respects to SAINT MICHAEL’S, which contains all that is mortal (the lesser part) of the famous Sir Richard Whittingdon. My library was once composed of Cock Robin, and the epic hero who reposes within this church. It was no doubt from the former, that my ideas took their original and invincible bent toward shooting; and of the degree to which my habits of mind and fortunes may have been influenced by the latter — ambition kindled, hopes stimulated, by the example of a boy, without friends or home, a wanderer by the way side, who, by the sole aid of his industry, his genius, and his cat, ascended to the first honors of the city of London — I say nothing; but surely, I may be permitted, without offence to modesty, to offer to his illustrious shade, now perhaps looking down from the arched vault of heaven upon my humble homage, this feeble tribute of my grateful acknowledgments: *Quiescas!* — cat I should

have said, but the malicious world might take it for a pun, which would be out of place in a serious invocation. I rather incur the blame of bad Latin.

In a church near this, the river between, I observed, the other day, the grave of 'the amiable prince, Lee Boo,' if perchance his name has come to your ears, and visited another church of the neighborhood, which you will like exceedingly — SAINT SEPULCHRE. It is so much in your taste; only thirty-five feet high, with a peristyle in modest Tuscan, and a venerable tower of one hundred and forty feet; looking like humility aspiring to heaven. You will do well to pay a special visit, as I did, to SAINT GILES, with its figure of Time, (always a stupid god,) and his scythe; for Milton is buried here, under the clerk's desk, and Oliver Cromwell was married here. What reminiscences! And it is necessary to be born as far from England as you and I, to relish them perfectly. It is the burying-place, too, of Speed, the historian, and Fox, the martyrologist. I wish I had his book, that I might tell you who Saint Giles is.

I set out, one Sunday morning, on a kind of steeple-chase, taking in the line all the churches from my Threadneedle-street lodgings, and Westminster Abbey; only retrograding a hundred steps, to run the faster, and beginning with SAINT HELEN'S. My reflections were confused, on entering this church, by a monument, staring me in the face, to Sir Julius Cæsar. I no more expected to see him a knight, than Helen a saint. But I have learned that this Cæsar is not 'the man as wrote the Commentaries,' but only a Master of the Rolls to James I., knighted, no doubt, for his classical name, and that Helen is the lady who discovered, in the Holy Land, the true cross, and built so many churches — Constantine's devout and divorced wife. Her churches are now Moslem's, and she is sainted, has a temple, and is doing miracles here, among the cockneys, in Bishopgate-street. There is a monument here to Hook, the astronomer, and another to Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Exchange, and the Gresham College. There is something delightful in praying, after the Catholic fashion, for the souls of deceased benefactors; and one cannot but be sorry our Protestant faith does not credit this devotion, especially now that the world is on short allowance of public spirit. The tone of now-a-days is, to have a great deal of charity for the Hottentots, which dispenses one with having any for one's neighbors. There is another reverend church here, having curious monuments, and standing modestly apart, in Leadenhall-street. Stow, the historian, is seated very doctorially at the desk, in a fur gown, and looking very hot in warm weather. Think of becoming author, when one might his quietus make with a bare bodkin! Both he and Speed were tailors, and exchanging the goose for the goose-quill, have monuments in these churches. I saw here a sheriff, with a little wife, and eighteen children, all busy kneeling, in little modest figures, of an inch and a half, of brass, over a red ground. Angels are fluttering overhead, and the stained glass is beautiful. I could have passed the whole morning delightfully in this church. It is called SAINT ANDREW UNDER-SHAFT.

I went next, as was fit, to the great patroness of Threadneedle-

street, MARY LE BOW. The cockney ladies have not so much art as ladies at the West End, but

‘ the pretty creatures
Do just whate’er they please, by dint of features.’

They are robust and healthy-looking beauties, and piously attentive to their devotions. The Bow bells—what old and familiar acquaintances! They have told their tale to the idle winds, for seven generations. I heard them, seated by the tiny stream of the Connodoguinnnet, at seven years of age, and where the lone Indian smokes his *kinnakinnec*, by the Huron shore; and now (is it reality, or a vision only?) I am listening where their undulating chimes are rung along the stony avenues of London! Only think of Milton and Pope, and Gray, too, being born within the sound of these bells, and cockneys by inheritance!

The least devout of these congregations, at least in outward expression, are the preachers and clerks. The latter individual, (and they all seem run in the same pottery,) presenting his round and rosy face, with scarce a nose, to the firmament, and pronouncing the responses in a clipped, sharp metre, with his unthinking features, is the best specimen of the serio-comic extant. I amused myself in drawing his picture, in the quiescent state; the likeness is so perfect, it makes one yawn in looking at it. The preachers, like Lord Byron’s tragedies, are not intended for the stage, but excellent in the closet. They are sensible men, and *say* their sermons as the school-boy his column of two syllables. The Calmucks, as travellers report, write their prayers on a piece of paper, and believe this paper, put in motion, as effectual as articulate discourse, and substitute, often, machinery for human labor; have praying-jennies, as we spinning-jennies. To generate the motion, a cylinder is commonly used, which, attached to the jack, roasts the meat, and says grace at the same time. Where water power is convenient, they put prayers in a mill, enough for the whole congregation, and are exonerated from going to church, except in dry seasons. Take care you don’t stumble over SAINT PAUL’S! Wisdom, in London, crieth aloud, and uttereth her voice in the highways. There are three or four churches in the very midst of the most frequented thoroughfares.

Just knock at the little wicket, and a serious personage, with a *memento mori* kind of face, will open it ajar, putting himself in the crack, and when you have paid two-pence, will introduce you inside. Saint Peter’s charge was but a penny, at the Wicket Paradise. I am not finding fault with this English custom; only it is inconvenient always to have two-pence, and the French churches, with much more precious furniture, are open at all hours of the day, without ceremony. When inside, you will stand stock-still, with stupid wonder at the immense size of the monster—nearly half a mile in circumference; and you will feel no bigger than the church-mouse. If Sunday, you will find a small portion of the nave fenced in, like a sheep-fold, in which the congregation is pent up, during the service. You will soon grow weary of looking around upon the desolate nakedness of the walls. Nothing can save such a church, but an immense crowd, ten or twelve thousand, or numerous and splendid

decorations. Reynolds laid a plan, by uniting his own skill with that of other eminent artists, for adorning it with paintings. Though the church itself is built in imitation of the mother church of the Catholics, it was alleged, by the clergy of London, that the paintings would give it too much of a Romish air, and the noble project was defeated. To give the Catholics the best music and paintings, and church ornaments, is to give them a most dangerous advantage over the other denominations. Men are beings of instincts and affection, as well as reason. In love and religion, nature is the reason, even of the wise ; so says Socrates. The world was thrown, by the heat of the Reformation, into an unnatural puritanism : every thing was orthodox, if opposed to the Catholic forms ; but it is coming back to its natural impulses. If the archbishop will take my advice, which I offer him most respectfully, he will inculcate the spirit of Christianity, with its eloquence, music, pictures ; silence the Oxford tracts, and all other sectarian reasonings, and continue to burn the Pope on the fifth of November. If the church duties are honestly performed, and the senses gratified, we shall not care a fig about Catholic analogies or antipathies. What is there more idolatrous in the pictures of a church, than in the angels and cherubs on its pediment, or the statuary upon its aisles and cloisters ? A picture is an emblem of popery, and so are wooden shoes. The best commentary on the doctrine, is the example of the United States. The Catholics, (and also Methodists, who supply by rant and passion the place of better excitements,) are on the increase, while Presbyterians, Quakers, and even Episcopalians, are on the alarm, and subject to constant schisms and contentions. I noticed yesterday, in Mr. Peel's collection, a Dutch picture, which is also a good lesson ; it is a child praying, with a sullen face, and the father yawning most religiously. A sacred concert was held here, lately, for the relief of clergymen's widows ; all fashionable London being present, which shows that London has music. It is one of the choice entertainments, but they do not break Sunday with it, or wear it out by frequency. It is given once a year. A service, also, of pretty good music, is given to a very select audience, in the mornings and afternoons of every day, Sundays excepted. Saint Roch's and Notre Dame are mobbed with worshippers the year round, in a country where there is no religion ; and in this moral and religious community, the pews are usually a third empty. The organ is solemn and impressive, but the heart longs for a change, for more vivid impressions ; it longs for the majesty of the Roman choir, for the full orchestra. It seems to me the *Miser re* of Alegri, alone, would maintain the ascendancy of the Catholic religion in the world.

I have twice ascended the dome of this church, at break of day, to enjoy the mighty gloom and stillness of a London morning ; to see the great Babylon awake into life, and look down upon the ' two millions,' through their murky English skies ; a spectacle which no one who has witnessed it will ever forget. I have seen the interior, also, arrayed this week in its brightest glory, in the celebration of an anniversary, upon which the church, covering an area of incredible extent, was entirely filled with spectators ; seven thousand of whom were charity scholars. I do not know what the natives think of this ceremony,

but to me it seemed the eighth wonder of the world. The vast crowd mixed with the monumental forms of marble, which cover the aisles and chapels, and the scattered groups, mostly of angelic women, which appeared upon the lofty and distant galleries, and seeming, in the distance, almost hovering in the air, completed a picture, which I had only read of in romance, or fancied in a dream.

At this fête was the élite of English and foreign high life. Under the wing of her sweet mother, the Duchess of Kent, came the first lady of the land, after royalty, the Princess VICTORIA. She is an amiable little girl, just bursting into woman, five feet and several inches, and they call her 'Your Royal Highness;' and she had with her a little Prince, of merry features, from Hesse Cassel, who was 'Your Serene Highness,' with a short, slender gentleman, Prince Leopold, who I believe is your 'High Mightiness,' or something like it. And also, there was another gentleman, rather stooped, and a little awkward, the Duke of —; they call him 'Your Grace.' I owe this knowledge altogether to cockney information, not having been long enough in the country to distinguish noble persons by the naked eye. I pretend to no more than to tell a duchess from a duke. Of the princess I speak with most confidence, having seen her on two other occasions. She is pretty and intelligent, and has quite a small foot. I saw it getting into the carriage. But I am wandering from the church. Alas, it is not the first time a pretty foot has got between me and heaven! Posterity, and I am glad of it, will never comprehend the meaning of this sentence.

'White is the steeple of Saint Bride's in Fleet-street!'

We are now upon its threshold. The steeple grows stately from the earth, and overlooks the street two hundred feet, and is one of the prettiest architectural ornaments of London; thanks to Sir Christopher Wren. Inside, you will see a monument to that universal crony of all womankind, Richardson. He died the Fourth of July, just fifteen years before this day was consecrated to liberty and grog in the United States. One wonders how this man of ink and types contrived to make his characters, taken from their own order, so acceptable to persons of high life; and this, too, having given them, if we credit Mrs. Montague, a false coloring from beginning to end. He found out 'the one touch of nature,' and has proved that human passions are little affected by our artificial distinctions. The ladies all declare (but they lie) an unqualified admiration for Sir Charles. How much better, they would say, if sincere, is Virgil's hero; a knight valiant in battle, bearing his aged parent on his shoulders, through the flames of the enemy, with his little son, and leaving his wife to shift for herself; winning the affections of a queen, and then forsaking her, disconsolate, and devoted to death; robbing another of his betrothed bride, and going to the d—l, and coming back again, all in two volumes. Suppose he had been always the pious Æneas, especially done up in eight octavos! These remarks I intend to be personal. From your late letters, so full of moral sentiments and advice, I have reason to fear you will not have a little sin left, at my return, to make you interesting.

Among the churches I have seen and admired most, is the New SAINT PANCRAS, the only example I know of, entirely Greek, except the Madelaine. It is a pure Athenian; the outline, the Temple of Erectheus, the steeple, the Temple of the Winds; the vases and capitals over the communion table, from the Temple of Minerva. The Madelaine has not even a steeple, or tower, or, except the sculpture on the pediment, any exterior emblem of a Christian church. The ultra-religious are scandalized at this application of profane architecture. But after all, the Goths were not more orthodox than the Greeks, or Hengist and Horsa more Christian than Socrates.

There is an OLD SAINT PANCRAS, also, upon the skirts of the town, a liberal sort of saint, who patronizes all countries, religions, and sexes. In the cemetery are seven French bishops, an archbishop, French nobles, and marshals; Paoli, the brave, and Mary Wolsten-craft, and that neutral personage, the Chevalier d'Eon. If Mary's 'Rights of Women' had divided the world, which side would the chevalier have taken? At his death, he was declared, by 'a committee,' to be a man. But let a thing once get into chancery! In a case of insurance, before Lord Mansfield, he was proved to be a woman!

The route of the London churches is through a delightful and balmy region, but the progress too slow for the impatient haste of a letter. I will then pass over many worthy of notice; SAINT DUNSTON's, widowed of its ornaments — alas! could not the giants who struck the hours and the quarters, while cockneys and countrymen stood looking on, with open-mouthed wonder, resist the unmerciful hand of modern reform! — and SAINT PAUL's, Covent Garden, where Peter Pindar lies, appropriately, at the side of Hudibras; and SAINT CLEMENT's, of the Strand, where, in complete anti-climax, as far as the kitchen is concerned, lie Otway and Doctor Kitchener. I must even pass by ALL SOULS, at the end of Regent-street. Every one has a hit at this church, and it is my turn now. But, I like it; it is so abused, and so interestingly ugly; *si laide qu'elle en est jolie*; and I will bring you at once to the end of my ecclesiastical rambles, the WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Apollo plucks me by the ear, and reminds me of Addison and Washington Irving, and bids me 'tend my ewes.' Night, too, is half heaven up, and the iron finger of the old town-clock has pointed twelve, beckoning to rest.

Gentle Sleep, how have I affrighted thee! It strikes one; and I am seated at my window, stretching my eyes from Threadneedle-street to the far West, where lies America. The sun now sleeps, (he is very happy!) beyond the Broad Mountain, and the girls of the village are scampering homeward in the evening twilight. Threadneedle street! — the first time thou hast been graced ever with a note of admiration — I love thee, now that I am about to leave thee. We take a liking, so mothers say, for what most causes our sorrows. Columbus carried his chains into Spain, and loved them as a lady does a diamond necklace. We have lived together for 'better or for worse,' for three entire weeks, and shall sleep together to-night, embrace each other, look upon each other — perhaps for the last time!

Farewell! How serene is the heavens! The air, made steamy by the mid-day heat, as morning approaches, becomes pure and transparent; a little star is twinkling and twinkling by the disc of the bright moon. Chaste Dian! I have not been a negligent worshipper of thy calm and philosophic beams: I have run with thee, when a boy, in the race; I have watched thee for hours, while reposing, or disporting upon the leaves of the 'Sleepy Hollow.' Yet I love, I know not why, to contemplate this flickering star at thy side, and am diverted, at least, by its twinkling efforts, almost obscured by thy brightness. I am sleepless, and what can I do? I will venture softly on the consecrated spot. Should I even tell you what I have seen there; what matter,

— 'since none my verses mind,
But echo, babbling from the rocks and wind.'

— 'Mea carmina nemo,
Præter, ab his scopulis, ventosa, remurmurat echo!'

I have been reading poetry, and have a deal of trouble to get back into prose.

I never look suddenly upon Westminster Abbey, but as a natural production. I have often seen such structures among the cribbled towers which stand up perpendicularly upon the margin of the Susquehanna. Architecture alone, of human arts, communicates the awful impressions we receive from natural scenes. It awakens a sense of power, enormous strength, and even danger, and often reaches altogether to sublimity. Such impressions are enhanced in the presence of this abbey, by numerous associations; by an antiquity running back into the fabulous ages, made sacred by reverend histories and legends. It is supposed to stand upon an ancient Pagan temple, and to be the first Christian church upon the island. Here the High Priest of Jove kindled his censer, and bent over the entreats of the victim. Stupid soothsayer, who did not foresee the 'Eternal City' should moulder in the dust, and empire be transferred to the '*oto divisos orbe Brittanos!*' Next the croziered Abbot, or sable Friar, sat here over his beads. It has become the mother church of the metropolis since the Reformation, and nearly all the kings, from the Norman to the Hanover, have come hither to be crowned. The new churches are disenchanted, historic, unpoetical; but in these old Catholic remnants, there is a delightful, romantic interest. Monks, friars, nuns, are, in Protestant countries, a kind of epic machinery, supplying the marvellous and supernatural, without which there is rarely good poetry or romance, almost as delightfully as the deities of ancient mythology.

Having passed the threshold by the northern door, the spectator has a full view of the interior. Two long rows of gray and gothic pillars separate the nave from the side aisles. The roof, uplifted to an immense height, is supported by a double row of arches, one over the other; and that of the side aisles by others lower down, and entering into the perspective. The whole of this arched vault, and the flanks relieved by painted windows, glowing among the columns as the rainbow, together with the statuary upon the area, form a spectacle of beauty, which I leave entirely to your fancy, as indescribable.

How distinctly does one feel, that a part of religion is the magnificence of its churches ! The savage, transported from his hills, would recognize here the presence of the Deity. The images on the area, are the choir near the centre, proud of its splendid iron gates, and tessellated floor, and roof of small white tiles, the compartments bordered with carvings and gildings, and its altar of chaste white marble, in Grecian style, (one knows not why,) with Mosaic pavement in front, and tasteful balustrade. Beyond, is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, like a small church in the nave of the greater one, almost sick with elaborate beauties. The remaining spaces, the floor, the aisles, the chapels, are covered with groups of statuary, and various sepulchral monuments ; a cold and silent wilderness of marble. The pointed arches, embracing the chapels, are rich in mouldings, and gildings, foliage in relievo, roses, fierce lions, and other animals. The chapel of Henry VII., into which you ascend from this vista, by a dozen of black steps, is one of the wonders of the little world, for its display of painted glass, choirs, canopies, crannied holes and niches, and for every thing painted on its roof ; crowns, crosses, garters, roses, saints, and delicate tracery and foliage, in open work, as if the spiders had woven it. The funeral monuments here are of kings only, and the families of kings. Alas ! how much royal dust a clown may tread on, for two-and-sixpence !

The statues in the abbey present, to a general view, a curious and picturesque spectacle ; some are of a calm and meditative aspect, others animated with passion ; some of lofty and heroic mien, others kissing the very earth in their humility ; all straining after the attitude and expression which may best recommend them to the notice of the living world. The nice critics find too violent contrasts, and too many efforts at effects, by forced or fanciful situations. It is dangerous for statuary, much exposed, to get into very passionate expressions. One of the most tiresome statues I have seen, was that of Turenne exposing himself on the bridge of the Deputies, in a violent rage, and hurling his dart upon the enemy, at the side of the grave and severe Sully. One is tired of seeing a man looking fierce twenty years. We like to be astonished sometimes, and to be pleased always. Achilles, in his dare-devil attitude, in Hyde Park, will become at last a great bore.

On entering, you find around you the poets and celebrated authors. It is the 'Poet's Corner ;' Pope, and yet a Catholic ! — a triumph honorable to both parties, of poetry over episcopacy — Gay, with Pope's long epitaph, and his own little one. His own is flippant, and like Jonson's 'Rare Ben,' in bad keeping with the solemnity of the place. He is put up by 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' The Duchess of Queensbury. Milton, and Gray at his feet, represent not badly Homer and Pindar. Butler is here, but not Byron. Handel listens attentively to the music of the spheres, in a Dutch cocked hat, and stockings over the knees of his breeches. Doctor Busby ! One thinks of his *As in presenti*. Coleridge would have given him a cherub boy as conductor. Looking idly about, I espied myself in the throng ; at least that best part of one's self, the name, in a writer of biographies, and Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to King James. You will

remain a long while in this group, delighted in contemplating the features of those whose minds you are familiar with in their works.

You had better walk next upon the north side, where the tombs are more genteel, and the clay more fashionable. Horace Walpole has vindicated his good taste, in the noble statue of his mother; shown how much more gracefully one woman may be habited than another, and how much better in Italy. It is from the studio of Valery, at Rome. The Right Honorable Warren Hastings: 'Not more distinguished by the highest qualities of a statesman and patriot, than by the exercise of every Christian virtue.' What a mortifying lesson on the infirmity of human judgment is this monument! A maid of honor, who died of the prick of a pin, sits here upon her grave, and holding up her finger, asks your pity imploringly. This of Mrs. Nightingale, (her maiden name Washington,) is a celebrated, but a most horrifying group. Death is the ugliest of the skeletons; too diminutive, say the critics, for the size of the victim; and why does the husband, they say, arrest the dart, now that his lady seems quite dead? Why, in truth, make death so conspicuously an object of horror? It is not so to the hardened wretch; not so to the suicide, who courts it, nor the savage who contemns it, nor to the poor man, whom it relieves from his cares, nor to the pious, whom it raises to the Deity, nor to the philosopher, who welcomes it as a bounty of nature, resolving all those crabbed doubts, which have so puzzled his humanity; and to lessen its instinctive horror, has always been regarded as a worthy object of education. Death was painted, among the Romans, as a pale female, of interesting mien; and why, among Christians, a hideous spectre? My Lord Mansfield looks better than could be expected of a statue in a sedentary posture, and seated on a wool-sack. To be reconciled with his prodigious head, one must be born in England, and have acquired a taste for full-bottomed perriwigs. The worst of all materials for a wig, is marble. Judges in taste admit nothing to be pretty or ugly in itself, but only by association with human sympathies; and to an Englishman, who has associated a wig with all his great chancellors and judges, it is no doubt a becoming and indispensable coiffure. In this group, death is in better taste; a beautiful boy, leaning upon an extinguished taper. Poor Andre! they are leading him to execution. Officers stand by, in deep sympathy with the horrid spectacle. WASHINGTON refuses the message in his behalf. What an account have they to settle, at the great tribunal, who expose honorable and indiscreet youth to such hazards, and place virtuous men in necessities, that deafen them against the voice of nature and humanity!

* * * The eloquent tongue is mute; the eye that kindled like the eagle's, is dim; the heart that beat so high with patriotic emotions, is stagnant, and moulders with the common dust; the antagonist passions are hushed, and repose quietly, almost in the same grave!

— 'the solemn echo seems to say,
Here let their discord with them die;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb!'

Whether fate, or human design, the brotherhood is disturbed by only a few handfuls of earth:

'Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'T will trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the note resound.'

In the chapel of Saint Erasmus, are two abbots, stretched recumbent upon marble slabs, their hands pressed together, as in supplication, over their bosoms; assorting agreeably the ancient and monkish with modern times. The chapel of Saint Edward (some people are saints at a cheap rate,) contains, in the centre, the shrine of the Confessor himself, much mutilated by pious persons, who have carried his saintship away in little pieces for keepsakes. Its Ionic top is blistered by age, the mosaics are pilfered, and the inscription rendered indistinct, by the effacing fingers of the Reformation. King Henry V. lies here, a headless trunk, showing the folly of marble trunks having heads of silver. It was run into spoons for the Roundheads. Just over him hangs the shield he wore, and the saddle he bestrode so valiantly, at Agincourt. The coronation chair, upon which the kings and queens since Edward have been crowned, you will find here by the shrine, with an invitation from the guide to sit upon it. I refused, out of respect for my amiable successor. And there is here a kind of Scotch palladium, a shapeless old stone, upon which the ancient kings of Scotland were inaugurated; it is yet to vindicate the empire to Scotland: the very same stone, says Scottish tradition, which Jacob, taking from the bed of the Jordan, used for a pillow. In the chapel of Henry VII., what gorgeous pomp of architecture! By the labor and skill of the chisel, it is frosted into fillagree, and fretted into cobwebs. Here, in peaceful proximity, sleep side by side Elizabeth and her victim, Mary:

— 'a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.'

I will not anticipate your reflections upon these monuments.

In the neighborhood of this abbey, are several monkish remains; The 'Greater and Lesser Cloisters,' 'Chapter House,' which contains 'Doomsday Book, and other ancient records;' the Jerusalem chamber, in which died Henry IV., to fulfil a prediction that he would die no where but in Jerusalem; the apartments occupied by the abbots, some tapestry, painted glass, a part of the inclosing wall of old flinty stones, and cribbled bricks — a mixture of ancient and modern ruins. A glimmering light is thrown in from the courtyard, and penetrating feebly into the long vista of the cloisters, gives quite a monastic air to the place, carrying one back to the Confessor's time. The picture is completed by some images, among the rubbish, of ancient monks. You will be delighted to learn that one of them was called 'Gilbertus Crispinus.' In passing out here, in the evening twilight, I sat down awhile to enjoy the romance of the place. The air was still; the rumbling of distant equipages, and the tolling of a clock, the only interruptions of the dead silence; and I was

soon lost in visions of the past. The long-haired Britons came to gather blackberries upon 'Thorny Island,' and friars in their cowls, and sisters in their hoods flitted by, with the graceful slide of apparitions, in the obscurity; and Queen Maud, 'a ladye of vertuous conditions,' came hither bare-footed, and washed the beggars' feet; and Saint Peter descended in a stormy night, on a flash of lightning, and was ferried over the river in a scow, to consecrate the church. I would have enjoyed this scene a longer time, but a spectre, a horrible spectre, stood by, and flayered upon me in an ash-colored coat, and red unmentionables. It was the guide, angry that I kept his wife's tea waiting. Father Gilbertus, too, shook his stony locks, and chattered his iron teeth; and I went willingly out from the gathering horrors of the night.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE:

WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE NO FEET, AND NEVER TO LEAVE ITS BIRTH-PLACE, THE SKY.

BY C. E. FARNSWORTH.

I.

FLY on, fly on!
The blue sky is around thee, pure and bright
As when the sun, on the first morning, shone
Where thou wert cradled, robing thee in light.

II.

Those fields are nigh
The angels' home; below, the tempests dwell,
There soft winds feed thee, and thou dost rely,
With constant trust, on One who loves thee well.

III.

Borne on thy wing
Of purple, gray, and gold, thy fellows near
Uniting in the chorus, thou dost sing
Such songs as angels leave the heavens to hear.

IV.

Thrice happy bird!
Would I were one of your celestial choir;
Then only where thou art, my voice were heard,
Singing sweet hymns, instinct with sacred fire.

V.

Stay as thou art,
Loved bird; come not near earth, lest thou shouldst find,
And weep the lore with me, the human heart
Is hard alike to thee and to its kind.

VII.

Earth keeps me here
Awhile; yet I shall leave it, and shall rise
On fairer wings than thine, to skies more clear,
Better than thou, a Child of Paradise!

Cambridge, Mass., August, 1830.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HYPERION, A ROMANCE. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUTRE-MER.' In two volumes. pp. 439. New-York : SAMUEL COLMAN.

WE should be doing injustice to the worthy publisher of these most beautifully-printed volumes, were we to transfer to our pages a moiety of the delightful extracts which we found pencilled for insertion, when we had finished a perusal of the work ; but yielding the room which we should otherwise devote to more enlarged comment, to such passages as our space will admit, we shall hope, by drawing attention to the sparkling gems that remain behind, to apologize, in some sort, for their absence here. In brief, then, 'Hyperion' is an exquisite production, and will be so pronounced by every reader of taste. Upon the thread of a slight personal narrative, are strung quiet pictures of nature, and records of those conceptions which float into the solitary mind of the accomplished scholar, poet, and man of feeling, and which, if unrecorded, 'pass away like a dream, or a rainbow, or the glories of an evening sky.' 'Hyperion' is truly what LAMB would call a 'matter-full book ;' and is worthy to be a model for certain of our small native fictionists, who make it a subject of notoriety, that they have written more than they have read. The heedful reader will readily discriminate between the covert satire upon the dim mistiness of the ultra-German style, and the thoughtful, *saturating* spirit of her best writers, which our author has so deeply imbibed. In another respect, as to manner, he demands our praise. He has followed out the plan of that old worthy, HENRY TAYLOR, in his interstitial and transitional matter, 'which promotes an easy connection of parts, and an elastic separation of them, keeping the reader's mind upon springs, as it were.' Such, especially, are the glimpses he affords us of that lovely creation, MARY ASHBURTON, who seems to have been to our author, in his sadder moods,

'As the great eye of heaven shining bright,
And making sunshine in the shady place.'

One caveat, good reader, let us enter, in the words of an ancient, before proceeding to our extracts, 'and then God speed thee ! Do not open the book at adventures, and by reading the broken pieces of two or three leaves, judge it, but read it through.' The truth and spirit of the following will be felt and acknowledged :

"It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age ; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common ; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever come, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them. And oh ! how majestically they walk in history ; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him ; others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly Paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pencils !

"And yet, on earth, these men were not happy — not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons ! Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those,

who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much; — and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and sleep the sleep of death — and the world talks of them while they sleep!

"It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them! As if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy! As if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the eternity, burning solemnly and for ever!"

To the exclusive pastoralists, who can see nothing worth living for in large towns, and no beauty but in the country, or solitude, we commend the annexed:

"Where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. On, they do greatly err, who think, that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised, even by rude encounters, than hang for ever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Beside, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory."

The following passage will serve as a specimen of the striking and natural description which pervades the work throughout:

"Ere long he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone; a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals, of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downward, and the fingers crooked and close together. *It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the King of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear.* A feeling of wonder and delight came over the soul of Flemming when he beheld it, and he shouted and cried aloud:

"How wonderful! how glorious!"

And not less felicitous is the subjoined. 'Hearts that have loved,' will read the second paragraph more than once:

"They drove up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and turned eastward among the mountains of the Grindelwald. There they passed the day; half-frozen by the icy breath of the Great Glacier, upon whose surface stand pyramids and blocks of ice, like the tombstones of a cemetery. It was a weary day to Flemming. He wished himself at Inter-

lachen; and was glad when, toward evening, he saw once more the cone-roofed towers of the cloister rising above the walnut trees.

"That evening is written in red letters in his history. It gave him another revelation of the beauty and excellence of the female character and intellect; not wholly new to him, yet now renewed and fortified. It was from the lips of Mary Ashburton, that the revelation came. Her form arose, like a tremulous evening star, in the firmament of his soul. He conversed with her; and with her alone; and knew not when to go. All others were to him as if they were not there. He saw their forms, but saw them as the forms of inanimate things. At length her mother came; and Flemming beheld in her but another Mary Ashburton, with beauty more mature; the same forehead and eyes, the same majestic figure; and, as yet, no trace of age. He gazed upon her with a feeling of delight, not unmingled with holy awe. She was to him the rich and glowing evening, from whose bosom the tremulous star was born.

The remarks of the hero's bluff English friend, when his bright star is waning, and the course of true love runs roughly, is in quite another vein:

"That is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know not what, and flickering reason says, Good night; amen to common sense. The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; furnishes her with all the purple and fine linen, all the rich apparel and furniture, of human nature. I did the same when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now; and went through all the

'Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations,
A thousand unknown rites,
Of joys, and rarified delights.'

I adored and was rejected. 'You are in love with certain attributes,' said the lady. 'Damn your attributes, Madame,' said I; 'I know nothing of attributes.' 'Sir,' said she, with dignity, 'you have been drinking.' So we parted. She was married afterward to another, who knew something about attributes, I suppose. I have seen her once since, and only once. She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she did not marry me. One of these days you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it."

We commend the subjoined to those who think. Those who only *think* they think, may not find it so much to their liking:

"Life is one, and universal; its forms many and individual. Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle it flies from Birth to Death, from Death to Birth; from the beginning seeks the end, and finds it not, for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun; so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love. Of all these forms, the highest and most perfect in its god-likeness is the human soul. The vast cathedral of Nature is full of holy scriptures, and shapes of deep, mysterious meaning; but all is solitary and silent there; no bending knees, no up-lifted eye, no lip adoring, praying. Into this vast cathedral comes the human soul, seeking its Creator; and the universal silence is changed to sound, and the sound is harmonious, and has a meaning, and is comprehended and felt. It was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth; and the flame of the Fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward to seek the Lord of Heaven; and here and there the Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not! Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting, and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown somewhat. Yes; when, above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not! when, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves; then there awakes in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend it, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty. It awakens, also, when in the fulness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness is heard only the song of the grasshopper and

the hum of the bee; and when at evening the singing lark, up from the sweet-smelling vineyards rises, or in the later hours of night Orion puts on his shining armor, to walk forth in the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty, and fulfilled. For lo! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not heard, but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface of the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen, where in the soul of man it meets its likeness changeless and firm-standing. Thus, then, stands Man; a mountain on the boundary between two worlds; its foot in one, its summit far-rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the Past and Perishable, which we have left behind us; and, as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the day-break of Eternity beyond us!"

But our quotations must have a limit; and the best that we can do in the premises, is to advise all who have followed us hither, to possess themselves at once of 'Hyperion,' and sit down to a feast of calm philosophy, poetry, and romance.

A DIARY IN AMERICA, WITH REMARKS ON ITS INSTITUTIONS. By CAPT. MARRYAT, C. B., Author of 'Peter Simple,' 'Jacob Faithful,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 470. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS 1834, 1835, and 1836. By the Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 471. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We include a desultory notice of these two works in one article, because they are of the same general class, and in the main upon a common theme, although strikingly dissimilar in spirit and execution. Capt. MARRYAT, as might have been anticipated, from the tenor of certain newspaper publications of his, before leaving the United States, has felt himself called upon to give us a lick with the rough side of his tongue, whenever he could do so with plausible reason, and very frequently straining a point to find occasion for animadversion and covert or open satire. His book has evidently been carelessly and hastily written, from notes of travel hurriedly jotted down. He intimates that he may frequently have been misinformed, or 'quizzed.' Be this as it may, it is quite certain, if we may judge from our author's printed version of certain oral anecdotes which we remember to have furnished him, he has not always quoted his American authorities correctly. With the talent for observation and description which is so prominent a characteristic of 'PETER SIMPLE's productions, it would have been difficult for Captain MARRYAT to write a dull work. If very stupid books should ever become the fashion, his occupation would be gone. Light, gossiping, and various, with picturesque sketches of scenery; replete with hits at the American people, and their social habits; with a strong spice of misrepresentation and ridicule — which, we may remark in passing, we have learned to laugh, instead of being angry, at — our author doubtless reasoned, and rightly too, that he could command perusal, both in England and America. The volumes are generally extant, in the Union, and no small portion of them has found a place in the journals of the day. Some of the writer's strictures are just, and their satire might be made of salutary effect. A single extract, touching upon a custom which would be more honored in the breach than in its too uniform observance among us, is all for which we can make room:

"It would be a strange account, had it been possible to keep one, of the number of introductions which I have had since I came into this country. Mr. A introduces Mr. B and C, Mr. B and C introduce Mr. D, E, F, and G. Messrs. D, E, F, and G, introduce Messrs. H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, and so it goes on, *ad infinitum*, during the whole of the day; and this to me, who never could remember either a face or a name. At an introduction, it is invariably the custom to shake hands; and thus you go on shaking hands here, there, and every where, and with every body; for it is impossible to know who is who, in this land of equality. But one shake of the hand will not do; if twenty

times during the same day you meet a person to whom you have been introduced, the hand is every where extended, with, 'Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?' and, in their good-will, when they seize your hand, they follow the apothecary's advice, 'When taken, to be well shaken.' * * * When I left Saratoga, I found no one, as I thought, in the car, who knew me; and I determined, if possible, they should, in the Indian phrase, *lose my trail*. I arrived at Schenectady, and was put down there. I amused myself until the train started for Utica, which was to be in a few hours, in walking about the engine-house, and examining the locomotives; and having satisfied myself, set out for a solitary walk in the country. There was no name on my luggage, and I had not given my name when I took my ticket for the railroad. 'At last,' said I to myself, '*I am incog.*' I had walked out of the engine-house, looked round the compass, and resolved in which direction I would bend my steps, when a young man came up to me, and very politely taking off his hat, said, 'I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Captain M.' Had he known my indignation when he mentioned my name, poor fellow! but there was no help for it, and I replied in the affirmative. After apologizing, he introduced himself, and then requested the liberty of introducing his friend. 'Well, if ever,' thought I; and, 'no never,' followed afterward, as a matter of course, and as a matter of course his friend was introduced. It reminded me of old times, when midshipmen at balls, we used to introduce each other to ladies we had none of us seen before in our lives. Well, there I was, between two overpowering civilities; but they meant it kindly, and I could not be angry. These were students of Schenectady College: would I like to see it? a beautiful location, not a half a mile off. I requested to know if there was any thing to be seen there, as I did not like to take a hot walk for nothing, instead of the shady one I had proposed for myself. 'Yes, there was Professor Nott;' I had of course heard of Professor Nott, who governed by moral influence and paternal sway, and who had written so largely on stones and anthracite coal. I had never before heard of moral influence, stones, or anthracite coal. Then there were more professors, and a cabinet of minerals! The last was an inducement, and I went." * * * I had not been recognised in the rail car, and I again flattered myself that I was unknown. I proceeded, on my arrival at Utica, to the hotel, and asking at the bar for a bell, the book was handed to me, and I was requested to write my name. Wherever you stop in America, they generally produce a book and demand your name, not on account of any police regulations, but merely because they will not allow secrets in America, and because they choose to know who you may be. Of course, you may frustrate this espionage, by putting down any name you please; and I had the pen in my hand, and was just thinking whether I should be Mr. Snooks or Mr. Smith, when I received a slap on the shoulder, accompanied with: 'Well, Captain, how are you by *this* time?' In despair I let the pen drop out of my hand, and instead of my name, I left on the book a large blot. It was an old acquaintance from Albany, and before I had been ten minutes in the hotel, I was recognised by at least ten more."

Passing our author's exhibition of harmless and amusing self-complacency and ostentation, the candid reader must admit the social fault here indicated. We were sitting a day or two since, in a public office, sustaining a conversation with an elderly gentleman, who had introduced himself to our acquaintance, when he was joined by two or three ladies, whom he at once 'introduced' to the several official functionaries present, adding, as the ceremony ended with the last, with a glance of kindness toward us, 'I would introduce my daughters to this gentleman, if I knew his name!' The friendly spirit which prompted the offer, was duly appreciated and acknowledged. Although an 'extreme case,' the incident is nevertheless worth the citing, as an evidence that the animadversion we have quoted, partakes more of truth than of caricature.

The volumes whose title stands second at the head of this notice, reflect much credit upon the head and heart of their author. Beside the usual scenes and objects deemed noteworthy by English travellers through the United States — which, truth to say, have begun to grow tedious, in the thousand and one descriptions which have been given of them, from time to time, by foreign tourists — our author presents us with an account of a summer residence among the Pawnee Indians, in the remote prairies of the Missouri, and a visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. These are the most spirited portions of the work. We are bound, however, to notice the general tone of candor and good will, and the *appreciating* spirit, touching our country, its institutions, its social relations, and its promises for the future, which characterize, we might rather say distinguish, the volumes under notice. These traits demand, and will receive, general commendation. We remember to have met Mr. MURRAY in society, on two or three occasions, during his sojourn among us; and can assure the reader, that his bearing, as a frank and open-hearted

gentleman, would leave little room to infer insincerity, or flattery of national vanity, from his volumes. A love of sport, in its legitimate sense, and a fondness for out-of-the-way adventure, led our author into many rough 'passages of travel,' whose issues are recorded with an air that shows him to have been nothing loth to encounter them. Mr. MURRAY frequently corrects the errors and fabrications of his fellow travellers of the Trollope and Fidler school, and very rarely confirms their reports. He does so, however, in one instance. He says the greedy haste and confusion which are usually observable at American dinners, deserve all the strong animadversions which have been bestowed upon them. Capt. MARRYAT, on the other hand, complains, that in Boston, especially, the dinner-giving citizens carry imitation of the English to such a ridiculous extent, in their long sittings over their dinners and wine, that nothing could be a greater bore; while, if we may credit Mr. WILLIS, and he is an accurate observer, even a dinner of admitted state and ceremony, in London, is dispatched in just twenty-five minutes! So that 'Go mend!' may be tendered the advisers, as well as the advised. Our author has given Mrs. TROLLOPE her quietus. Of Cincinnati, which was the chief scene of that masculine cerulean's excruciating satire, he says: 'I have been in company with ten or twelve of the resident families, and have not seen one single instance of rudeness, vulgarity, or incivility; while the absence of constraint and display, render the society more agreeable, in some respects, than that of more fashionable cities.' Here, however, is a record on the other side of the ledger:

"I found an amusing contrast in the manners of some western travellers, who were cast in a rougher mould: they were not satisfied till they had found out who I was, where I came from, *why* I came, where I was going to, how long I meant to stay, and, in addition to these particulars, how much my umbrella cost, and what was the price of my hat. This last inquiry was followed by the party taking it up from the bench, and putting it on his *head*, which was not very cool, neither did it appear to have suffered much annoyance from water or from comb; luckily the hat did not fit, and after giving it two or three stout pulls in a vain attempt to draw it over his scalp, he returned it to me. Another fellow saw me smoking a Carbaños cigar: he asked me, 'Stranger, have you got another of them things? I will give you a cent for one;' (a half-penny.) I immediately gave him one, saying, in perfect good-humor, 'I will not sell you one, but I shall be very glad if you will accept this.' To my surprise, he became irritated and angry, and tried two or three times to force the cent upon me. I refused as stoutly; and at length told him, that if he was determined to buy and not accept the cigar, I should charge him half a dollar for it. This view of the case induced him to take it *gratis*, but he seemed annoyed, and by no means grateful."

Mr. MURRAY speaks with feeling, and in a tone of just indignation, of a too common incident here, which he saw at Natchez:

"On returning toward the steam-boat, I saw with grief two or three Indians completely drunk, rolling in the gutter, and affording a butt for the jokes, gibes, and even blows, of a dozen vagabond negro boys. I believe they belonged to the Chickasaw tribe. I know not why it is, but there is no human being (except a woman) that affects me with such inexpressible pity and disgust, when under the influence of liquor, as an Indian. I know this is unphilosophical, because it certainly is a greater disgrace and debasement to a white man; still, I then feel my pity lost in my disgust; while, in the case of the Indian, (although I have lived too long among them to believe any more tales of their innocence, simplicity, etc.,) my fancy fondly clings to the delusion of that state, 'when wild in woods the noble savage ran.' Thus, when I see him grovelling in the dirt, with a helpless body and a reeling brain, and uttering thick and half-choked sounds, which no ear near him can understand, I cannot help thinking we have done this; we, who boast of our civilization; we, who pretend to spread abroad the refinement of art and science, and the purity of the Gospel, among the nations; we have reduced the eagle eye, the active limb, the stately form of our red brother, to the grovelling, swinish animal which I now see before me! Of all the plunderers, thieves, and land sharks on earth, there are none that I more detest, none that will hereafter have a heavier charge against them, than those settlers and traders in the West, (whether British or American,) who cheat the Indians of three hundred per cent. in every bargain, by making whiskey the medium of purchase, knowing, as they well do, that it leads to the degradation, the misery, and, ere long, the extirpation of the ignorant and unfortunate purchasers."

Our author was delighted with Philadelphia, its beautiful women, its fine wines, its culinary temptations, 'from the rich Pennsylvania butter, to the luscious terrapin,' and its literary men, among whom he mentions our correspondent, Mr. DUPONCEAU, as a writer 'whose name is well known to the literati of Europe.' With a portion of the generous and excellent sentiments of the 'Concluding Address to the Reader,' we close our notice of the volumes before us :

"If you, whose eye now rests upon this page, are a Briton and a fellow-countryman, it is not improbable that you may have missed, in these volumes, the satirical observations on American peculiarities of manner, character, and language, of which you have been furnished with so abundant a supply by other writers, and from which you had expected to derive no little amusement. If such be the case, I regret your disappointment; but at the same time, I entreat you to remember, that the parable of the mote and the beam is of national as well as of individual applicability, and that neither our own manners nor morals are so faultless as to justify our indulging in a tone of censure, sarcasm, or satire, upon those of the Americana. I would remind you that many of the peculiar characteristics which we sometimes criticise so severely in them, are the very same traits which French, German, and other European writers have observed as marking our own national character. Lastly, I would appeal to yet higher feelings than a mere sense of justice, and would recall to your recollection, that, although separated by political accidents and by the Atlantic, this people is connected with us by a thousand ties which ages cannot obliterate, and which it is unnatural to sever now, while they are yet fresh and vigorous. Whether we view the commercial enterprise of America, or her language, her love of freedom, or her parochial, legal, or civil institutions, she bears indelible marks of her origin; she is, and must continue, the mighty daughter of a mighty parent; and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinity of race remains unaltered: her disgrace must dishonor their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown should gratify the paternal pride of Britain.

"In bidding you, American reader, farewell, I would induce you by every means in my power to cherish and reciprocate the sentiments above recommended; to remember that your literature is formed upon English models, your jurisprudence upon English law, and that the very love of freedom and independence which moved you to cast off the dominion of England, was imbibed by your first founders from the breasts of English mothers. Let not sneers, nor petty interests, nor petty jealousies sever these ties of ancient kindred, but rather let both nations endeavor with a noble emulation to show to the world, each under her own institutions, an example of every public and private virtue. Would that I could flatter myself with having contributed my mite toward the attainment of this desirable object! At least, my American brethren, you will do me the justice to own, that what I have written concerning your country has been written in this spirit. I may have been mistaken in many of my views, and may have fallen into numerous errors, to which all travellers are more or less liable; my pen may probably, in some instances, have been guided by prejudice, of which I was myself unconscious. I know not whether I shall ever return to your shores, where I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life; but if I am destined to revisit you, I shall come in the confidence of grasping more than one friendly hand, and in the consciousness of having, in these volumes, neither stooped to flatter you, nor 'set down aught in malice.' "

Ten years hence, the great marvel will be, that any other feeling than that indicated in the above paragraphs, should ever have been nurtured and cherished between two great countries.

FANNY. WITH OTHER POEMS. By FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. In one volume. pp. 130. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS little volume has been published some four or five weeks; and there is little chance that citations from its contents would not 'come up for a third reading,' at least, were we to spread them before those who peruse these pages. Let it suffice to say, therefore that *that* 'Fanny' which has been so long out of print that fears were entertained it was to be for ever suppressed, is again extant; bound up with those other famous poems, the Epistles to Recorder REXER, WALTER BOWNE, etc.; including, also, the 'Rhyme of the Ancient Coaster,' and four or five well-known minor poems. The book is very handsomely printed, and ornamented with a soft vignette view of Weehawken.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'BOOK-STORE SKETCHES.'—The beautiful gray-hound that holds down our papers, with characteristic fidelity, had his delicate iron paws outspread upon a memorandum-leaf of our note-book, wherein were recorded a few hints and reflections upon 'Scenes in a Book Store,' which we were about to elaborate into a comely paragraph, when THOMAS raps lightly, and lays before us the following. Thanks, considerate, timely 'J. T. F.!' The day is fainting with the heat; there are three damp proof-sheets at our elbow; and to think, is hardest labor. Hence, we cheerfully adopt our correspondent's sketch, leaving our own matériel for a subsequent 'counter-report.'

MOST LEARNED DIEDRICH: In your visits to the crowded shops of our fashionable biblioplists, did it never occur to you that a great deal of character might be gleaned from the 'Sayings and Doings at a Book-store?' I have often been amused with the strange correspondence between men and titles; and being somewhat given to things of this sort, have lately watched the shop-boy and his customers, through a whole summer's morning. It is my especial privilege to occupy a quiet seat directly under the bust of glorious Sir Walter, in one of our most frequented literary establishments, and I assure you, a pleasanter retreat cannot be procured in this goodly city of notions.

Softly now! See how gingerly that neat-looking damsel trips up to my rosy-faced friend behind the counter. She is from the country, as I judge from some little peculiarities in the nicely-adjusted bonnet and modest riding-habit. Observe how she first peers over all the rows of thin twelve-mo's, and then darts away to another table, before asking for the wished-for volume. Can you doubt the object of her search? Now she is preparing her pretty mouth to address the young man, who politely bends down to learn her wants. There, I thought so: 'The Young Wife' she is in pursuit of, for she soon expects to become one, and means to be prepared for her new station. Did you not detect a waggish expression about that youngster's lip, as he handed the maiden her valued purchase? 'Tis his custom, the sad rogue!—and I have often noticed it, when the Doctor's Advice has been inquired for.

Here comes a couple, arm in arm, arrayed in white, and looking so pleased with each other! Stand aside, my worthy antiquary, and leave hunting quaint sayings, for a few moments, till the new-comers are waited upon. Give them room to swing in, along side the counter, for they have all sails set, and move at a rapid rate. Now for it! What author will suit this happy pair? That 's the book for lately married people! I knew it was the 'Frugal House Wife' they wanted, for truly no better book can be put into the hands of young folks, about commencing life on their own responsibility. Your half dollar has been well disbursed, young woman, spite of the bridegroom's frowns at the 'exorbitant charge,' as he calls it. Study it well, my good friends, and bear in mind the old saying, that 'a penny saved is as good as a penny earned.'

But who is the dapper little man in black, putting on his spectacles again, and curiously peering into the dark, time-worn folios on the deep shelves by the window? How eagerly he eyes that noble edition of Quintilian! See him look again and again at the illuminated pages! He is your true lover of books, provided *they are the right editions*. Now he is almost determined to ask the price. He fears it is too much for his slender

means. His good wife, perhaps, this very morning, implored him not to bring home any more 'great books;' but he cannot resist the temptation. He looks another way, while the shopman charges it to his already formidable last year's account, and while his fingers tremble with joy, as they clasp the precious relic, he rushes out of the door, in a delirium of happiness.

I never see a man of this description enter the store, without being reminded of CHARLES LAMB. Poor Elia! What delight was he wont to take by candle-light, over many an antiquated volume! Better to him 'than all the waters of Damascus,' were these dusty companions. I can see him now, hugging that huge folio, 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' as he drags it home, late at night, from 'Baker's, in Covent Garden.' 'Do you remember,' says his cousin Bridget Elia, in her famous lament that they had grown too rich, 'do you remember,' says the kind soul, 'how we eyed it for weeks, before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late; and when the old book-seller, with some grumbling, opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedward,) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures; and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome; and when you presented it to me; and when we were exploring the perfectness of it, (*collating*, you called it,) and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break; was there no pleasure in being a poor man?'

Peace to thine ashes, gentle Charles! Few loved old books like thee.

Hearken now to the inquiry of the portly gentleman at the counter. Did you see the smile on his cozy old phiz, so Pickwick-like, as he sidled up to make his purchase? He turns away disappointed. What can it mean? Thomas never sends a customer away with such a countenance, if he can help it. Ah! I see how it is. The new number of Nicholas Nickleby, which he expected to enjoy after dinner, has not arrived. No wonder he feels unhappy. I met this same individual, not long ago, at an eating-house, where he sat intently devouring, instead of his dinner, which grew cold at his elbow, a late number of *Boz*. All at once, as if awaking from a dream, he cried out, in metrical impatience:

'Charming Mr. Dickens!
Waiter, pie and chickens
For one more;
Here I've sat and waited,
With my appetite half-sated,
Without dining; I'm belated
At the store!'

The facetious reader could not believe, for a long while, that the viands had been smoking under his nose for the last half hour; and it was some time before his embarrassment wore off, and he could be induced to finish his meal.

Delectable Mr. BULWER! There lies thy last uncut novel, in two amiable-looking volumes, temptingly displayed on the show-case. Let us see who will be the first purchaser of thy latest thoughts, this bright morning. 'Tis not the book 'or you, my honest countryman; nor for you, my worldly-faced money-changer; but for thee, sweet and gentle mistress Pryabout; 'tis the very matter for thy perusal. Now hie thee home, and far into midnight the scenes therein depicted shall detain thee from thy wonted slumbers. Perchance thou wilt sleep at last, to dream of fine dashing fellows in 'scarlet and gold,' so fascinating and pleasant, that ere morning thou wilt be persuaded to fly to the ends of the earth. But oh, the chagrin and disappointment of the waking hour! Yet blessings on thee, sapient Mr. Bulwer! Thou bringest happiness as lasting as any we enjoy here; and if thou canst make yonder maiden's heart to leap for joy, and her footsteps to wander in Elysium, why let us give thee all due credit, oh, persecuted M. P.! and so pass on. But the store is beginning to be deserted; and while the 'Old South' dial is warning our good citizens to be on the *qui vive* for their noon tide repast, I will good-naturedly put a final period to these my vagrant thoughts, and close my epistle, worthy Didrich, with, a blessing on all your fair readers.

'THE ANTEDILUVIANS,' BY DR. M'HENRY. — It will be remembered by many of our readers, that at the close of an article entitled 'American Poets and their Critics,' published in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for July, 1834, reference was made to a manuscript volume of poetry, yclept 'The Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed,' by Dr JAMES M'HENRY, in some nineteen books, (and *otherwise* very similar to EMMONS' 'Fredoniad,') the great want of which the writer had publicly lamented in the *American Quarterly Review*, but which he had been compelled to send to London to be printed, because the publishers on this side of the water could not see its merits. Well, after five years, during which period the author has doubtless been hesitating to 'take the responsibility' of publication, the great work has appeared. No copy of it has yet found its way to the United States, to our knowledge. CHRISTOPHER NORTH, however, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been made the recipient of a copy, and may boast a triumph of true Scottish perseverance in its perusal, judging from his account of it. Half of the production is served up in the July number, in the most searching critique, abounding in happy ridicule and keen satire; such ridicule and satire, indeed, as only 'Old Kir' knows how to employ. We give a few paragraphs from the opening of the article:

'It is many years,' says Dr. M'Henry, 'since I first entertained the design of writing a narrative poem, on some great event in the history of man; but the selection of that event was a matter of no slight difficulty. A good subject, I knew, was the first step toward success in any literary undertaking; and I resolved to adopt none which I did not feel persuaded would form a recommendation to my work.' Mrs. Hannah and Mr. Thomas Moore, and our friend Mr. John Stewart, have furnished us with elaborate pictures of gentlemen respectively in search of a wife, a religion, and a horse; but none of the three is so impressive as the Doctor's of a poet in search of a subject. In that search his scone has become slape — his eyes have lost their lustre — his frame has been bent earthward; so that, while yet little more than threescore, his semblance is that of extreme old age. Even we ourselves look, nay feel, young in his presence; to us

'The oldest man he seems that ever wore gray hairs.'

'This comes of devoting one's-self for many years to the selection — for the subject of a narrative poem — of some great event in the history of man. Their multitude is overwhelming — and shifting as the clouds. An event that to the eyes of imagination overshadows the whole morning sky — at meridian looks but a speck — in the gloaming is gone. 'Among great events, alas! how few good subjects!' mentally exclaims the solitary, with a sigh. But a good subject is 'the first step toward success in any literary undertaking;' and till that is taken, lack-a-daisical indeed must be the aspect of the meditative poet — sitting by himself with his pen in his hand. Every year he grows harder and harder to please; subjects not to be sneezed at on the score of size, to his fastidious optics seem contemptibly small; mountains dwindle into molehills — rivers into rills — seas into ponds; and the consequence is, that 'resolved to adopt no subject which he does not feel persuaded would form a recommendation to his work,' he adopts none at all, and, after a term, protracted far beyond the narrow span usually allotted to human life, he dies without his fame, and leaves no proof of his existence here below, except, perhaps, a few pieces of prose.

'Such, however, will not be the fate of Dr. M'Henry — though he has made a narrow escape. 'The annals of mankind,' he acutely remarks, 'furnish many great and stirring events, well adapted to poetic narration; but I wanted one not only great in its character, but *universal* in its effects, that *all men* might feel an interest in its details.' That was a noble ambition, and proved how just an appreciation the Doctor had been led to make of his powers, aspiring very early to the most extensive practice. 'Neither the founding of a state,' he exultingly declares, 'the achievement of a victory, nor the overthrow of an empire, was therefore adequate to my wishes.' * * * The *Iliad* and the *Æneid* appeared to the Doctor to be respectable poems in their way — 'on great and stirring events, well adapted to poetic narration' — but because 'not universal in their effects,' sufficient for the genius of a Homer and a Virgil, but inadequate to that of a M'Henry, born in the fullness of time and for the illumination of the whole race of man.

'The discovery of the New World,' he admits, 'was an event of a great and general interest; but was already poetically occupied, and therefore forbidden to me by both courtesy and policy.' America, it may be remarked as we go along, is not a new world, but merely one of the four quarters of the old — and the old went on well enough for the purposes of poetry, while it was supposed to consist but of Europe, Asia and Africa; yet do we cheerfully grant that the discovery of the fourth quarter was an 'event of great and general interest,' not unworthy even of the Doctor's muse in its humbler

flights. But is manifest that he left it, without envy, to the weaker wings of Southey; for he adds: 'I was, in truth, desirous of a subject more universally interesting than even this;' and he leaves the less illustrious Laureate to enjoy the circumscribed fame of his *Madoc*.

'I considered,' continues the Doctor, 'that the poet who had made the strongest impression on the world, had been enabled to do so by his fortunate choice of the most exalted and universal subject which space in all its extent, and time in all its duration, could afford — the History of Creation and the Fall of Man. On that theme did the chief of poets not only find scope for the whole power of his genius, but his genius found excitement for unequalled elevation, and became invigorated by the grandeur and vastness of the topics presented to its contemplation.'

'He does not inform us at what era of his search after a subject he first took into his serious consideration Milton's fortunate choice of *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps it was late in life. From that hour he set himself sedulously to look over 'space in all its extent, and time in all its duration,' for the subject next in exaltation and universality to the Creation and the Fall of Man. But that this allusion to Milton may not be misinterpreted, he has the humility to add: 'If I were indeed so vain as to imagine that I possessed talents like his, where could I find a subject on which to exert them like *Paradise Lost*? There never can be another poetic theme connected with human affairs of equal grandeur and sublimity. Nor will there probably ever be one so felicitously treated as this has been in that wonderful poem.' We acquit Dr. M'Henry of the vanity of imagining that he possesses the 'talents' of Milton. But if he does not believe that he is a poet of the highest order — next to that where Milton sits supreme or sole — then he must be a great ninny. For who, short of a great poet or a great ninny, would 'for many years entertain the design of writing a narrative poem on some great event in the history of man' — keep searching the 'annals of mankind' for an event 'not only great in its character, but universal in its effects' — declare 'the founding of a state, the achievement of a victory, and the overthrow of an empire, inadequate to his wishes' — be 'desirous of a subject more universally interesting than the discovering of the New World' — envy Milton his 'fortunate choice of the Creation and Fall of Man' — and finally, fix on the subject next in exaltation and universality to Milton — 'which space in all its extent, and time in all its duration, could afford?'

'Milton having anticipated M'Henry in the Creation and Fall, the Doctor, though often damped, was never dismayed — and on 'the first of April morn by the chime,' A. D. 18—, by a desperate but triumphant effort of inventive genius, he bethought himself of — *THE FLOOD*. Still, in the annals of mankind there remained one subject unappropriated by the Epic Muse, which, although to sustain it suitably required less daring flights than that which was chosen by Milton, was yet amply magnificent and universally interesting — namely, *THE FORTUNES AND CATASTROPHY OF THE ANTIDILUVIAN WORLD*.

'What a breakfast the Doctor must have devoured that morning! or was he too much agitated to eat? 'Throw physic to the dogs — now shall I show that poetry is no drug! Here goes a bumper to Apollo!'

'The Doctor complains of his 'dormant fancy,' his 'indolence,' his 'lethargy,' and his 'sloth;' and, true it is, that since the publication of some presentation copies of his *Pleasures of Friendship*, he has not contributed largely to our national poetry; but now

'Bold and determined, now my spirit spreads,
Adventurous pinions for an arduous flight,
More arduous than has oft been tried by man,
And with due strength successfully attained.'

'The most difficult department in the art of flying, is that which embraces the action of the wings in the first essays of the fowl — be he anceps or anser — to associate himself from the encumbrance of the earth. Once up, he has no real ground for uneasiness about coming down, especially if he has the sense to go large — before the wind — 'goose winged,' and never attempt to tack. We have seen fowls of the earth enabled, by adopting such precautions, to keep company with fowls of the air, and perform more than respectably

'An arduous flight,
More arduous than has oft been tried by man;'

but the difficulty, we repeat, in getting off their feet, webbed, or otherwise, 'lies in the first step toward any aerial undertaking;' that feat achieved, you would wonder to behold how they clear the chimneys, and keep soaring and soaring, as if it were not altogether inconceivable that they might even settle down half way up Arthur's Seat.

'But to return more immediately to the Doctor. 'This was the subject,' he goes on to say, 'that appeared to me the best calculated of any yet unsung to impart dignity and interest to a narrative poem. After due deliberation, I had the boldness to adopt it,

although I was fully sensible of the difficulty of doing justice to a theme of such magnitude. It was certainly one exalted and sublime enough for the exercise of *poetic talents of the highest order*, and poetic ambition of the most fervid character. It presented a field in which the most active imagination could freely range, limited only by the dictates of reason and the laws of possibility.' 'Nay, it had,' quoth the Doctor, 'one advantage which Milton did not find in his mighty theme: it supplied abundant occasion for the display of human nature in its fallen state.' Did the Doctor never read the *Eleventh Book of Paradise Lost*?

'In studying the annals of mankind, the Doctor saw 'one subject *unappropriated by the Epic Muse*;' but he afterward tells us, that whether 'the *title epic*, according to the scholastic meaning of the word, be awarded to this poem, is a matter of no importance, provided its readers derive enjoyment from its perusal. My great aim having been to produce an interesting poem on an interesting subject, I feel but little concern as to what class of poetical productions the work shall be assigned.' This is hardly fair—for the author of *The Antediluvians* could not have been ignorant of the existence of James Montgomery's *World before the Flood*. It is not an epic poem; but it is an 'interesting poem,' one the subject of which the Doctor says was unsung—and it is a narrative poem. Byron's *Heaven and Earth*—if we mistake not—is about the Antediluvians; so is Moore's *Loves of the Angels*—so is Reade's *Wanderings of Cain*; and Heraud's *Judgment of the Flood* is an epic. In no sense of the word, then, could it be truly said that the subject was unsung; it had been sung in the English language—lyrically, narratively, dramatically, and epically—and in many other tongues, unknown to the Doctor, but nevertheless openly spoken by diverse nations. The Doctor, on that memorable first of April—to which 'our free shepherds give a grosser name'—in the pride of his heart, discovered a mare's nest.'

After these 'premises,' commences the critique proper, with extracts; and we advise all who delight to see a felicitous exposition of windy pretension, and obtrusive mediocrity, to procure 'Blackwood,' and read the article in question. The reviewer is courteous, as will be seen, and plays with his victim, like a cat with a mouse which it is about to devour up bodily. We could not but think, all the while we were perusing the adroit, sly thrusts of the article in question, of a remark of 'The Doctor,' (not Dr. McHENRY!) in relation to a kindred worthy: 'Were I to say of any homo that he might have been whelped or foaled, instead of having been born, no judicious reader would understand me as predicating this to be possible, but as denoting an opinion, that such an animal might as well have been a quadruped as what he is; and that for any use which he makes of his intellect, it might have been better for society, if he had gone on four legs, and carried panniers!'

SIR WILLIAM STEWART.—The arrival of this gentleman in Scotland, with his Indian curiosities and wild animals, from the far west, seems to have excited, if we may judge from several paragraphs in the London journals, no small curiosity among his countrymen, from whom he has been so long absent. He was a true sportsman, and never knew the sensation of fear. One evening, just before leaving New-York, he mentioned the following occurrence, among other adventures, with which, in his cool *nonchalant* manner, he was amusing a small circle of his American friends. As there seemed to be nothing private in the anecdote, we infer that there can be no infraction of social courtesy, in adducing it, as illustrative of the narrator's character. On one occasion, toward the end of a day's sport, he had penetrated alone, far into a vast prairie. He was reflecting that he had exhausted nearly all his ammunition, when he saw one of the largest of those most ferocious of animals, the grisly bear, making toward him. He levelled his gun and fired. The piece hung fire! The savage beast was nearing him rapidly, when he took from his pocket his *last* percussion-cap, and placed it 'on duty.' 'What,' interrupted a worthy friend of ours, who knew that certain death would have been the result of the bear's attack, 'what must have been your sensations at that moment?' 'Why,' answered Sir William, with the utmost *sang froid*, 'I said to myself, *If I am as good as my gun, that's a dead bear!*' He knew his gun, and the result showed that he knew himself. He discharged his weapon, and the animal dropped to the ground. The bullet of a fearless antagonist had penetrated his heart.

OUR DRAWER is again full to overflowing. Its contents—and we doubt if it ever was so rich in variety and quality before—shall be canvassed anon, we may hope, to edification. It is opened now, for the purpose of saying a word to two or three contributors who have assisted to fill it, and who desire present reference to their communications. The elaborate 'Problem' of 'C. P. S.' we shall send, with his permission, to its more appropriate medium, the excellent 'Mathematical Miscellany' of Prof. GILL, of Saint Paul's College. His 'problem' is to us an unsearchable mystery. The following query in comic sections, which we repeat from an English wag, is far more to our taste: 'Given C. A. B. to find Q.' The solution is rich: 'Take your c. a. n. (cab) through Hammersmith, turn to the left, just before you get to Brentford, and Kew is right before you!' But leaving mathematics, let us pass to a feeling reminiscence of a Scottish friend, whose enthusiasm for 'The Flowers of the Forest' will be appreciated, by all who have ever heard Wilson render that charming song:

THE WEL-REMEMBERED SANG.

THERE is a sang I lo'd fu' weel,
When I was ae wee stacherin' wean;
An' ay sinesye, my heart w' gliee
Loupe whan I hear that strain.
It is a plaintive auld Scotch sang,
(My ain dear mither lo'd it best;)
O wha could hear, without a thrill,
'The Flowers o' the Forest'

If there cam' up to our stair-head,
A fiddler, weary, blin' and poor,
Igi'd a plaek to gar him play 't
At our ain entry door.
An' if a piper, wae and cauld,
A walkin' I hae chanced to meet,
I've spak' him fair to blaw for me
That tune upon the street.

Ance—then I was a wanderer bairn—
As toddlin' through a Gothic aisle,
I heard a lassie sing that sang,
I stood entranced the while;
I saw na, kenned na, where she sat,
Enough I heard my favorite air;
I could hae stood a thousand years,
Enraptured wildly there!

In her sweet voice a witchery dwelt,
'That held me rooted to the spot;
A gush o' melody divine,
I never hae forgot!
That voice! I hear its music still,
An' still I feel as in that trance;
It was a bonny day—my first
O' passionate romance!

J. L.

We allude thus publicly to the contribution of 'P. K. W.,' of Rutgers College, because he asks us to do so, 'and at once.' His essay is respectfully declined. The writer is evidently a sophomore, and we will wager a 'mint-drop' that he walks on exalted stilts, in the most familiar conversation. His very first sentence, enforcing a simple proposition, if not a truism, forcibly reminds us of Dr JOHNSON's perspicuous definition of *net-work*, in his big dictionary: 'Net-work; any thing reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections!'

The following is one of numerous kindred communications, which we have received since our last number. The reader will have seen, that the suggestions of Mr. IAVINE, in the article 'National Nomenclature,' have been cordially welcomed by the public journals, in every section of the country:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

GEOFFREY CRAYON has contributed nothing to your Magazine, Mr. Editor, which has given such universal satisfaction, as his capital paper upon our American Names, in your last number. His recommendation, especially, of kicking all the 'News' out of the country, is worthy of all praise, and merits instant adoption. Let us begin with our own family, and make New-York feel the *vis a tergo* forthwith, and 'Scipio,' 'Syracuse,' and 'Cato Four Corners' will have to follow suit. In substituting an Indian name for that of New-York, however, I think the name of ONEIDA would be preferable to that of 'Ontario,' as suggested by our illustrious friend, 'G. C.' The Oneidas were the central people of the territory, now comprised within the limits of the State of New-York; and in the war of the Revolution, it was they only who, as a tribe, seceded from the formidable league of the Six Nations, and took up arms for us, alike against the English and against their Indian allies; while their history and their name are closely interwoven with the annals of this State, from the earliest colonial times, down to the present moment, when the last remnant of these staunch friends of 'the Sons of Corlaer,' as they called the Provincials of New-York, are emigrating westward. Ontario, like Erie, belongs as much to Canada as to us; but ONEIDA is all our own. The sage and right-

judging GEOFFREY must, I am sure, see the propriety of adopting it; and as for those idle, capacious dogs, our Alleghanian poets, they cannot take exceptions to a name which CAMPBELL has already made immortal. Keep this subject before the public, I pray you, Mr. Editor, and you will receive the hearty thanks of more than one ONEIDAN.

P. S. What does Mr. CRAYON mean, by changing the name of the ancient city wherein your excellent Magazine is published? Who ever speaks of it by any other name than 'MA-NATTA?' The early voyagers, the most correct old maps, and the only authentic historian, thus call it; and thus only is it ever named among the learned and polite of its native-born inhabitants! In the name of thousands of MA-NATTESE, I protest against adopting, even in discourse, the cockney epithet of 'New-York,' now so much in vogue with the newspapers, and a few foreign traders along the wharves.

THE MACREADY DINNER. — A facetious friend, now in London, and who was present at the dinner to Mr. MACREADY, gives us the following, among sundry other entertaining particulars, which have since transpired in the American journals: 'MACREADY dined the other day with me; so did my old friend, the Duke of Sussex, Sir E. L. Bulwer, a wag they call 'Boz,' Sheil, the Irish M. P. orator, Charles Young, the tragedian, Lord Nugent, etc., etc. We had barely a 'pretty good dinner,' only the old duke did n't behave quite so well as I could have wished, before such company. Bulwer and Dickens are both excellent speechifiers. You should have been there. We had some beautiful ladies to sing for us; think of that! — *ladies*, not mere actresses, marching up between the toasts and the tables, and standing up in the midst of four hundred jolly fellows, to sing ballads. It shocked my Yankee delicacy awfully. And there were about forty in the gallery, to look on, and see us eat and drink. Bulwer is tall, and *very* good looking. 'Boz' you would take for a youth in his teens, but he speaks in a very manly, self-possessed, common sense style. One would think, to *hear* him, that he had been ten years either in Congress or President of a Pickwick club.'

Another correspondent, speaking of American literature abroad, and the want of an international copy-right law, says: 'Another great evil is, that many works which are published and die at home, the productions of mis-called 'American genius,' simply because they cost nothing, (and they are worth just their cost,) are republished here, as examples of 'American literature!' And I dare say, our small-beer fictionists chuckle at the idea of a literary reputation, gained by the mere *publication* of works here, which reflect little credit upon themselves, and less upon their country.'

THE LATE MR. SCHLESSINGER. — We are reminded, by the excellent tribute of an esteemed friend and correspondent, (Mr. SAMUEL WARD, of this city,) to the memory of this eminent musician, whom it was our pleasure to know and to admire, in public and in private life, that we have never alluded to the distinguished musical solemnity, in honor of his genius and character, which took place at the 'Tabernacle,' on the twenty-fifth of June last. Two thousand delighted auditors were held entranced, during three hours, by the varied harmonies of that solemnity; and never was musical enthusiasm wrought to such a pitch, as was theirs, by the magnificent execution of the overture to *Der Freyschutz*, which would have roused WEBER from the dead, if spirits could return from the Silent Land. The nett receipts of that memorable evening rose to three thousand three hundred and eighty-one dollars and seventy-eight cents; a sum which, joined to the widow's modest heritage, will enable her to bring up her children in their father's native land, whither they have gone to abide, in a manner worthy of their sire. To the generous aid of the professional brethren of the deceased, and the untiring and effective exertions of the friend and biographer to whom we have alluded, as well as to a growing taste for music among us, our citizens were indebted for the noblest musical performance ever heard in America.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—The interest of this admirable work seems to increase with every number. That for July, now before us, may doubtless be deemed a fair specimen of the kind of periodical which the new editor is to present to his readers. We have been especially charmed with the opening paper. It is upon the power of our SAVIOUR's moral character, and is intended to urge upon all who love and promulgate his religion, a consideration of his spotless life, and his pure moral precepts and deeds, rather than the dwelling upon the mysteries of his *nature*, merely, which, it is alleged, has a tendency to disconnect faith in him from the heart and conscience, and to make it more a matter for the intellect. The subjoined passage, setting forth the effects of the SAVIOUR's example, will commend itself to every reader. It is indeed beautiful in its truth, but still more admirable in its expression:

'His example, whose presence brought a holier light to the marriage of Cana, and consolation to the mourning sisters of Lazarus, who taught by his example, the powerful, that their highest office was to become the benefactors of the humble, who taught the rich for his sake to give to the poor, and went a self-invited, but blessed guest, to the tables of penury; his example has modified all the relations of society. It has brought high and low together, and united them in the bonds of a living sympathy. In heathen lands, before Christ's time, there were rich and poor, high and low, but they were separated by almost impassable barriers. Scenes of mutual sympathy, of kindness and thoughtfulness and self-forgetfulness and trust in trial, that now every day are enacted in every street, bringing the extremes of society together in holiest bonds, were then all but unknown. Such scenes are too rare among us, but still they exist, and in them we see the following out of the example of Christ.

'Go abroad in some great city, in the night. Behold before you. Brightly shine the lights in that stately mansion where pleasure has collected her votaries. The dance, the song are there, and gay voices and exultant hearts and fair features that grow fairer in the excitement, and all goes merry as the marriage bell. And most natural and fitting is it that the hearts of the young should glow with vivid pleasure in the whirling and dazzling scene.

'But here is but a part of the scene. At this very moment, within sight of the brilliant windows, within the sound of the rejoicing music, sits in her dreary room, a widowed mother; and to her frame, consumption has brought its feebleness, and to her cheek its flush, and to her eye its unnatural light. Her children sleep around her, and one that ever stirs with the low moanings of disease, slumbers fitfully in the cradle at her foot. Her debilitated frame craves rest, yet by the light of a solitary lamp, she still plies her needle that her children may have bread on the morrow. And while she labors through the lonely hours, her sinking frame admonishes her that this resource soon must fail them, and she be called away and leave her children alone. And while her heart swells with anguish, the sound of rejoicing comes on the wind to her silent chamber. Not one of all that gay circle whose eyes will not close before hers this night! One by one the wheels that bear them to their home depart—the sounds of mirth and pleasure grow silent in the midnight hours—the lights of the brilliant mansion are extinguished; but still from her chamber shines her solitary lamp. The dying mother must toil and watch!

'All this in substance might have been seen before Christianity, in Athens or in Rome. But there is something more which may be seen every day in a Christian city. And it shows how Christianity has modified all social relations, softening the pride of the high, making those tempted to daily self-indulgence, self-forgetful, and giving hopes high as heaven to those that sit in the darkest places of earth.

'With the morning, and brighter than its footsteps upon the mountains, behold one of that gay throng, in the bloom of youth and fitted to be the idol and the envy of gilded drawing-rooms, has left her home,—she has entered the narrow lane, and opened the door of that obscure chamber. She has gone to sit with this poor widow, to carry her needed aid, to watch for her over her fretful child, and to whisper to her the sweet words of human sympathy. Blessed is she who can thus forget herself, and find her highest happiness in carrying happiness to those who sit unfriended and alone. And the heart of the lonely mother is warmed by her coming,—for blessed to the desolate is the fresh sympathy of the young and happy! She is no longer alone. They have a common hope. They can bend together before the same Father, they read the same gospel, they visit the cross together, and together watch at the tomb on the morning of the resurrection.

'And when she is again left in her lonely chamber, she is not alone. As her visitor retires, grateful thoughts of human sympathies linger behind, like sunset in the air. The sense of God's kind providence rests on her soul. To her faith, the distant are brought near, and the dead live, and await her coming to a better land. Her mind goes forward to the future. She rises above the clouds. Serenely shines the sun. Gently falls the

love of God on her heart. Sitting amid trials and darkness and the ruins of earthly prospects, with calm spirit 'she builds her hope in heaven.' The prosperity, the adverse fortunes, the joy, the grief, all this might be seen in every age. It is Christianity that has brought sympathy to suffering, hope to the bereaved, and resignation to the afflicted; which has brought light to dark hours, and faith in heaven to those that dwell amid the sorrows of earth. It is Christianity that has softened and melted the ice of prosperity, which has smitten that rock and made it a fountain of living waters to those that dwell in the valleys below. It brings all classes together. The day-spring from on high, as it rises over the world, glances on every height, it illuminates every depth, it reveals all to each, and by its universal light shows all to be brethren living on the bounty of one and the same God.'

The names of the writers for the 'Christian Examiner' are not given in the table of original papers; but we think we can trace the pure style of the editor, in the article from which we have quoted.

'A VISIT TO GARRICK, in 1768,' first translated from an original German epistle for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and published in our April number, having been widely copied in England, is all at once deemed worthy of notice on this side of the water. Hence we find the 'Albion,' of this city, and several other journals, presenting it to the public, without any intimation as to its original source. We have already pointed out more than a dozen similar instances, in which the first effective stamp of excellence upon original papers in this work, has come from abroad. How long is this sickening and humiliating subserviency to continue? When shall we be old enough to have an opinion of our own, without consulting trans-Atlantic judgments? We believe the Editor of the 'Spirit of the Times,' and 'Turf Register,' a sporting journal and magazine, which have no superior, not to say equal, on the other side of the water, has experienced a kindred pleasure, in seeing articles which he has written, or which were written for his periodicals, transferred to publications of the same class in England, without a word of acknowledgment; and they would doubtless have stolen his numerous finished engravings, also, if they could have done so without expense.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE. — Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT once related to us a story of two little girls, twin sisters, and the prettiest lasses in their tribe, belonging to the Star family, mentioned in his article in preceding pages, which is not unworthy of record here. They wandered away, on one occasion, from their father's encampment, on the coast of the Pictured Rocks, and were found, after a search, sitting on the edge of one of the highest precipices of this stupendous range. They had their feet over the precipice, and were gazing on the vast expanse of water, quite unconscious of their danger. The father had the presence of mind not to alarm them, and called them away in a gentle, unconcerned tone, by which means they were rescued. These persons, now women grown, are still living. Their brother, MUK OZWAUM, of Sault Ste. Marie, is well known to Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT.

GREECE. — Mr. CHRISTOPHER CASTANIS, a native of Scio, Greece, who has been lecturing, with eminent success, in Boston, upon the more modern history and condition of his country, has arrived in town, and will, we are glad to learn, repeat his performances, which are replete with interest, and embrace not a little of personal observation and adventure, before our citizens, in the course of the ensuing autumn. He brings us letters from eminent clergymen and literati of Boston, who bear the most ample testimony to his ability, and his excellence of character, as a scholar and a gentleman. We shall apprise our readers, at the proper season, of the proposed course.

BACON'S POEMS. — Rarely has there been issued from the American press a more beautiful volume, in the externals of paper and printing, than the 'Poems by WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON,' now before us, from the house of Messrs. B. AND W. NOYES, New-Haven, and Messrs. C. C. LITTLE AND COMPANY, Boston. A goodly portion of the contents of the book has already been commended in these pages, in a review of a previous volume, put forth by the author. The additions evince an enlargement and maturity of thought, not less than an increased polish of style. The lines,

' Her first-born's breath, that the young mother feels,
When her dim'd eye falls on her little one,'

which we remark in the dedication to the author's mother, may afford the captious critic — and Mr. BACON has heretofore encountered such — an opportunity to charge upon him a too attentive perusal of Mr. HALLECK's 'Marco Bozzaris;' and BRYANT's couplet:

' Here have I escaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air,'

may be cited as something too kindred with

' I have escaped the city's sounds,
Its horrid heat, and withering air,'

for both to be entirely original. But even those who carp at these and similar trifling resemblances of thought, such as the 'gray melancholy waste' of the Pacific, etc., will yet be obliged to confess admiration for the spirit of poetry which pervades the work. It is embellished with a finely-engraved title-page, containing a beautiful vignette view of East Rock, New-Haven.

' **SOME WINE, NO!** ' — COWPER speaks of a beverage, 'which cheers, but not inebriates.' His felicitous expression is precisely the one to describe the delightful qualities of a 'wine benign,' known by the name of Hermitage Rouge, or Red Hermitage, which, well iced, renders the most sultry, oppressive August day endurable, while in nothing is it objectionable, since its consequences are medicinal, rather than deleterious. And then the taste! Whoso imbibes the nectar, shall say at once with the poet:

' When I feel it gurgling, murmuring,
Down my throat and my œsophagus,
Something, as I know not what,
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus:
Something easy of perception,
But by no means of description!'

Now if those who 'tarry long at the wine, and drink mixed wines,' whereby they oftentimes become 'oblivious of the present, and remember not the past,' would partake of the good, without the alloy of evil, let them step into the copious wine-depository of Messrs. HICKOK AND POMEROY, 78 Water-street, and inquire, as many hundreds have done before them, for 'Hermitage Rouge,' and lo! the fluid we have described will be speedily produced. The rest is soon told. To taste, is to purchase.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES. — Many of our readers have been apprised, through the journals of the day, of the present departure of Messrs. CATHERWOOD and STEPHENS, both distinguished oriental travellers, the one as eminent an artist, as the other is an author, for Palenque, and the kindred sites of ancient cities, fortifications, and temples, to which public attention, throughout the Union, was first called, in the series of 'American Antiquities,' heretofore published in these pages. We have much pleasure in stating, that we are promised occasional records of the researches, discoveries, and adventures, which may be prosecuted and encountered in the progress of the expedition, from the pen of Mr. CATHERWOOD; an instrument, let us add, which he wields with scarcely less effect than his pencil.

LAUGHABLE MISQUOTATIONS.—We remember being much amused, some months since, by an error of a German writer, who, in translating 'Pickwick' into his vernacular, took occasion to quote, in the preface, certain commendations of the English reviewers, of the wood-engravings which illustrated the volume. It would seem that there are two brother artists, in London, named Cruikshank, but that one, GEORGE, is much the more eminent of the two. In allusion to this fact, the London critic had remarked, that the illustrations, instead of being by the less celebrated CRUIKSHANK, were by 'the real SIMON PURE.' The German translator quotes him thus: 'The illustrations are not, as has been stated, by Mr. CRUIKSHANK, but are by Mr. SIMON PURE, a very distinguished artist, in London!' An excellent friend, and correspondent of ours, in a sister city, recently received from abroad a volume of German travel in the United States, in which are several most amusing blunders. Among others, is one so irresistibly ludicrous, that we cannot avoid citing it, 'in this connection.' The writer is describing, in his native language, the proceedings of an Abolition Convention, which he attended as a spectator, at Utica, in this state, and he gives at length, and in English, the inscriptions upon the banners which were borne on the occasion, by 'our colored brethren.' On one was doubtless the following:

'Our souls are white, although our skins are black.'

But our author, reading hastily, and not exactly comprehending the idea, makes the inscription less effecting, in the eyes of amateur philanthropists:

'Our *souls* are white, although our *skins* are black!'

THE 'CORSAIR.'—MR. WILLIS, whose pleasant 'Jottings Down in London' are even more acceptable than were his 'Pencilings by the Way,' has secured a most valuable coadjutor in the person of 'CHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH, Esq.,' who is to write weekly epistles from Paris, for the 'Corsair.' Next to Boz, 'praps the chawms of his agreble wit, his superior languid, greased with all the ellygance of classicle reading, his fashnable nollidge, compayted to which all other nollidge is nonsince,' constitute him the most attractive addition which could have been made to the literary strength of the excellent journal for which he is engaged. We are 'puffickly prepared to say,' that we consider this acquisition of our contemporary one 'wich is most welkom,' and his weekly rivals, even, 'fur from vuing it with env, shoold greet it with aplaws!' Thrice welcome the man, that clothed a simple pair of 'plush tites, them sellybrated inegspressibles,' with a glory not their own!

'ON GEMINI.'—We find on our table the third number of a periodical, published at Worcester, (Mass.,) and entitled 'The Literary Geminiæ.' Its purpose, which would seem to be well carried out, is to present 'a department of *English* and another of *French*; the former to be filled with miscellaneous selections from the productions of the English and American authors of the day, interspersed with such original matter as may come to hand from time to time; the other, to comprise the choicest morceaux of French Literature, which shall not only be valuable and interesting, as mere specimens of literary composition, and a medium of acquiring a knowledge of the language, but as containing many useful facts in philosophy, history, and the arts and sciences in general.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Our kind friends and correspondents will bear with us a little. The fervid heat of the month, for the most part, has rendered it impossible for us to answer a tithe of the communications we have received; we have been compelled, also, to leave unwritten, copious notices of the drama, at the several theatres. We have never had richer stores in hand, nor so many readers to enjoy them; and we have little fears that either will diminish in the future. We ask but prompt and certain payment from our subscribers, in every quarter of the Union, to insure them a periodical that Americans shall still more delight to honor. We desire only to be known by our fruits, and therefore have nothing farther to say.

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FINAL DELIVERANCE OF GREECE.

BY C. P. CASSARIS.

SYNOPSIS: BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

IN order to show that just, humane, and disinterested motives induced the European interference, in 1827, in favor of the Greek cause, a native of that ill-fated land feels himself bound, by a sense of duty, to make a representation of the revolutionary events of that period. Greece was in a lamentable condition. She had already lost almost every hope. Marco Bozzaris had perished in the valley of Carpenisi; Diacos had fallen in Thessaly; Guras had died in the defence of the Acropolis of Athens; Odysseus was gone; Cariskakis had received his death wound on the plains of Attica. The whole country, in short, was weeping over the graves of her bravest children. Scio had been burned and pillaged, and its inhabitants massacred and enslaved; the formerly beautiful, wealthy, and learned Cydonia was a heap of ruins; Cassos was no more; Ipsara, the Thermopylæ of the Ægean, was the grave alike of her defenders and her invaders; Macedonia was a scene of relentless devastation and bloodshed; Missolonghi was the tomb of her heroes, and the mausoleum of the flower of Turkey and Egypt. The Athenians had retreated to the islands of Salamis and Ægina, and there they stood, watching the Parthenon in the distance, where the crescent had usurped the place of the cross. Navarino was in the possession of the Egyptians. Ibrahim was scouring the whole Peloponnesus, and endeavoring to accomplish his purpose and promise, to bring to the Sultan the ashes of the Morea. In August, 1827, Gastouni, Vostizza, and Patras had capitulated.

Greece had been six years engaged in a terrific strife with fresh armies of enemies, trained from youth to the use of arms. She lay at the very door of the Ottoman power; and it required but one step of the Moslem Colossus to plant his foot upon that devoted land. The Pallicars, or warriors, of Olympus, and the Parnassians, the Suliotes, and the Spartans, had tested their valor in a thousand battles. Before these brave mountaineers, under Marco Bozzaris, seven thousand Illyrians and Albanians, under Mustai Pacha, had perished in one battle. Drama-Ali Pacha, another Moslem invader, had lost forty thousand troops in Rumelia and Thessaly, and nearly twenty thousand on the plains of Argos and the passes of Corinth, where their bones lie bleaching to this day. Three hundred Grecian foot, under

Guras, on the plains of Marathon, attacked six thousand Ottoman horse, routed them, and disabled in one battle a *thousand* foes, with the loss of only *three* men. In a sea-fight off Tenedos, the Greek fleet, conducted by Miaulis, routed the Turkish naval forces, during a terrific storm; when many Turkish ships were wrecked; while the Greeks rode the gale; and the great Canaris, having with him twenty marines, entered a fire-boat, destroyed two flag-ships, with three thousand Turks, and returned in a little skiff, riding safely over the tops of the mountain surges. In another action, Canaris grappled with a Tripolitan frigate, set her on fire, and saw her explode and cast her cannon upon the shore of Asia, killing many Turkish soldiers stationed there. One of the cannons struck in a standing position, upon a neighboring hill, and there remained, as a trophy of the victory. At another time, off Scio, and in presence of the writer, Canaris burned a flag-ship, of eighty guns, with three thousand Moslems, and their Pacha. Niketas, in his battles, amused himself with leaping over the horses, and in his flight decapitating the riders with his yatagan. He was called the modern Achilles, and Tourkophagos, or Turk-eater. Colocotroni, also, gained a signal victory in Sparta.

It is impossible to describe, even in outline, in this place, the gigantic exploits of the brave men whose names have been mentioned. The women of Suli, Sparta, Spetzia,* and Ipsara, had occasionally fought, and performed prodigies of valor. The battles around and within Missolonghi, Athens, Tripolitza, Ipsara, Marathon, Patras, Corinth, and many other places, would each fill a volume. Such was the strife against Turkey and Egypt, until 1827, when the deplorable condition of the Greek nation, already mentioned, began to call forth the sympathy of Europe.

Hitherto, the Christian Greeks, instead of obtaining by their bravery the alliance of Christendom, had rather gained its hatred, or its opposition. Fleets and armaments were constructed in Europe, for the assistance of the Mussulmen in extirpating the Greeks. At this time, a formidable hostile fleet lay in the harbor of Navarino. All the provinces of Greece were in the greatest confusion. During these troubles, the writer was at Napoli-di-Romania, or Nauplia. At this Gibraltar of the Ægean, on account of the strength of its citadel, were assembled the largest united body of the Greek people. Refugees continually came hither, reporting the horrors perpetrated by the troops of Ibrahim. I well remember the arrival of a large band of Suliote men and women, who had cut through the Egyptian and Turkish armies, at the fall of Missolonghi. They were covered with blood, and the women cried: 'Oh, God! is it possible that we have escaped from the murderers!' When they reached the city, many dropped down insensible. They had been for several days without provisions.

The writer was at Argos, when Ibrahim's troops were advancing upon Nauplia. The Greek families fled in all directions. Some of us, reaching Nauplia too late, were obliged to stay without the walls, for it was evening, and the gates were shut. We entered a hut, and in a few moments were surprised by the silent march of the wild Arabs. We were soon in their power. It is scarcely possible to

* BORBALINA, a very fleshy lady.

describe the tortures that were inflicted on the poor peasants by the Arabs. Many around me were slaughtered ; men, women, and children. This was the Egyptian military order, introduced by Mehemet Ali, of whose reforms many an admirer of despotism loves to boast!

As I was a lad, capable of performing the offices of a slave, a tall muscular Arab, with a long black beard, and arrayed in the richest costume, seized me in his arms, and placed me behind him, on his Arabian steed. The army could not proceed any farther, in its cruel purpose of murdering the inoffensive peasants. The whole country was alive with avengers. The Pallicars descended from the mountains, stationed themselves at a distance, and dealt a destructive fire upon their adversaries. At dawn, the gates of Nauplia were thrown open, and a band of Greeks rushed out, and routed the Turks and Arabs. At the same time, the cannon of the citadel opened upon the enemy. The confusion was terrible. The army fled, as if swept by a hurricane. My capturer reeled in his stirrups: he felt a bullet, sped by a peasant, who lay crouched behind a rock. The savage groaned in agony, and murmured 'Allah!' while the blood poured from his mouth. He had received the ball in his breast, passing out through the stomach. In my haste, I pushed him from his saddle, and rode away, amid the dimness of the twilight, and the confusion of the infidels. When the peasant saw me going off so fast, he complained that it was not fair that he should lose the horse, after taking the trouble to kill its owner. I afterward learned, however, that he stripped the fallen Arab, and found a large sum of money in his girdle, and various rich weapons of war about his person. As I was alone upon the horse, I vaulted about, and returned to Nauplia. Despair brooded over the nation, during these terrible scenes.

Such was the state of Greece, in 1826. Her very existence seemed problematical. Nauplia, Corinth, Monembasia, and the islands, were the only important points, free from invasion. All else was a succession of black and bloody ruins. A great part of the nation were obliged to reside in miserable tents, like the Indian wigwams of America. The preceding hints explain the motives which induced the powers of Europe to offer to the Greeks a signal proof of their alliance. Those motives were, the bravery and sufferings of the Greeks, unparalleled in any struggle for a just cause. It was not strange that Platonic sympathy should be exchanged for active benevolence. A precedent in favor of assistance had been established by the interference of Lafayette and the French to save the brave and generous community of the United States. To the praise of England, France, and Russia, be it said, that at this crisis an interest in favor of the Greek cause was awakened in their cabinets. A preparation for a direct interference was made. Articles for the pacification of Greece were signed by accredited plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, and Russia, at London, in July, 1827. But in June, before the arrival of these articles at Constantinople, a manifesto was issued by the Ottoman Porte, on the subject of the Greeks, a copy of which was sent to the French, English, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian ministers, then resident there. This manifesto is too long to be quoted here. It is enough to state, that it is a fine specimen of Moslem argument. One would think that some European had lent his talents

to clothe it in elegant language, lest the deformity of the idea might be too apparent, and excite disgust for the selfish motive that produced it. It opens with a strong appeal to an overruling Providence, and the order instituted between the beings and things that make up the universe. Thence, the sophist infers a similar harmony between sovereigns, as intended by the Supreme. The most important part, however, of this tissue of sophistry, is the false assertion, that the Greeks had been treated like Mussulmen, and that the land of Greece had been possessed by the Turks, for ages, from generation to generation, in perfect repose and tranquillity.

It is fortunate that the Turks failed to destroy history, while they burnt libraries, and slaughtered the men of learning; for in that event, these misrepresentations could not have been answered, and Europe would have been derided for attempting to rescue a nation of robbers and assassins. This manifesto extolled Moslem fidelity: the Turks are always boasting of their honesty, until they have made the credulous believe that they are the most innocent, the most gentle and unsophisticated race on the face of the earth. But thanks to past and modern history, down to the time within our own experience, examples of the blackest Turkish perfidy are recorded; examples unparalleled in any other barbarous tribe. Their violated treaties are numberless. Witness the taking of Cyprus from the Venetians, in 1566; the taking of Candia from the same republic, in 1669; the treachery employed against the Knights of Rhodes, in 1481; the conduct of Soleiman, at the siege of Belgrade, in 1425; the destruction of the innocent natives of Scio, by Soleiman, in 1564, as a religious oblation for the sin of wine-drinking; the massacre of fifteen hundred defenceless people at Nicosia, 1570, after the most solemn promises that their lives should be spared; the cold-blooded torture to which the noble and patriotic Bragadin was put, at Famagosta, and the murder of his attendants, after an oath 'by the head of Mahomet' that their lives and property should be held sacred; witness, also, the want of faith which the Divan has always shown to Russia, Hungary, Germany, and in fact to all Christian nations. All these testimonies shrink to nothing, when we compare them with the Mussulman perfidy against the Macedonians, the Rumeliotes, and the Peloponnesians, within the past century. Whole cities, whole districts, have been depopulated, burned, and pillaged, after the inhabitants had laid down their arms, with the sacred promise that no violence would be offered them. Forget not the fate of Cyprus, Cydonia, Cassus, Crete, Cassandra, and Scio; places of great importance, which have, within a few years, fallen a prey to the most terrific violation of faith. Recollect, that at Scio, the European plenipotentiaries were wheedled by the Pacha, and used as a means of deceiving the natives sheltered in the mountains. Under the solemn assurances, and the public proclamation of the Pacha, as well as by the sacred promises of the European consuls, the refugees came down, and threw aside their arms. That very night seven thousand were slaughtered, and seven hundred of the principal citizens, who had been given as hostages, were hung at the yard-arms of the fleet! This happened in 1822, and before my own eyes.

The manifesto issued by the Porte, in 1827, also speaks much of

the 'protection' bestowed upon the rights of religion; it denies all interference with the Greek Church, and, on the contrary, asserts that the Moslem policy concerned only political order, while religion of all kinds was rather encouraged than impeded. All this is false. The calamities inflicted on the Greek faith are heart-rending. After the invasion of the Eastern empire by the Turks, an army of forty thousand was collected under Soleiman, composed of Grecian youths, who had been taken from their parents by preceding tyrants, and forced to embrace Islamism. These young soldiers were called Janissaries. This word is composed of two words, *yengi-cheri*, and means new soldiers. Later still, during the disastrous wars between Turkey and Persia, one hundred thousand Greek lads were forced to become Mohammedans, and to fight for the cause of Mahomet. In the Sultan's army, there was a strong force of Christians, of Epirus, who fought under his standard. In one battle, the Turks were routed; but the Greeks rushed upon the Persians, unfolded the banner of the cross, and gained the victory. The envious Sultan requited the services of the Epirotes with the blackest ingratitude. These Epirotes, who are the Spahis, so renowned in history, were compelled to change their faith. In fine, many of the bravest pachas and soldiers of Turkey are descended from Greeks, who were Mohammedanized in this unjust manner. The Eubœans, who are among the bravest men of Turkey, are examples of the same injustice.

But a still deadlier blow was given to religion. An effort was made to force all Asia Minor to embrace the absurdities of the Mahometan faith. The Greeks refused, and pleaded for mercy. The relentless Turk immediately perpetrated the most frightful ravages and murder on his innocent victim. The very tongues of the parents were cut off, that the children might not learn the Greek language, and thus forget their religion. This is, in a measure, the reason why most of the Asiatic Greeks speak Turkish. The descendants of those parents, however, whose tongues were cut off, still hold to Christianity. It is curious to remark, that at an early period the Greeks of Constantinople translated the Bible into Turkish, and sent it to them. Forget not, also, that in Asia Minor, in the presence of Europeans, within our own lives, two hundred thousand innocent and defenceless Greek men, women, and children, have been massacred, with no other excuse than an atonement for the victories of the cross, on the classic soil of liberty!

Such is the perfidy, such the dishonesty, of the past and the present generation of the Turks. As long as the Turk follows the principles of Mahomet, so long will he continue to profess honesty, cheat the credulous, and play the hypocrite.

Since the European cabinets were well acquainted with the history of the past and the present generations of the Turks, it is not to be wondered at, that they should discredit the boasted honesty of the Sublime Porte, and offer an alliance with the Greeks. It was just the proper time, in 1827, to interfere. Greece was driven to despair. Many families were starving; Nauplia, Corinth, Monembasia, and the islands, were full of widowed mothers, orphan children, and bereaved parents. All faces were sad, and tears were flowing from many an eye. A few minor, though highly important

acts of benevolence should here be mentioned. A distant, free nation, a land of rocks and forests, echoed with sympathy for the Greeks. When the AMERICANS, with their good-natured aspect, landed in Greece, bringing provisions and clothing, nothing was heard around, but the loud cheering of the suffering, the destitute, and the houseless, who blessed the benevolent societies, and shouted 'Long live America!'

Wretches, horribly mangled by the troops of Ibrahim, continually arrived. Many were sent to Poros, and placed in the American hospital. Doctor RUSS, an American, volunteered his services, and loaded with obligations many a wounded brave and tortured captive. Doctor HOWE, and Colonel MILLER, the former a philanthropist, and the latter a brave, were both doing honor to their native land, by acts of practical benevolence. The Turkish manifesto to which I have alluded, did not reach London until after the articles for the pacification of Greece had been despatched to Constantinople. The articles proposed by the Allied Powers were very advantageous to the Sultan. It was provided, that the Greeks should remain subject, and pay a tribute, while both parties were to be forced to suspend hostilities. The articles were couched in the most friendly terms, and delivered to the Reis Effendi, or high secretary, who being called to reply, on the thirtieth of August, refused to make a formal answer in writing, and gave only the following verbal message to the three powers: 'The Porte refuses, in the most decided terms, to admit the interference of foreign powers in the affair of the Greek contest.'

In the mean while, the French, English, and Russian ships began to concentrate in the neighborhood of Navarino. At the same time, the Greeks continued to carry on the war with increased vigor. Fifteen hundred Arabs attacked the Greek convent of Megaspoleon, in Peloponnesus, and were repulsed, leaving four hundred barbarians dead upon the field. An expedition was marching against Corinth, but the entire Egyptian forces were completely routed at Vostizza, in Peloponnesus. Yet the Sublime Porte was unwilling to open a door to the benevolent proposals of the Allied Powers.

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1827, Admirals Codrington and De Rigny, commanders of the English and French fleets, informed Ibrahim of the proposed armistice. It was therefore agreed by both parties to cease hostilities, until the return of the couriers, who were despatched to Constantinople to obtain the report of the final decision between the Porte and the Allied Powers. The Greek government at Ægina issued a proclamation, to inform the Greeks of the proceedings of the Europeans. But Ibrahim broke his engagement, his solemn promise, by which he was bound to allow his fleet to remain in the harbor of Navarino, until the return of the couriers from Constantinople. The very next day, he weighed anchor, with the design of storming Hydra. At the same time, upon the land, he let loose his barbarians, and suffered them to perpetrate the most revolting ravages. Navarino was a scene of heart-rending butchery. Terrific tortures were inflicted on the women and children. Many were roasted alive before a slow fire. Others were deprived of their ears, their hands, and various other limbs, to afford their tormentors the horrid pleasure of beholding their agony. In the Peloponnesus,

at the present day, numerous proofs are seen of the terrible cruelties permitted, and even commanded, by Ibrahim, the 'great Egyptian Generals.' Many admirers of the despotism of the present Pacha of Egypt, delight to harp upon his reforms, his civilization, and his humanity. Such persons lower the standard of humanity below the brutes. The best reforms of the Pacha of Egypt are sanguinary reforms, and are opposed alike to justice and benevolence. The conduct of Ibrahim and his troops, at the crisis just mentioned, was unparalleled in atrocity. After murdering and torturing all those within their reach, they vented their spite against nature itself. They tore up trees by the roots, and sacked the very ground! Such a violation of the image of nature, might well be expected to occasion a frown upon the brow of the Supreme Being.

While the Egyptians were calling the Europeans 'cowards,' on account of their humanity, the Europeans were preparing to force Ibrahim to keep his promise. Ibrahim's fleet desisted from its purpose of weighing anchor, on the approach of the allied squadrons, and prepared for action. His adversaries advanced, with the intention of peaceably compelling him to pause in his career of devastation and bloodshed, carried on against innocent and defenceless beings. Their philanthropic plans were thwarted; and nothing remained but the issue of a conflict, to determine the question.

The English, French, and Russian forces were nearly equal. The allied fleet comprised ten ships of the line, twelve frigates, and six sloops, in all, twenty-eight vessels of war. On the other side, were four Turkish line-of-battle-ships, four Egyptian double-banked frigates, fifteen Turkish frigates, twenty-two Turkish corvettes, and sixteen Egyptian corvettes, together with five Egyptian brulots, or fire-ships; in all, sixty-one vessels of war, beside the brulots. Bompard, a French officer, asserts, that the number of Turkish vessels was eighty-one.

'In the harbor of Navarino,' says Admiral Codrington, 'lay the Turkish ships, moored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, the larger ones presenting their broadsides toward the centre, the smaller ones in succession within them filling up the intervals. The combined fleet was formed in the order of sailing, in two columns, the British and French forming the starboard-line, and the Russian the lee-line. The Asia led in, followed by the Genoa and Albion, and anchored close alongside a ship of the line, bearing the flag of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate; each thus having their proper opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The four ships to the windward of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to the squadron of Rear Admiral De Rigny; and those to the leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the sections of the whole Russian squadron; the ships of their line closing those of the English line, and being followed up by their own frigates. The French frigate *Armide* was directed to place herself alongside the outermost frigate on the left hand, entering the harbor; and the *Cambrian*, *Glasgow*, and *Talbot*, next to her, and abreast of the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*, the *Dartmouth*, the *Musquito*, the *Rose*, the *Brisk*, and the *Philomel*, were to look after the six fire-vessels at the entrance of the harbor.' Cod-

ington gave orders that no guns should be fired, unless they were first fired by the Turks ; and these orders were strictly observed.

A letter was despatched to Ibrahim, on the eighteenth of October, but he disdained to make any reply to the proposals of the allied forces. Fifteen thousand infantry, and eight hundred cavalry, scoured the country, crying 'Down with the Infidels !' Ibrahim himself was on shore, laying waste all the sea-coast, from Navarino to Patras. On the twentieth of October, 1827, the allied squadrons entered the harbor of Navarino. At twenty-five minutes past two P. M., an English boat was fired upon by a brulot, and its commander killed. The nearest ship, the *Syren*, discharged only fire-arms against the hostile fire-boat, in order to save the men in the English boat. At the same time, a boat bearing a flag of truce from Admiral Codrington, was fired into, and the pilot and several others were killed. No cannon had yet been discharged on either side. Admiral de Rigny, hailing the Turks through a speaking trumpet, said he would not fire at all, until they commenced.

At this moment, a Turkish vessel, astern of the *Syren*, fired two cannon-shot into the latter, and killed one man. The battle soon became general. The Russian vessels had to support the fire of the forts, which only began to fire upon the fifth vessel, the *Trident*. At five o'clock, P. M., the first line of the Turks was destroyed, the ships of the line and cut-down frigates sunk, or burned ; the remainder ran upon the coast, where the enemy themselves set fire to them. The French brig *Armide*, and the English frigate *Talbot*, were exposed to the fire of five Turkish frigates, until the arrival of the Russian frigates. The *Scipio*, whose bowsprit was entangled with a burning fire-ship, had to extinguish fire on board four times, without ceasing to fight ; firing, at the same moment, to the right and the left, on the enemy's line and on the forts. When the first frigate, yard arm to yard-arm with the French vessels, took fire and blew up, the *Syren* was so near astern, that her main and mizzen-masts fell on her deck. At the first broadside, the French shouted spontaneously, 'Vive le Roi !' All opposition to the allied vessels was speedily overcome, notwithstanding the desperate bravery shown by some Turkish ships. The battle-scene was terrific. Imagine fifty ships of war, of all grades, firing into a narrow basin, in a triple line, amid the crackling of conflagrations, and the roar of continual explosions !

The allied squadrons strove to rival each other in doing their duty. The ship of Moharem fired into the English ship *Asia*, but was effectually destroyed by the returning fire, sharing the same fate as his brother admirals, and becoming a mere wreck. These ships being out of the way, the *Asia* was exposed to a raking fire from vessels in the second and third line, which carried away her mizzen-mast by the board, disabled some of her guns, and killed and wounded several of the crew. In a short time, the batteries on shore were entirely silenced.

This bloody and destructive battle was continued with unabated fury, for four hours, and the scene of wreck and devastation was such as is seldom beheld. As each of the Turkish vessels was disabled, such of the crew as could escape, set her on fire ; and it is

wonderful, that the allied squadrons were not injured by the frequent explosions.

Of the formidable Turko-Egyptian armament, only twenty corvettes and brigs remained afloat; and even these were abandoned by their crews. The Turks lost about five thousand men. The loss on the other side was trifling. The French had but an hundred and fifty-seven killed and wounded. The allied ships were considerably damaged, but not disabled.

The announcement of this victory electrified the Greeks. Tears of gratitude flowed copiously, for the first assistance on the part of the Allied Powers. Then were the Greeks *sure* that their bravery and their sufferings were worthy of the alliance of the greatest monarchs of the globe. Hereafter, let it be recorded in the Grecian history, that England, France, and Russia, listened to the cry of oppressed Greece, and rescued her children from utter extirpation.

After this battle, the contest against the Turks and Egyptians was renewed with the greatest vigor by the Greeks. The mountaineers kept up a continued rejoicing. On every hill were seen the bold Pallicars, dancing the Pyrrhic dance, while their war-song echoed through the valleys, terrifying the wild Arabs. At Napoli, the writer well remembers the enthusiasm with which the immense population, the flower of Hellas, then concentrated there for safety, came out, filling the streets and lining the battlements, singing those popular odes, which praised the friendly efforts of the Christian powers. The sky, the land, and the sea, the mountains and the islands, resounded with gratitude, and with prayers for the prosperity of the friends of the Greek nation.

Shortly after, the French troops landed; they were joined by the Greeks, and in a few months Greece was free, and Capo d'Istria was appointed President.

PARAPHRASED LACONICS.

I.

NEQUE SEMPER ARCUM.

THE calms of life, without the storms,
Were but a stagnant pool;
One long but listless holiday,
Robbed of its zest, the school.
Joy for her truest tablet takes,
Some sorrow's parting shroud,
And paints her richest, brightest hues,
Like Iris, on a cloud.

II.

FRIENDSHIP.

To the flawed falchion trust your life,
The shattered mirror mend;
But hope not, fractured once, to join
The link that locked a friend:
'T were all in vain: that charmed link
That hearts in concord held,
Was not of steel, but adamant,
Which, broken, will not weld.

AN HERB FROM TICONDEROGA.

'WHAT matter is it that we shall sleep in the dust, if our work is done and well done; if we have helped to raise up in those that come after us, a mighty host of the intelligent, the virtuous, the happy and the free!'

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Our country boasts no proud ancestral halls,
Her sons, no broad entailed inheritance,
Save that for which their fathers watched and toiled,
And with the stout heart and the true sword won;
The boundless freehold of her ancient hills,
A birthright for her sons, unalienable.

O, there were patriot hearts with them of old,
Beating beneath the 'kerchief and the coif,
As e'er 'neath corselet beat, and morion:
And hands the homely distaff skilled to twirl,
Strong need had nerved to wield the battle-brand,
To smite the invader there, of home and hearth:
That for a beacon to arouse the land,
Had to their roof-tree laid the kindling torch;
On their own household altars lit the pile,
And to their country burnt the holocaust!

I stood upon the ancient battle-ground,
By the proud waters of the Lake Champlain,
Where first our nation's glorious banner waved
Triumphant o'er the conquered battlements,
And gazing there, on broken arch and wall,
I marked how man had helped the work of time.
Gay friends were round me, and their tones of glee,
Voices anon shouting my 'household name,'
Came, wind-borne, to mine ear: unheeding all,
And, bending down, from 'mong the ruins gray,
I plucked an herb; such, famed for healing power,
As nurse doth sometimes feed the puling babe:
A healing herb, sprung from the soil of death!
Emblem it seemed of that fair heritage,
Blood-bought, in trust bequeathed us by our sires.

Shall we not keep untrod by stranger feet
The heirdom thus in suffering redeemed?
O then, bethink ye of that golden time,
Greece in her age of glory; seven-hilled Rome;
Turn to the ancient scroll of history:
Is it not writ on the enduring page,
Which, in all time, each age hath chronicled,
How men of might, by ease made enervate,
Bowed to the tyrant's scourge, the conqueror's yoke;
How, folding luxury round them as a shroud,
There, on the Forum and the Acropolis,
Those children of a race of demigods,
Clasping their chains, lay down and ceased to be
For ever more among the nations numbered!

The skeleton that sitteth at the feast
We veil, and wreath its hidden brow with flowers,
And proffer to its hand the beaded cup!
Was she not prodigal, that Eastern queen,
Who in her goblet, to enrich the draught,
Cast vauntingly the pearl of nameless price?
More prodigal than the Egyptian they,
Who waste in pleasure's cup the pearls of mind!
Mother, above the couch of childhood bending,
Sing, sing of freedom in your cradle songs;

Breathe to the lisping boy, that climbs your knee,
 Proud tales of all our storied battle-plain :
 Tell him of Concord's field, of Bunker's height ;
 How, from each blood-drop sown at Lexington,
 As from the fabled dragon's teeth of old,
 An armed avenger to the conflict sprang !
 Then, while he listens, tell of WASHINGTON.
 Bind thou the sandals to his willing feet,
 And point his way the path of freedom on :
 So shall he bless thee, when, in after years,
 He sits, an aged man, beneath the tree
 His fathers planted, telling to his sons
 Tales of our nation's glory — and of thee !

New-York, September, 1839.

Iowa.

CONSPIRACY OF THE COCKED HATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR : I have read, with great satisfaction, the valuable paper of your correspondent, Mr. HERMANUS VANDERDONK, (who, I take it, is a descendant of the learned Adrian Vanderdonk, one of the early historians of the Nieuw-Nederlands,) giving sundry particulars, legendary and statistical, touching the venerable village of Communipaw, and its fate-bound citadel, the House of the Four Chimnies. It goes to prove, what I have repeatedly maintained, that we live in the midst of history, and mystery, and romance ; and that there is no spot in the world more rich in themes for the writer of historic novels, heroic melo-dramas, and rough-shod epics, than this same business-looking city of the Manhattoes and its environs. He who would find these elements, however, must not seek them among the modern improvements and modern people of this monied metropolis, but must dig for them, as for Kidd the pirate's treasures, in out-of-the-way places, and among the ruins of the past.

Poetry and romance received a fatal blow at the overthrow of the ancient Dutch dynasty, and have ever since been gradually withering under the growing domination of the Yankees. They abandoned our hearths, when the old Dutch tiles were superseded by marble chimney-pieces ; when brass andirons made way for polished grates, and the crackling and blazing fire of nut-wood gave place to the smoke and stench of Liverpool coal ; and on the downfall of the last gable-end house, their requiem was tolled from the tower of the Dutch church in Nassau-street, by the old bell that came from Holland. But poetry and romance still live unseen among us, or seen only by the enlightened few, who are able to contemplate this city and its environs through the medium of tradition, and clothed with the associations of foregone ages.

Would you seek these elements in the country, Mr. Editor, avoid all turupikes, rail-roads, and steam-boats, those abominable inventions, by which the usurping Yankees are strengthening themselves in the land, and subduing every thing to utility and common-place. Avoid all towns and cities of white clap-board palaces, and Grecian temples, studded with 'Academies,' 'Seminaries,' and 'Institutes,' which glis-

ten along our bays and rivers ; these are the strong holds of Yankee usurpation : but if haply you light upon some rough, rambling road, winding between stone fences, gray with moss, and overgrown with elder, poke-berry, mullen, and sweet-briar, with here and there a low red-roofed, white-washed farm house, cowering among apple and cherry trees ; an old stone church, with elms, willows, and button-woods as old-looking as itself, and tomb-stones almost buried in their own graves ; and, peradventure, a small log school-house, at a cross-road, where the English is still taught with a thickness of the tongue, instead of a twang of the nose ; should you, I say, light upon such a neighborhood, Mr. Editor, you may thank your stars that you have found one of the lingering haunts of poetry and romance.

Your correspondent, Sir, has touched upon that sublime and affecting feature in the history of Communipaw, the retreat of the patriotic band of *Nederlanders*, led by Van Horne, whom he justly terms the Pelayo of the New-Netherlands. He has given you a picture of the manner in which they ensconced themselves in the House of the Four Chimnies, and awaited with heroic patience and perseverance the day that should see the flag of the Hogen Mogens once more floating on the fort of New-Amsterdam.

Your correspondent, Sir, has but given you a glimpse over the threshold ; I will now let you into the heart of the mystery of this most mysterious and eventful village. Yes, Sir, I will now

— 'unclasp a secret book ;
And to your quick conceiving discontents,
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.'

Sir, it is one of the most beautiful and interesting facts connected with the history of Communipaw, that the early feeling of resistance to foreign rule, alluded to by your correspondent, is still kept up. Yes, Sir, a settled, secret, and determined conspiracy has been going on for generations among this indomitable people, the descendants of the refugees from New-Amsterdam ; the object of which is, to redeem their ancient seat of empire, and to drive the losel Yankees out of the land.

Communipaw, it is true, has the glory of originating this conspiracy ; and it was hatched and reared in the House of the Four Chimnies ; but it has spread far and wide over ancient Pavonia, surmounted the heights of Bergen, Hoboken, and Weehawk, crept up along the banks of the Passaic and the Hackensack, until it pervades the whole chivalry of the country, from Tappan Slote, in the North, to Piscataway, in the South, including the pugnacious village of Rahway, more heroically denominated Spank-town.

Throughout all these regions, a great 'in-and-in confederacy' prevails ; that is to say, a confederacy among the Dutch families, by dint of diligent and exclusive intermarriage, to keep the race pure, and to multiply. If ever, Mr. Editor, in the course of your travels between Spank-town and Tappan Slote, you should see a cosey, low-eaved farm house, teeming with sturdy, broad-built little urchins, you may set it down as one of the breeding places of this grand

secret confederacy, stocked with the embryo deliverers of New-Amsterdam.

Another step in the progress of this patriotic conspiracy, is the establishment, in various places within the ancient boundaries of the Nieuw-Nederlands, of secret, or rather mysterious associations, composed of the genuine sons of the Nederlanders, with the ostensible object of keeping up the memory of old times and customs, but with the real object of promoting the views of this dark and mighty plot, and extending its ramifications throughout the land.

Sir, I am descended from a long line of genuine Nederlanders, who, though they remained in the city of New-Amsterdam after the conquest, and throughout the usurpation, have never in their hearts been able to tolerate the yoke imposed upon them. My worthy father, who was one of the last of the cocked hats, had a little knot of cronies, of his own stamp, who used to meet in our wainscotted parlor, round a nut-wood fire, talk over old times, when the city was ruled by its native burgomasters, and groan over the monopoly of all places of power and profit by the Yankees. I well recollect the effect upon this worthy little conclave, when the Yankees first instituted their New-England Society, held their 'national festival,' toasted their 'father land,' and sang their foreign songs of triumph within the very precincts of our ancient metropolis. Sir, from that day, my father held the smell of codfish and potatoes, and the sight of pumpkin pie, in utter abomination; and whenever the annual dinner of the New-England Society came round, it was a sore anniversary for his children. He got up in an ill humor, grumbled and growled throughout the day, and not one of us went to bed that night, without having had his jacket well trounced, to the tune of the 'The Pilgrim Fathers.'

You may judge, then, Mr. Editor, of the exaltation of all true patriots of this stamp, when the Society of Saint Nicholas was set up among us, and intrepidly established, cheek by jole, alongside of the society of the invaders. Never shall I forget the effect upon my father and his little knot of brother groaners, when tidings were brought them that the ancient banner of the Manhattoes was actually floating from the window of the City Hotel. Sir, they nearly jumped out of their silver-buckled shoes for joy. They took down their cocked hats from the pegs on which they had hanged them, as the Israelites of yore hung their harps upon the willows, in token of bondage, clapped them resolutely once more upon their heads, and cocked them in the face of every Yankee they met on the way to the banqueting-room.

The institution of this society was hailed with transport throughout the whole extent of the New-Netherlands; being considered a secret foothold gained in New-Amsterdam, and a flattering presage of future triumph. Whenever that society holds its annual feast, a sympathetic hilarity prevails throughout the land; ancient Pavonia sends over its contributions of cabbages and oysters; the House of the Four Chimneys is splendidly illuminated, and the traditional song of Saint Nicholas, the mystic bond of union and conspiracy, is chaunted with closed doors, in every genuine Dutch family.

I have thus, I trust, Mr. Editor, opened your eyes to some of the grand moral, poetical, and political phenomena with which you are

surrounded. You will now be able to read the 'signs of the times.' You will now understand what is meant by those 'Knickerbocker Halls,' and 'Knickerbocker Hotels,' and 'Knickerbocker Lunches,' that are daily springing up in our city, and what all these 'Knickerbocker Omnibuses' are driving at. You will see in them so many clouds before a storm; so many mysterious but sublime intimations of the gathering vengeance of a great though oppressed people. Above all, you will now contemplate our bay and its portentous borders, with proper feelings of awe and admiration. Talk of the Bay of Naples, and its volcanic mountain! Why, Sir, little Communipaw, sleeping among its cabbage gardens, 'quiet as gunpowder,' yet with this tremendous conspiracy brewing in its bosom, is an object ten times as sublime (in a moral point of view, mark me,) as Vesuvius in repose, though charged with lava and brimstone, and ready for an eruption.

Let me advert to a circumstance connected with this theme, which cannot but be appreciated by every heart of sensibility. You must have remarked, Mr. Editor, on summer evenings, and on Sunday afternoons, certain grave, primitive-looking personages, walking the Battery, in close confabulation, with their canes behind their backs, and ever and anon turning a wistful gaze toward the Jersey shore. These, Sir, are the sons of Saint Nicholas, the genuine *Nederlanders*; who regard Communipaw with pious reverence, not merely as the progenitor, but the destined regenerator, of this great metropolis. Yes, Sir; they are looking with longing eyes to the green marshes of ancient Pavonia, as did the poor conquered Spaniards of yore toward the stern mountains of Asturias, wondering whether the day of deliverance is at hand. Many is the time, when, in my boyhood, I have walked with my father and his confidential compeers on the Battery, and listened to their calculations and conjectures, and observed the points of their sharp cocked hats evermore turned toward Pavonia. Nay, Sir, I am convinced that at this moment, if I were to take down the cocked hat of my lamented father from the peg on which it has hung for years, and were to carry it to the Battery, its centre point, true as the needle to the pole, would turn to Communipaw.

Mr. Editor, the great historic drama of New-Amsterdam is but half acted. The reigns of Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, with the rise, progress, and decline of the Dutch dynasty, are but so many parts of the main action, the triumphant catastrophe of which is yet to come. Yes, Sir! the deliverance of the New-Nederlands from Yankee domination will eclipse the far-famed redemption of Spain from the Moors, and the oft-sung conquest of Granada will fade before the chivalrous triumph of New-Amsterdam. Would that Peter Stuyvesant could rise from his grave to witness that day!

Your humble servant,

ROLOFF VAN RIPPER.

P. S. Just as I had concluded the foregoing epistle, I received a piece of intelligence, which makes me tremble for the fate of Communipaw. I fear, Mr. Editor, the grand conspiracy is in danger of being countermined and counteracted, by those all-pervading and indefatigable Yankees. Would you think it, Sir! one of them has

actually effected an entry in the place by covered way ; or in other words, under cover of the petticoats. Finding every other mode ineffectual, he secretly laid siege to a Dutch heiress, who owns a great cabbage-garden in her own right. Being a smooth-tongued varlet, he easily prevailed on her to elope with him, and they were privately married at Spank-town ! The first notice the good people of Communipaw had of this awful event, was a lithographed map of the cabbage-garden laid out in town lots, and advertised for sale ! On the night of the wedding, the main weather-cock of the House of the Four Chimnies was carried away in a whirlwind ! The greatest consternation reigns throughout the village !

SABBATH NIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

THE throng is past, the halls, the temples close,
And silence steals upon the coming night,
And the mild dawn of Cynthia's silvery light
Breaks o'er the scene, now hushed in soft repose.

And pure and bright the gentle radiance falls,
Where late foul lamps gave forth a smoky glare,
And wafting fragrance through the heated air,
The sighing zephyr to the night wind calls.

Come from thy airy halls, O breeze of night !
And, on the heavenly freshness of thy wing,
Sweet perfumes from the flowery wild-woods bring,
And sounds mysterious from the mountain's height.

And tell us of yon wide domain above,
The shout of worship, does it enter there ?
The nasal hymn and loud presumptuous prayer,
Oh ! are they welcome to the ear of Love ?

Thou heedest not, O reckless, wandering wind !
Sweeping with scorn above the steepled dome,
Or whistling sadly round the stricken home,
Where grief has been, and left sad hearts behind !

Though from the one loud hallelujahs rise,
And solemn triumph from the organ's tongue,
While from the other, sounds by sorrow wrung,
Desponding, prayers ascend, and bursting sighs.

Thou heedest not ; yet floating far and near,
Recording angels on thy pinions fly,
Hear the low prayer, and catch the lonely sigh,
And bear them upward to the Father's ear.

Listen, O angel ministers ! for now
From closet closed ascends the Christian's prayer,
Nor eye beholds, nor witness enters there,
To watch the smile of faith, nor hear the vow.

Oh ! blessed thought ! — though words of man no more,
From grovelling thoughts can raise the sinking mind,
The Father's voice, low whispering in the wind,
Can teach the heart like seraphs to adore !

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON.

NUMBER THREE CONCLUDED.

CHURCHES OF THE METROPOLIS.

I SHOULD dearly love to 'go snacks' with the Archbishop of Canterbury; his revenue being, they say, sixty thousand pounds, beside being Primate of England, and holding rank next to the royal family. Nearly the same exuberant revenue is enjoyed by the Bishop of London; and the average income of the twenty-four Bishops gives each ten thousand pounds a year. They are members, all, of the House of Lords, and on state occasions, make a display of equipages equal at least to the secular peers, and live in their several palaces with a magnificence corresponding to their eminent fortunes. One of Bunyan's pretty visions is here realized: 'I saw Religion walk forth in her golden slippers in the sunshine.' Most of the deans, also, are sufficiently provided; that of Durham, with twelve thousand pounds a year, and the twelve Prebends of the See, with from two to three hundred each. The laborers of the Church have about the same scanty allowance as the same class in secular employments. Of the Curates, fifty-nine have annual salaries of from ten to twenty pounds; two hundred and seventeen, from twenty to thirty; six hundred and seventy-nine, from thirty to forty; six hundred and eighty-three, from forty to fifty; five hundred and seventeen, from fifty to sixty; two hundred and thirty-four, from sixty to seventy; and three hundred and nine, from seventy to eighty. The two archbishops, all the bishops, most of the deans, five hundred and fifty-two rectors, and four hundred and thirty six vicars, are appointed by the king; the rest by the bishops, or lay patrons. The number of parishes for England and Wales is ten thousand, sustained by tithes, or a commutation of tithes, and endowments; the former, six hundred thousand pounds, the latter, three and a half millions. Cathedral revenues are incomes attached to certain churches, enjoyed by the deans, canons, etc. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is the annual allowance for keeping the churches in repair. The incumbents are two archbishops — of Canterbury and York; twenty-four bishops; sixty archdeacons, twenty-seven deans, six hundred and forty-four canons and prebends, and of rectors, vicars, curates, and chapters, seventeen thousand three hundred and forty-three.

Of the Dissenters, the most numerous are the Methodists; next, Independents, or Congregationalists, who have seventeen hundred places of worship; the Baptists have ten hundred and eighty; Presbyterians, two hundred and sixty; Friends, three hundred and eighty; Roman Catholics, four hundred and thirty (seventy in London) — in all, six thousand five hundred. These are called chapels, and are not allowed to lift their heads too aspiringly. They are forbidden to have spires, towers, and bells. They are beginning to claim a majority of members over the established church.

There are altogether six hundred and eighty places of worship in

London, affording seats for six hundred and forty thousand persons, and it is said that near a million are destitute of accommodation. You may quote these statistics, with authority of Parliament. I have written them down in spite of my dislike for arithmetic. The English church being now a matter of tea-table gossip, one cannot be too careful in reducing ladies' conversation to mathematical certainty.

Our religious system acknowledges no connection of church with state; it inculcates universal tolerance, and is supported by voluntary contributions; to all which principles the English being directly opposed, we are impressed into its disputes; to be commended on one side, and abused on the other; the proportion being, as usual, about ten to one in favor of the abuse. So it often happens, that a wretch of a witness is dragged into court, bantered and set up for a rogue, without his having the slightest interest in the quarrel. The paper in which our poor efforts at religion are stigmatized most unmercifully, is the '*John Bull*;' which, by some chance, is the only one which pays me a Sunday morning visit; and in walking out, I see its extracts placarded upon the conspicuous walls, and in large capitals overhead: '*Voluntary System*;' '*The Experiment*;' '*Model Republic*;' and other sarcastic devices. A poor clergyman is served up this morning in such caricature as would make him a good scare-crow in his own corn-field; perhaps deservedly; but is it not scandalous, that a dozen of clergymen, whom I know to be as honest as Saint Anthony, should be of no account, and that this one man should be set up as an example of 'the state of religion in America?' I was tempted to write angrily on this subject; and no doubt the Bishop of London would have been quite vexed at being abused all the way to Pottsville. But reflecting that these satires design us no ill, but are intended merely to support an argument, I have relented. I am glad, moreover, of a chance of giving what is unusual in religious discussions, an example of moderation. I know but one other; it is of Saint Michael, who declares he never used a harsh expression, when able to find a gentle one, and would not be abusive, though the devil himself were his antagonist.

The complaints against the church, most frequent in the writings of the opposition, are as follow: i. The excessive wealth of the high dignitaries, and poverty of the lower orders; ii. The patronage, which opens a field of intrigue and favoritism in the appointments; in most instances, they say, a mere business of bargain and sale, by which persons are admitted to orders, deficient in piety, and other qualifications; iii. Tithes, burthensome to the church, and peculiarly unjust toward Dissenters, who are at least one half of the population; and especially toward Ireland, of which four fifths are Catholic. How would you like, in America, to pay for the support of a religion you do not profess, beside sustaining the burthen of your own? iv. Non-residents and pluralities. Near three thousand persons hold one, two, or more livings, and receive the income, without performing any of the duties; they do not even reside in their parishes, but travel abroad, or mix in the fashionable amusements of the capital; the poor laborer doing the duty, at twenty pounds per annum. v. The union of the clerical functions and those of magistrate and legislator. They call in question, too, the supremacy of the king, and think

such rakes as George IV. badly fitted for supreme 'Heads and Defenders of the Faith.' These charges are expanded and set out in relief by examples; of clergy getting tipsy, gambling, dancing, etc.; of the eldest son of one of the bishops holding, by favor of his father, six preferments at once, worth more than twenty thousand pounds; of oppressive seizures for tithes — even widows' beds sometimes sold, and the money used on the sacramental wine; and examples of appointments in the hands, some of Roman Catholics, some of no religion at all, or even in a state of mental derangement. The income of the diocese of Durham they state to be worth one hundred thousand pounds; of which forty thousand go to the dean, prebends, and canons; and the average number of persons who attend service, is seventy-five!

I cannot say, from any experience of my own, how much of this may be true; but I will give you a few of the reflections I have been led to make, in considering the subject. The common experience of life proves, that a very high degree of power, of any kind, even religious, tends to abuse; on the other hand, that men, of whatever condition, will have little respect for any human institution, unsupported by worldly distinction; by wealth, title, or some equivalent honors. The author of Christianity had a special mission to perform, which required unusual means; the duty of his followers is to superintend a religion already established, to adapt it to the social institutions, and to those dispositions of human nature which may give it the most beneficial effect. It was the order of the Deity himself, that 'the High Priest's garments be glorious and beautiful; not only of rich stuff, and curious in workmanship, but orient in pearls, and refulgent with jewels.' It is certain, that an appearance of independence, a splendor of lodging and dress, give weight of character and authority to men, and deference to their discourses; and that a poor clergy falls into contempt and incompetency to do good. He who advises a return to the poverty and simplicity of the apostles, as a means of promoting the interests of religion and morals, has much yet to learn of the nature of his species. As far as wealth may be an evil, it is incident to the American as to the English system. There is nothing to prevent a bishop in New-York becoming as rich as in London. It is required only, that some pious testator should bestow upon his office an income of forty thousand pounds, and no fair-handed justice could prevent him and his successors from enjoying it. And there is nothing to prevent a laborer in his vineyard being as poor as an English curate. There is nothing to force a man in London to preach for twenty pounds a year.

A separation of church and state is desirable in a republic; but I do not know that it is so in a monarchy. The Catholic clergy, who aimed at a hierarchy became intriguing politicians, to the scandal of their order. Ximenes, Mazarin, Richelieu, Retz, Fleury, Wolsey, Talleyrand, were of this school; but I have not read of any attempts of the English clergy either scandalous to the church, or dangerous to liberty. I could cite several instances of the contrary. No one, I believe, now fears the ascendancy of the church over the civil power

The English clergy mix much in the amusements of society, and

run sometimes into excesses of pleasure ; ours are more rigid and ascetic, and I believe are not seldom carried into the opposite excesses of bigotry. Amusements are a part of the wants of human nature, of which clergyman partake, as other men. It is certain, that all attempts to set apart a class of men, and give them attributes above humanity, have failed, or been successful only in times of unnatural emotion, or extreme ignorance ; and attempts to set social amusements in opposition to religious duties, have failed also. The clergy, mixing more in society, would impose order and decency upon its amusements, and save them often from disreputable excesses.

As for tithes, I would not defend them at all. I see no reason to continue the odious tax, since the church may as well be supported from the general fund. A man pays willingly for a highway he does not use, but taxed expressly for such road, would murmur inconsolably. I do not see why a part of the support might not be supplied by voluntary contributions. It would keep alive industry in the clergy, and establish a kindly intercourse between them and their parishioners. We love the pew we voluntarily pay for, and the clergyman we voluntarily patronize ; and principles of gratitude and affection are established on both sides. Corporations have no souls, and individuals have no souls in dealing with them. The king is the government ; and in this sense, whether a Charles II., or a Saint Edward, is Defender of the Faith. His power of appointment consists only in issuing leave to elect, (*cong   d'elire*) to the dean and chapter, who have the presentation.

I have before me a list of the bishops. Do they owe their places to family influence, or personal merit ? The Archbishop of Canterbury is an eminent scholar, and I believe a commoner ; so also the Bishop of London, Bloomfield. I would have him bishop, for his review of Valpy and Stevens' *Thesaurus*. The Bishop of Durham, Van Milhert, is noted for his liberality, and by no one could the one hundred thousand pounds be more nobly administered. Copleston, Bishop of Landaff, is known by his defence of the universities against the reviewers ; Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough, by his lectures on divinity. Malery, Bishop of Chichester ; Monk, of Gloucester ; Burgess, of Salisbury, are all eminent Greeks ; and a more distinguished scholar than Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, is not in England. All these are commoners. I can find but eight of the twenty-four, who are of titled families. And going back through the Warburtons, Tillotsons, Aterburies, Barrows, Burnets, Taylors, and Hebers, would lead, I think, to the same results. If so, the people should be the last to desire an abridgment of church dignities ; it is but shutting up their own avenues. But there are instances of favoritism in appointments. I have wished to know, all my life, a system of patronage which would exclude such favoritism. I should sooner expect the quadrature of the circle, or any of the other impossibilities. That system is assuredly the best, which leaves the road most open to personal merit and abilities. The appointment of the younger sons of noble families, as it brings influence and dignity to the church, and employs a certain quantity of mind that might be less usefully bestowed, does not seem objectionable. If places in the church are preoccupied by such

persons, the same number are left vacant in the other honorable employments.

The non-residence of the clergy in their parishes is indefensible. Who sees nothing of his sheep but the fleece, is a bad shepherd. Exemption from pastoral duties leads to idleness, and vicious habits; and the present state of the world requires both a reasonable religion, and unexceptionable morals and piety, in its professors. The English clergyman, settled in the duties of his parish church, is, by the testimony of every one, the most respectable of human beings. Whether the unequal distribution of the church revenues admits of a remedy, I cannot say: it certainly is an evil. In religion, there are few menial services, and he who administers the duties, ought to have consideration. The manure intended for the whole field, should not be heaped up in a few spots.

Uniformity in religion must be given up; it exists no where in Christendom. Diversity of sects has its good and evil. The good, is the censorial inspection exercised by one over the other; a rivalry of abilities among the opposing clergy; an emulation in building better churches, and contributing to their support. The evils are, the weakening of religious influence and means of subsistence. We have twenty religions from Europe, with several of our own, and these often getting together in a village, starve one another. In the large cities, this evil is little felt. There is, beside, a continual tendency to subdivision and contention, which brings out bad passions, injurious to religion itself. We have already two sets of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and even Quakers. It leads men, also, to dogmatize too much, and reason themselves into bigotry or infidelity. Nothing could save such a system, but the belief, every day spreading, that the essence being preserved, the difference of church is immaterial. The dispute is then reduced to mere propriety of forms. On this ground, religion is safe, and the forms best administered and suited to human nature, will become prosperous, and supersede the others.

The Episcopal form in England appears to me adapted to a very refined and educated community. Its liturgy, simple and sublime; its sermons, of chaste literary composition; the rising up, sitting, kneeling; the congregation taking part in the prayers, and relieving the drowsiness of silent listening; the clergyman in sable raiment at the altar, vanishing and reappearing in white surplice in the pulpit; altogether give the service a theatrical and elegant diversity. I have read, I believe in Pope's notes, the notice of 'a hymn from a gentleman to his Creator.' I do not doubt, for an instant, the author was an Englishman and an Episcopalian. It is scarcely possible this form of religion should fall under the displeasure of the literate and refined, unless by gross abuses and mismanagement. But I doubt of its suitableness to uneducated classes, who require to be acted upon by vivid impressions. Even in the United States, where the church preaching is more animated, and the extremes of society much less remote, it is not found sufficient; and the Methodist comes along with his drag-net, and catches the grosser sinners, who break through the more tender and delicate meshes. Why is the Catholic religion on the increase in both countries? Because it is better suited, than any other, to ordinary human nature, embracing the illiterate and

refined; speaking to the instincts and sentiments, and to the senses, by which, in religion, all men are more led than by reason. Shrines, altars, pictures, statues, incense, relics, music, confession, prayers for the deceased, are so many links in the great chain of human affections. The choral harmony of Westminster Abbey, from the excellence of its organ, is solemn and pleasing, but without variety; and I confess, though no Catholic, I have always longed for the more impressive music of Saint Roch's and Notre Dame. Music, the sweetest consolation of miserable mortals upon the earth, where can it be introduced so appropriately, as in the temple of the Deity? Even the Puritans, who made such havoc of papistry, are, in this, coming back to the 'Old Babylon,' or rather, in spite of prejudice, to human nature. I remember an attempt, in my native village, to introduce some 'new-fangled' music, in the place of 'Old Hundred,' which put a whole congregation to flight. It was 'going to heaven with a jig!' — 'praying the Lord with the bagpipes!' They have now a luxury of pews and pulpits, and in some of their meeting-houses an organ. If I were Archbishop of Canterbury, I would add something to the sober simplicity of the English church; and if Pope, I would retrench something from the Catholic, in reverence of this reasoning and sensible age. I would abstain from preaching of such inconceivable doctrines as 'Real Presence,' and lop off the absurd ceremonies of ancient ignorance. A gentleman at Naples or Rome, who kneels to-day to wash the feet of the ragged pilgrims, or Lazaroni, is not the less haughty and insolent to-morrow.

I have heard sermons from the Archbishop, and perhaps a dozen other preachers, who are all sensible, genteel lecturers. Religion here makes scarce an attempt at eloquence. She just pours her instructions, in a gentle stream, upon the ear of the listener, and not seldom shakes her poppies upon his drowsy eye-lids. I have listened to Mr. Croker; have gone three miles to hear Mr. Melville, a careful and polished scholar. Sydney Smith is an agreeable preacher, if I may judge from only hearing him read the service. His wit rises up in judgment against him. One thinks of the 'twelve parson power,' and 'Peter Plymley's Letters.' The universal tone here is persuasion. Selden said, long ago, of the English, 'We love those who d — n us!' The national character seems to have altered in this particular, I think for the better. No wretch was ever so abused as Satan is often, from the American pulpit; and as usual, his proselytes increase by the persecution.

Gracious me! The lamp burns pale, and the daylight peeps through the window! I must put the seal upon this letter. There is no time for revision; it goes forthwith upon its voyage. It has grown into a long and prosy essay; and the style, I fear, is too frivolous for so grave a subject.

*'Je ne suis pas né pour célébrer les saints,
Ma voix est faible, et même un peu profane.'*

* In the royal chapel, and chapels of foreign ambassadors, the music is said to be excellent, but not accessible, save by a special permission. Why are the similar chapels of the English ambassador in Paris, of Mr. THORNE, and others, open to all, without ceremony? Is it a necessity that every thing in England should be exclusive?

My humor is, to look upon human life through the spectacles of Democritus. In every serious aspect, I am sick of it. Its pride, its poverty, its systems. Varo counted two hundred and eighty sects, two thousand years ago, of philosophy alone, which had successively supplanted each other; and the most sensible heads of this nation are now in total dissent about the most common and important objects of human policy. But I mean no irreverence of things divine. I had a sharp dispute upon one of the topics here treated, with a *smart* woman, whom I attended to church in the morning, who grew warm and peremptory, and, lady-like, had the last word. She thought that although I differed with Archbishop Seeker, 'it was possible the Archbishop might be right.' Judge you so likewise; but however I may err in divinity, I beg you to believe that in religion itself, and the affection of the heart that is nearest to it, I am sincerely and almost infallibly No room for the rest of this declaration. Adieu!

M E M O R Y .

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME BY EDWARD MATURIN.

I.

Oh! sweet is the hour when Memory brings
The forms we've loved from the past entomb'd;
When from leaves which are scatter'd, an odor she flings,
More sweet than the flower exhaled when it bloom'd.

II.

How delicious to linger on joys which are gone,
On the friends we have loved, and the hours which have fled;
And to feel that in life we have known at least one,
Whose memory never can sleep with the dead!

III.

Oh! what were this world, if the love we have felt
In our earlier years, could never return,
To give rapture again to the heart where it dwelt,
And dry up the tears it receives in its urn?

IV.

Thus is it in life, when the frown's on the brow,
And despair at the heart has silver'd the head,
That we love to look back to our earliest vow,
And murmur its spell to the name of the dead!

V.

Though Hope with her dreams may bewilder the eye
Of those to whom pleasure has been but a vision;
Though her heaven she steep in those varying dyes,
Which create for the dreamer a world all Elysian:

VI.

Yet dearer to me is Memory far,
Though faded her brightness, though sadder her dreams;
To the lover 'tis sweeter to worship one star,
Than kneel to a heaven of numberless beams.

L I N E S

TO THE TRUE POET: A FRAGMENT FROM LACON.

I.

CREATION'S heir and Fancy's favorite child,
 Thou canst from India's wealth or Afric's wild,
 From far or near, from depth or dizzy height,
 Cull thy rich stores, to instruct us, or delight:
 Abundance draw from dearth, and radiance from night.

II.

Thus to the alembic of thy glowing mind
 All nature comes, but comes to be refined:
 Each thought that feculence or grossness strains,
 Thy wit or judgment sublimates or strains,
 Till all the alloy be purged, and naught but gold remains.

III.

Thus ocean drinks the foul and turbid tide,
 When flood and torrent plough the mountain's side;
 But soon in genial showers he sends them forth,
 Pure as the pearls that deck Aurora's birth,
 To feed the famished land, and cheer the jocund earth.

Clmcrack the Chfird.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

STORY OF THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.

LORD BYRON made a palpable hit, when he said that truth was stranger than fiction; and the world has acknowledged the correctness of the saying, by an incessant repetition of it, ever since it was uttered. From information in my possession, I have been enabled to make a very nice calculation, by which it appears that the aforesaid truism has been repeated one million, nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and forty-seven times, during the last fifteen years. And this is sufficient to establish the truth of his lordship's proposition. Truth, then, being stranger than fiction, it follows, as a matter of course, that the latter must be more natural than the former; and hence we perceive the reason why romances have always been preferred to histories, by the majority of readers. A fact so evident, I conceive, can require no illustration, and therefore I will not waste the valuable time of my reader, by diving into the depths of forgotten learning, to bring up instances of excellent books which appear to have sunk in the ocean of time, in consequence of the great weight of the mighty truths which they contained; while many contemporary works have floated lightly upon the same ocean, and still continue to dance gaily upon its waves, apparently not possessed of truth enough to sink them in its waters.

I have felt myself called upon to make these apologetic remarks, by way of preface to the fictitious story that I am about to present to the world, because some very learned and grave critics, who spend

the greater part of their lives in studying Greek tragedies and German metaphysics, have thought proper, in their pride of wisdom, to speak sneeringly of the unmixed creations of the human brain, and to attempt to stigmatize as unprofitable servants those who labor in the pure regions of romance. But I am desirous that my work should live, and therefore I shall exclude all those weighty truths from it, which would infallibly sink it to the lowest depths of the ocean of oblivion. A vessel freighted with such precious metals as moral reflections and German metaphysics, political essays and Swedenborgian sermons, histories of kings, and chronicles of common councils, state papers, and the lives of eminent statesmen; and other equally valuable matters, could hardly hope to ride out in safety one autumnal gale; and I doubt whether an underwriter could be found, at any insurance board in the world, adventurous enough to take a risk on such a cargo, at ever so high a premium.

To those brave spirits who still refuse to bow the knee to the stern idols of these latter days, and who do not refuse to accompany the spirit of romance in her upward flights, where they inhale the soothing atmosphere of the regions of delight, this tale is offered with affectionate confidence.

CHAPTER ONE.

WILL INTRODUCE THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES OF THIS STORY UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES SOMEWHAT UNFAVORABLE.

TREMLETT AND TUCK was the name of one of the oldest, the richest, and consequently the most respectable, 'firms' in the great city of New-York. And to be entitled to this distinction, in a city where there are so many old, and rich, and respectable firms, argued of necessity a degree of eminence to which but very few firms could ever hope to attain. But mercantile greatness, above all other kinds of greatness, can never be the effect of accident. A general or a commodore may, by a chance shot, over which he had no control, be placed upon the very apex of Fame's pyramid; an author even, may, by the lucky choice of a subject for the exhibition of his talents, immortalize himself, and put money in his purse; but it is only by industry, length of days, self-denial, integrity of conduct, and good luck, that a merchant can become renowned; and even then, his fame must cease when he loses his hold upon life.

MR. HUBBARD CROCKER TREMLETT and Mr. GRISWOLD BACON TUCK were old men. They had formed their copartnership when they were young, with a determination of doing a safe business, and intending, as soon as they could afford it, each to take a wife; and I presume no young men ever commenced business with any other determination, unless, indeed, they had been so imprudent as to get married first. Messrs. Tremlett and Tuck adhered strictly to their first determination, and consequently became rich and respectable; but neither had ever felt that he could afford to get married; and they found themselves at last with whitened locks, the possessors of an immense fortune, but with solitary firesides, and without a living soul to care a straw for either, unless it were those who hoped every day would be their last; expecting that a slender thread of consanguinity would

enable them to seize the wealth which they had no hand in accumulating.

The solitariness of their situation never disturbed the junior partner. He wanted no better company, and no surer friends, than his certificates of deposit, his bank scrip, and his private ledger. Time gave his annual warnings in vain to Mr. Tuck. He thought no more about dying, than he did at twenty. The admonitions of death and eternity he heeded not. He knew that people died, because he had made several bad debts, in consequence of the untimely removal from this world of some of his debtors; his parents had also died, and his brothers and sisters; but he never really thought that ~~HE~~ he should die; it was something so foreign to a regular business transaction, that the fact that he ~~MUST~~ die, never once occurred to him. It was true, he had his life insured, as he had his ships; but in so doing, he only acted in conformity to an established rule, never to let a risk remain uncovered. Therefore Mr. Tuck continued to make close bargains, and extend his operations, more in the spirit of a man just entering upon life, than like one just about to leave it.

Mr. Tremlett differed materially from his partner. The consciousness of a life misspent, notwithstanding the wealth he had accumulated, oppressed him sorely at times. He felt the want of a comforter. He could penetrate the sinister motives of those who treated him with deferential respect, and their hollow-hearted and loveless attentions were a thousand times more disagreeable to him than an open and expressed hatred would have been. He had applied himself so closely to his business, that he had indulged no opportunities either for seeing the world, or for extending and increasing his friends and acquaintances; and although his name, and even his hand-writing, was familiarly known at the remote ends of the earth, yet there was not one solitary being to whom he could, in confidence, lay open his heart, or who looked up to him for consolation and support. This was a dismal condition for an old man to find himself in; and sometimes Mr. Tremlett thought that he might have been happier, if he had gained more friends and fewer dollars.

As he was pacing the flagged walk of the Battery, one sultry afternoon in mid-summer, gazing listlessly on the beautiful scene spread out before him, and musing on his peculiar situation, he suddenly felt something dragging at his coat-tail, and turning his head quickly, he perceived a little boy in the act of picking his pocket of a new bandanna. He caught the young thief by the arm; and as the little rascal struggled to escape, he looked up into the old gentleman's face with such a bright and merry countenance, that his captor felt more like clasping him in his arms, than punishing him for his depravity. The rogue was not more than nine years old, and his countenance bespoke any thing but a wicked disposition. He was ragged and bare-footed; but young and poverty-stricken as he appeared, he was already engaged in trade; he had a bundle of penny papers under his arm, and a half-dozen of comic almanacs in his hand. Had he been an older or an ugly brat, it is probable that Mr. Tremlett would have given him a cuff on his ears, and let him go, to practise his thieving propensities upon the coat pockets of other citizens; but his extreme youth, and his childish beauty, made such an impression

upon the old merchant's sympathies, that he felt unwilling to release him, until he had done something for his benefit. He therefore dragged the little fellow along, in spite of his kicks and cries, until he came to his own house, which was in the neighborhood, when he gave him in charge of his house-keeper, who washed the young culprit's face, and gave him a monstrous slice of bread and butter, which he had no sooner eaten, than, taking his bundle of penny papers, and his comic almanacs, for a pillow, he stretched himself out upon the rug, and fell asleep. And there we will leave him to enjoy his innocent slumbers, while we make an explanation to the reader, to prevent his falling into an error to which his former readings may have rendered him liable. But as this will be a break in the narrative, let us close this chapter, and for the sake of completeness, begin afresh in the next.

CHAPTER TWO.

INCLUDES A 'CURTAILED ABBREVIATION, COMPRISING MANY PARTICULARS.'

THE ragged little vagabond whom we have left asleep on a rug in Mr. Tremlett's house, with his head resting on a bundle of penny papers, is to be the hero of this history, and the reader will of course prepare himself to feel a very lively interest in his behalf. But our young hero is not a whit better than he appears to be. He is not the son of any body of whom the reader will ever hear, and it will not turn up, in the end, that any of the personages hereinafter to be mentioned, are in the slightest degree related to him; for the truth is, his mother was an Irish chambermaid, who came to an untimely end in consequence of a blow on her temple, which she received from a jealous Milesian at a ball on Saint Patrick's Eve, in Anthony-street; and her little darlint, then but eighteen months old, was removed to an orphan asylum, where he had remained until a few days before the period at which this history begins, when he had contrived to effect an escape into the world, where he had made out to support himself by picking up every thing he could lay his hands upon, and by selling penny papers and comic almanacs at half profits, for a dealer in those useful articles. Whether he would have ended his days on the gallows, or at Sing-Sing, had he not attempted to pick the pocket of the senior partner of the highly respectable firm of Tremlett and Tuck, of course can never be known, as it is a difficult matter to make a guess at the complexion of events which never took place. It will be seen, in the last chapter, the sad-enough end that he did make, and that ought to satisfy the reasonable curiosity of the most inquisitive reader. Life would be a weary load, if we were to be informed beforehand of every thing that would happen to us as we bore it onward; and the reading a story would be the heaviest task a man could impose upon himself, if the catastrophe were revealed to him in the first chapter. I shall not, therefore, in cruel kindness, throw out farther hints about the final winding up of the affairs of our hero, but let the catastrophe of his history gradually develope itself, according to the established rules, both of nature and art.

After Mr. Tremlett had consigned his little captive to the charge of Mrs. Swazey, his house-keeper, he went down to his counting-room

to make his arrangements for the next day's payments; a practice that he had never omitted, for more than twenty years. But instead of remaining to chat with his partner and his head book-keeper about the currency, and other kindred matters, for an hour or two, he jumped up as soon as his task was finished, and hurried back to his house. The thought of there being somebody at home that required his attention, gave the old merchant an excitement that he had not known since he was first elected a bank director. When he reached his house, he found the little vagabond sound asleep on the rug, and notwithstanding he had persuaded himself that it was his duty to send the boy out to the House of Correction, when he looked upon the cherub-like face before him, his heart softened, and his resolution faltered; and he almost blushed at the thoughts that obtruded themselves upon his mind. The lad had a beautiful head of glossy hair, which, in spite of the discipline that had shorn it of its full glories, clung in curls to his neck and temples, as if enamoured of his lovely skin; the delicate flow of youthful health overspread his cheeks, and his parted lips displayed a row of teeth unusually white and even, in one so young. Mr. Tremlett sighed as he looked upon the sleeping child; perhaps he was thinking of the time when he himself was as young, as innocent, and as beautiful; or he might have been casting up in his mind how many thousand dollars he would have been willing to have given, if he could but call the urchin his own. He looked around the room to see if he was observed, and then sank upon his knees by the side of the child; but whether it was to put up a prayer in his behalf, or to kiss his ruddy cheek, is not known. A tear glistened in the merchant's eyes; a fountain had been unsealed in his heart; his eyes ran over, and a tear falling upon the face of the boy, awakened him from his sleep; and as he fixed his blue eyes upon the figure by his side, he appeared suddenly struck with awe, for his hitherto smiling features assumed a grave and serious aspect. Mr. Tremlett jumped upon his feet, very hastily, and walking across the room three or four times, he sat down in his arm-chair, and trying to speak as near like a criminal judge as he could, he bade the boy get upon his feet, for he was already sitting upon his haunches, and looking round him with genuine astonishment pictured in his countenance.

'Come here, Sir!' said Mr. Tremlett. The little fellow approached his chair with as much confidence as a child would have gone to a parent.

'What is your name?' continued the merchant.

'John,' replied the boy.

'John what, Sir!'

'John,' again repeated the lad.

'Well, what else beside John?'

'Do n't I tell you it is John?' said the boy, laughing.

'Do n't laugh, you young scoundrel!' said Mr. Tremlett, a little out of patience.

'I can't help laughing, you talk so funny!' said the boy.

'Why, what an impudent little scamp!' exclaimed Mrs. Swazey, who had just come in. 'Do n't you know who you are talking to?'

'No,' was the reply.

'Well, if I ever heard such impudence!' exclaimed Mrs. Swazey,

'Do n't you know what your name is?' asked Mr. Tremlett.

'Do n't I say it's John?' answered the boy.

'Well, then, what is your father's name?'

'I do n't know what you mean!'

'Have you got no father?'

'I do n't know.'

'Have you got no mother?'

The boy shook his head, without making any other reply.

'Who took care of you?'

'The old devil,' replied master John, looking very serious.

'What an awful wretch!' exclaimed Mrs. Swazey, lifting up both her hands.

'Who do you mean by the devil?' inquired the merchant.

'The old woman that used to feed us with mush and molasses,' answered the lad.

'Oh! oh!' exclaimed Mrs. Swazey; 'a greater villain I never see, in all *my* born days!'

'Where did you live?' asked Mr. Tremlett, smiling at his house-keeper's consternation.

'Out to the 'sylum,' replied John.

'At the asylum!' said Mrs. Swazey; 'I declare, if he has n't called the matron, Mrs. Ellkins — which is my most intimate acquaintance, and the widow of Captain Timothy Ellkins, a highly respectable India ship-master, and a very warm friend of my husband's when he was alive — by that awful name! Take that for your impudence!' said the house-keeper, giving the youngster a cuff on the side of his head, which sent him against Mr. Tremlett's chair.

But master John soon recovered himself, and without the least hesitation, caught hold of Mrs. Swazey's apron, and administered her such a kick, that she fairly screamed with the pain. Mr. Tremlett covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief, and in endeavoring to suppress a hearty laugh, came near strangling. Mrs. Swazey hobbled out of the room, brim full of indignation and mortified vanity; but the lad preserved a wonderful composure of countenance.

Now that spirited feat of our hero's did more toward establishing him in the affections of Mr. Tremlett, than a whole year of the most servile obedience would have accomplished. The truth was, the house-keeper had held her situation so long, that she exercised an authority over her employer which he found extremely annoying; and yet he did not know how to resist it, he had so gradually yielded to it; and he was gratified to see her so summarily punished for her impertinent interference. As soon as he regained his gravity of countenance, he resumed his examination.

'How came you to be out of the asylum?'

'Because I run'd away,' replied John.

'Ah, you are a very wicked boy,' said Mr. Tremlett. 'Do you not know that I could send you to jail, for attempting to steal my pocket handkerchief?'

'A man told me to,' replied the boy, his eyes filling with tears, as he spoke, with a trembling under lip.

'What man was it?' asked Mr. Tremlett, a little softened in his manner.

'I do n't know,' replied the boy; 'he was a great big man, almost

as big as you are ; he told me if I would do it, he would give me a penny.'

'Ah, he was a vile rascal,' said Mr. Tremlett ; 'but you are a very bad fellow yourself, and I shall be obliged to have you punished, and kept in a place where you will be taken good care of, and instructed to do justly.'

'I can say my prayers now,' replied master John ; 'Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come, thy will be done ——'

'Stop, stop ! — not so fast !' interrupted Mr. Tremlett ; 'you must not pray in that manner.'

'Why ? Can't God hear me if I pray quick ?' said the youngster.

'Yes, of course ; He would hear you, though you were only to think your prayers ; but I cannot keep the run of you, when you speak so fast.'

'Ah ; but I was not praying to you ; you are not our Father who art in heaven ;' rejoined the lad, looking up seriously into the merchant's face.

'Hush, hush ! — you must not say such things,' said Mr. Tremlett, looking very grave.

'Well, shall I say the commandments ? I can say all the commandments, and petitions, and 'fectual calling, just as easy as my prayers,' said the youngster, exultingly.

'Not now,' replied Mr. Tremlett, 'not now ; I am afraid you are a very bad boy, and I must keep you here to-night, and send you back to the asylum in the morning.'

'Oh no ! oh no !' exclaimed the little fellow, in evident alarm ; 'let me stay here, in this asylum ; I would rather live with you than with the old devil out there.'

'You must not use such words before me, Sir, or I shall pull your ears. Why do you call Mrs. Ellkins the old devil ?'

'All the boys called her so,' he replied ; 'and shall I tell you what they called the old cook ?'

'No, no,' said Mr. Tremlett ; 'but tell me where you would sleep to-night, if I should let you go.'

'Up here in a fish-car, in the market,' replied the boy ; 'I have got a good bundle of weekly Whigs and Eras for a pillow.'

'Well, well ; I am glad weakly whigs can be put to such good use,' said Mr. Tremlett, laughing ; and master John laughed too, from sympathy, although he did not exactly understand the brilliant pun of the merchant, who was a rabid politician.

'I like you,' said the boy, leaning familiarly upon Mr. Tremlett's knee, and looking up fondly into his face.

'Why, what do you like me for ?' inquired Mr. Tremlett, while a keen thrill of delight made his heart beat quick in his bosom.

Just at that moment, and before the boy could make a reply, a loud knock was heard at the street door, and the servant showed in two gentlemen, who had called upon Mr. Tremlett on business. So he delivered the boy into the hands of Mrs. Swazey, with instructions to have him well taken care of for the night. It was an unnecessary caution to the kind-hearted house-keeper ; for, notwithstanding she heaped upon his head an undue amount of wordy severity, as soon

as she got our hero under her exclusive jurisdiction, and said she could hardly keep her hands from off him, yet she manifested all a woman's tenderness in providing for his comforts. And before she retired to her chamber, she stole quietly into the room where he was sleeping, and gently drew the coverlid over him, from which he had extricated himself in his sleep. She stood for a moment to look upon his beautiful face, and she would have kissed his rosy lips, had she not been afraid that it would awaken him. And he slept on, unconscious that a gentle being was watching over him, and regarding him with looks of tenderness and pity. And thus we move through the world, all unaware that the good angels of God are watching over us, and shielding us from the thousand evils which continually surround and threaten us. Here endeth the second chapter. H. F.

THE NIGHT-FOUNDERED BARK.

THE day passed sadly, and the evening fell,
The light wind to the last beam sighed farewell;
Then calmly o'er the quiet waters crept,
And o'er their pure and placid bosom slept:
The flag drooped heavily against the mast,
And all was deadly calm, too calm to last:
Dark clouds were spread along the western sky,
Like heavy folds of funeral drapery,
As if they waited for the daylight's close,
To drop their curtain o'er the sun's repose:
Yet e'en their ragged edge the last ray tinged,
And with a deep and golden border fringed;
And o'er their bosoms lighter clouds careered,
That, deeply red, surcharged with fire appeared;
A distant, indistinct, and murmuring sound,
Was all that broke the calm which reigned around;
While something like a weight, so sultry-warm,
Hung o'er, sure token of the coming storm.

Slowly those dark clouds soon began to spread
Their pall-like, sable curtains overhead;
And distant thunder, like a signal drum,
Bade heaven's artillery to battle come;
Then the hoarse thunder muttered o'er the waves,
And roused them from their sleep in coral caves;
Each rolling billow shook its foamy crest,
And danced and leaped for joy on ocean's breast;
Fierce darting onward, with a wild delight,
Like white-plumed warriors rushing to the fight;
While the red sky its vivid lightnings sent,
To mingle in the roaring element;
And the long whistle of th' awakened wind,
Seemed calling to the clouds that lagged behind!

Where was the vessel, mid that wild uproar?
And where, oh! where, the fearful hearts it bore!
Where was the ship? — 't was indistinctly seen,
The darksome seas, the watery cliffs, between;
Now hidden, as the waves swept o'er the deck,
Now rising for an instant, a black speck!
'T is gone at last — I cannot see it more;
And where it was, the waves are battling o'er;
While high above the boiling of the surge,
The sea-bird screams the vessel's funeral dirge;
And the loud shriek of death and agony,
Is lost amid the howling of the sea!

UNION OF THE AMERICAN NATIONS.

THE following reflections upon a subject which the writer believes will gradually enrol among its friends and advocates the wisest and best of our race, were written at a period shortly subsequent to the time when the great mind of BOLIVAR had matured a plan, which promised the happiest results to our continent; and the melancholy failure of which may be read in the history of all the Independent States south of us, since the time when a spirit of selfishness was allowed to mar the noble design of the great Liberator. Some few of the observations may appear inappropriate, from the lapse of a few years; but the subject itself, in its general application, intimately connected as it is with the happiness and true glory of our race, has, since the period referred to, taken a hold upon the minds of men, that is evidently working out the grandest results.

THE future destiny of social institutions, and their probable influence upon the character and happiness of our species, is a subject that must create deep interest in the breast of every philanthropist and patriot; and while the anxious regards of the civilized world are fixed upon the great events that are acting in the western hemisphere, the situation of these States, in reference to those events, as well as to the retrograde movements of mind in the old world, evidently points to a closer union between the independent states of the two Americas, than any which is the result simply of uniformity in political sentiments. We have perhaps but little to fear from European hostility. The period probably has passed, when a crusade against the political opinions, or religious faith, of a distant and powerful people, would meet with many advocates. Her past history, and more recently twenty-five years of bloodshed and revolution, the result of such unholy attempts, have taught her rulers the necessity of caution, and of a prudent regard to public opinion. Subject as Europe is, however, to a blind fatality in the elevation of those individuals who administer the most exalted and dangerous power, and placed as they are beyond the reach of responsibility, and absurdly invested with attributes that do not belong to our nature, although not unfrequently exhibiting in their characters the extremes of littleness and depravity, should some aspiring and master spirit appear among them, in whose person were united the possession of great hereditary power, brilliant qualities, and a fanatic hatred of republican institutions, the ocean itself might prove but a feeble barrier against hostile attempts. The hatred and dread with which such institutions are regarded by them is but too apparent. Our own times have beheld the appalling spectacle of an alliance, such as the world never before saw, for the professed object of controlling the independence of nations, and stifling in its origin every attempt at amelioration. Although there may be but little apparent cause for alarm, yet in the ever-changing course of human events, should a period arrive when the western nations were to become the anticipated victims of a powerful conspiracy against the rights of man, the existence of an effective bond of union between them, would render the attempt abortive, and one of the probable results of a conflict of continents would be, the diffusion of those blessings which are at this time our peculiar heritage.

But the most important consequence which would result from an

union of the American nations, remains to be considered, and in comparison with which, the most mighty schemes of kings sink into insignificance; embracing as it would, the interest and happiness of the whole human family; for it cannot be doubted, that such an union, formed for the most noble purpose of securing and perpetuating the blessings of peace, and the integrity of free institutions, among these nations, would involve consequences the most salutary, the most glorious, to the human race.

America exhibits the interesting and unparalleled spectacle of a vast continent, whose nations, having broken asunder the bonds of colonial subjection, are making the most gigantic strides to wealth and power, under institutions resting solely upon the affections and intelligence of the people for security and duration. The experiment has thus far been eminently successful, and promises to surpass the most sanguine anticipations, the most devout hopes, of her warmest advocates. Liberty, sick of unavailing blood and slaughter, and mourning over the wreck of her bright hopes, has deserted Europe, and with brighter visions before her, has fixed her residence in a more genial clime. From the summits of the Alleghanies, and the Andes, she beholds no other bounds to her empire, than a wide waste of waters. Here are no feudal privileges, no prescriptive rights, to fetter and restrain the industry and enterprise of her sons. Here are no monopolies of wealth and station, but their avenues, open to all honorable competition, keep in action the physical and intellectual energies of a whole people; and the humblest citizen may successfully aspire to the highest honors a nation can bestow. Here are no casuists, armed with the secular power, to aid them in convincing the minds of men that a conformity with the system of religious faith that may be denominated national, is essential to happiness, and the safety of the state; but the conscience, free and untroubled, enjoys that noblest privilege of our nature, of offering its voluntary homage to the Most High. Here we trust, on a foundation enduring as the continent, has a temple fair as Truth been erected, to worship at whose altars pilgrims will journey from every land; and from hence proclaim to the injured and insulted nations, the long-concealed truth, that men are brethren.

That system of policy which will most effectually secure these blessings, and permanently guard against the interruption of harmony among ourselves, is entitled to our highest regards. The doctrine that power is inherent in the people, and can only be exercised legitimately as a delegation from them, and for their good, is essentially opposed to war; and if universally adopted and acted upon, would lead to universal peace. The deliberate voice of a great and free community, expressed through its most enlightened representatives, will never justify acts of violence and aggression, the commission of which so frequently results from an unprincipled love of power, and the possession of uncontrolled authority. In those councils where the free and enlightened judgment of a people governs, a just and liberal policy is invariably pursued; and before such a nation makes an appeal to arms, the provocation must be of the most serious and deliberate nature. Ancient Greece cannot be regarded as an exception to the correctness of this position. In her best days, the mass

of her population was composed of semi-barbarians, destitute of the nobler incentives to action; the slaves of a degrading system of faith; the subjects of a political compact, whose deliberative assemblies were those of the people in a body, the fruitful sources of anarchy and lawless power. The passions of these restless and unthinking multitudes, inflamed to delirium by the eloquence of some favorite orator, who flattered them, to attain popularity and power, would often burst out in acts of madness and misrule, involving in their fatal consequences not only unjustifiable and aggressive warfare, but the happiness, and even the lives, of their brightest ornaments and benefactors. At the period when the sound of republic was most grateful to the ears of ancient Rome, her form of government was essentially aristocratic. Power, office, and their emoluments, were principally vested in, or assumed by, a few great families, between whom and the mass of her population, during the intervals of peace, there were constant and frequently sanguinary struggles, proceeding from the love of domination on the one hand, and a sense of injury, and sometimes a love of turbulence, on the other. In both of these ancient empires, the representative system, which would have prevented most of the disorders to which they were subject, appears to have been almost if not altogether unknown. This being of modern date, any inferences drawn from the examples of the ancient republics, cannot invalidate the correctness of the position assumed, that free institutions afford the best, and perhaps the only security, for the preservation of peace among nations.

An union among the American nations, upon the basis of rendering mutual assistance against any invasion of their rights of self-government, or any forcible or fraudulent attempts to subvert the freedom of their institutions, and for the noble purpose of permanently securing the blessings of peace and fraternal harmony, by referring all differences that might arise to the irrevocable decision of a general congress of delegates, clothed with plenipotentiary powers as arbitrators, would avert from our shores many of the apparently inevitable ills of humanity, and convert this great continent, from its southern cape to the frozen ocean, into a sanctuary of freedom, and knowledge, and peace. The objections that might be urged against this proposition, will apply with equal force against our own federate union, as well as against the basis of all social compacts. This would not be one of those entangling alliances, against which the great Father of our Country raised his warning voice, but an extension only of that simple and majestic scheme of government, of which he was the advocate and defender. If our system will preserve concord among states, it will likewise between nations. While these nations are yet young, and struggling into permanent existence, a strong feeling of sympathy will bind them firmly together; but when all danger from foreign aggression shall cease, and the possession of power create a consciousness of its influence, differences which would in the first instance be overlooked and compromised, may then demand an appeal to arms. It is worse than idle, not to anticipate and prepare against differences between nations. Constituted as man is, whether as the member of a great and civilized community, or the roaming and untutored savage, governed by the instincts of his animal

nature, his interests, his propensities, and his imperfections, constantly subject him to these. The existence among us of institutions founded upon an equality of rights, will, it is true, go very far toward diminishing all causes of disturbance, and subjecting them, when they may occur, to a spirit of forbearance and justice ; but no institutions, however excellent, can guard against the exercise of passions, the love of power, and attachment to interest. To regulate these, is all that human wisdom can aspire to. Like duellists, nations are often induced to engage in hostilities, from a fancied sense of honor, or the pride of opinion, when but for the influence of these mistaken feelings, they would in many cases gladly submit to the decision of a high court of arbitration.

Apart from our duty, as the advocates of Christian doctrine, we are called upon by every consideration that can interest us as members of a civilized community, to guard against the shedding of blood. Where a diseased appetite for blood exists, the lights of knowledge shine but dimly ; the reign of laws is insecure ; civil liberty is gradually extinguished, by the assumptions of military power, and the duties of religion, and the restraints of morality, are alike disregarded and despised. Those means which a cultivation of the arts of peace enable us to devote, with a liberal hand, to the elevation of our moral and intellectual natures, and a diffusion of the comforts of improved society, are profusely wasted in barbaric pomp, and a worthless exercise of powers, conferred on us for noble purposes. Man, bearing upon his fair front the image of his Creator, becomes a destroying demon, and a smiling and happy land is converted into a dreary wilderness.

As with individuals, the infancy of nations is the period when a proper and salutary direction is to be given to their future character. A wrong direction in youth grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength, is fixed and confirmed by the habits of manhood, and becoming a part of our nature, can only be corrected by intense suffering, or effectually overcome but by the prostration of our powers. The characteristics that time may develop in our southern neighbors, is to us a subject of deep importance. If their councils should be directed by a wise and virtuous policy ; if a love of justice should mark their deliberations, and the preservation of peace control their acts ; then, as the sentinels of freedom, our own happiness and prosperity would be rendered more secure. But should an insatiate spirit of aggrandizement stamp their character, and a Machiavellian policy their designs ; should the arts of peace be neglected, and those of war be cherished, the reign of liberty will be insecure ; and, as the foundations of military despotism, their proximity to us would make them enemies, of the worst and most dangerous description.

The example of our own country is conclusive, as regards the influence of a federal republican system of government in the preservation of harmony. Extending over a territory which includes in its vast embrace every variety of soil and climate, and divided into communities, each one of which may be regarded as an independent power, whose local interests are various, and at times conflicting ; party feeling may for a moment degenerate into threatened violence. Yet how calm, how majestic is our march, toward the high destinies Providence has decreed to nations, whose guiding principles are

peace and justice ! Since our existence as a nation, we have beheld the most tremendous revolutions. The moral consequences that must ever flow from oppression, have prostrated the most mighty empires, the most ancient kingdoms, while it has been our happy lot to be engaged in one contest only, of any magnitude, and that unwillingly, and after repeated appeals to the justice and magnanimity of our opponent were found to be in vain, and our forbearance itself was regarded as an evidence that we might be trampled upon with impunity.

The continent of America exhibits the grateful spectacle of a community of nations, under governments acknowledging the great principle of the derivation of power from the consent of the governed. With two exceptions, they are representative republics. Brazil, in the South, although under an imperial government, professes to acknowledge the great principle referred to, as the foundation of its power ; and Canada, in the North, although a province of a distant kingdom, is yet subject to a king who is indebted to this great truth for the throne he sits upon, and who is surrounded by a people whose glorious ancestors have at different periods prostrated tyrannic power under its influence. But it is not within the limits of human probability, that these two countries can remain for any length of time in their present situation. The enthusiasm of freedom is too contagious, the love of independence is too deeply seated in the human heart. Communicating on every hand with those who have discarded the silly pageantry of kings, they will ultimately benefit by their example. Including Brazil, there are seven independent nations on the continent, to all of whom the preservation of peace with each other is second in importance only to their preservation from foreign domination. To effect the one, and remove every apprehension of the other, an union is necessary. Under its benign and fostering influence, the condition of man would be changed ; war and its horrors would become unknown ; and his physical and intellectual powers directed toward his improvement, science would unfold to his view more of the mysteries of Nature, and subject her energies more effectually to his control.

The great man whose name is identified with the existence of freedom in South America, and whose memory will go down to posterity associated with that of the great chief whom we delight to honor, animated by the most enlarged and benevolent views, has proposed an assemblage at the peninsula which unites the two grand divisions of the continent, of ministers from the different republics, to consult together for their common benefit and safety, and fix upon some great principles, which may be referred to as the acknowledged basis of national intercourse. The most distinguished Americans have advocated the design, and the period, we trust, is not distant, when the happiest results will follow from this attempt to meliorate the principles of international law. Let us not, however, rest satisfied with this, but regarding it as the precursor only of a more glorious event, anticipate the period when, without compromising our national independence, future congresses in the peninsula, representing a continent, will secure and perpetuate all the blessings that peace and free-

dom can bestow. To effect a purpose so benign, an object so truly glorious, the harbinger of peace on earth and good will to man, calls for an union of the efforts of the great and good in both Americas. Its completion would be hailed as glad tidings to the whole race of man, and we devoutly believe would be productive of joy, where man and his actions are the subjects of a ceaseless scrutiny, an irresistible control.

'7

W.

THE FIFTH PSALM.

A MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd;
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely — sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling;
It is a sound of wo,
A sound of wo!

Through woods and mountain passes,
The winds like anthems roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Saying, 'Pray for this poor soul,
Pray — pray!'

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But it is all in vain —
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crown'd with wild-flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king — a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice;
His joy — his last! O the old man gray
Loveth her ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
'Pray, do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!'

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
 'Vex not his ghost!'

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The Storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
 The Storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
The red leaves are swept away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could so decay,
 And pass away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day,
And the stars from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
 Kyrie Eleyson!
 Christe Eleyson!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EASTERN LANDS,' 'COBBLER OF BAGDAD,' ETC.'

'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.'

'We are happy to announce to our readers, that our venerable President, now making a northern tour, will probably pass through this town on Thursday next. Let one and all join in greeting with a hearty welcome the nation's guest! Let freedom raise her voice, until the very heavens themselves shall send back the echoes, multiplied a thousand fold! Let Fame sound her trumpet, and proclaim, even to the utmost corners of the earth, the virtues of the brave champion of his country's liberty!'

Such was a portion of a flaming patriotic article, printed in *Italic* and capital letters, and plentifully besprinkled with notes of admiration, which took the lead in the columns of the 'Down East Democrat and Unionville Patriot,' one morning during the period in which President JACKSON (may his shadow never be less!) was making the tour of the Northern States. Great was the excitement which prevailed among all classes of the Unionville population, from the chairman of the Select-men, to the humble wood-sawyer, when the 'Democrat' appeared. What was to be done? The paper had scarcely been half perused, when written placards were posted up in every conspicuous place in the town, calling upon the 'patriotic citizens of Unionville, to meet in the evening at Dodge's Tavern, to take measures to receive the President with the honors due to the chief magistrate of a free and enlightened republic.'

Such an event had never before happened, in the annals of the place. Mothers and sisters tore up sheets and pillow-cases, to make

flags, to post along the fences, on each side of the road over which the cortège was to pass. A week's vacation was granted in the public school, and the scholars despatched in a body to the neighboring woods, armed with knives and hatchets, for the purpose of cutting down and dragging spruce trees, and other evergreens, to the school-master's door, who had kindly volunteered to erect a triumphal arch, or as the boys understood him, a 'triumphant article.' Business was forgotten, in the all-absorbing anticipations of the great event. 'Prentices, and 'helps' of all kinds, refused to work; the bank was closed, and all mercantile transactions for the time suspended. Even the wood-sawyer broke off in the middle of a job, and devoted his time and talents to a drawing with chalk, relieved by charcoal, of a large spread eagle on a barn-door, which the President was to pass, with the motto of 'Cotton-bags for ever!' — flanked on one side by a dim portrait of General WASHINGTON, and on the other, of General Jackson. Bustle and confusion were the order of the day. All vied to render the approaching season 'one,' to borrow the language of the Democrat, 'the remembrance of which should be handed down to future generations, the pride and honor of the town of Unionville.'

Through the day, nothing was talked of but the meeting which was to be held at Dodge's in the evening; and when night began to darken upon the town, the best parlor was illuminated with the half of a tallow candle at each window-pane, furnished gratuitously by a patriotic office-seeking tallow chandler. Shortly after, a gig rolled up to the door, and from it descended F. W. Pitt Hodges, Esq., editor of the Democrat, and Messrs. Brown and Smith, the lawyer and the chairman of the Select-men; and these having entered the tavern, away rolled the vehicle again, to bring others whose presence were of essential importance to the meeting, and who had come to the determination that they would not walk; they knew their dignity better. As the light of day grew fainter and fainter, the crowd increased; and when at last the door of the parlor was unfastened, there was such a rush, such a jumbling up of men, women, and children, pushing, jostling, swearing, and screaming; such a crushing of bonnets, and hats, and tearing of clothes, that it was found expedient to send for a constable to preserve order. But notwithstanding his presence, the confusion increased to such a degree, that that functionary was under the absolute necessity of knocking down two women, before order was restored. Mr. Brown, the lawyer, who had been alternately shouting at the top of his voice, 'Order!' and 'The devil take them noisy women!' now rose to call the meeting to order; and by dint of a little canvassing among his friends, he managed to get elected to the chair.

The grand purpose of the assemblage was now brought forward. Flaming speeches, full of high-sounding words, and phrases which would mystify the most astute reader, were delivered by the editor, the chairman, and the lawyer; sometimes in succession, and sometimes altogether; each speech being accompanied by cheers and shouts, during its progress, and 'three times three' at its conclusion. Indeed, so great was the excitement, that during a temporary lull of the tempest, occasioned by the passing around of punch, the landlord

was heard to offer, in a loud voice, 'Five dollars to any man who will insure my windows!' Resolution after resolution was offered, adopted, and then discarded. The assembly would talk and cry out themselves, instead of listening to those whose business it was; until at last, day-breaking in the horizon dispersed the assembly, and all straggled home, without having come to any definite conclusion among themselves.

'This has been a glorious night, Mr. Hodges!' said the perspiring and aspiring lawyer, as soon as the room was cleared, and the three were left to themselves.

'Glorious!' replied the chairman, taking the remark to himself, and reverting to the punch, of which he had swallowed 'considerable, if not more.'

'Glorious!' added the editor, looking over his notes; 'to-morrow, Sir, look at the columns of the 'Democrat!' To-day we shall send off slips to the southern papers, and in the morning we shall come out with a full report of this night's proceedings. Every paper, Sir, mark me, will be sold the moment it is struck off. Indeed, I am a little undecided whether to issue an extra at double price, or not.'

The next morning, the 'Democrat' came out, printed only upon one side; and under the head of 'Great Meeting!' 'Tremendous Excitement!' and half a dozen similar exclamations, was a full report of the doings at Dodge's. The editor's anticipations were more than realized. So great was the crowd around the doors of his office, that he was obliged to barricade every outlet below, and issue his papers out of the second story window. Meanwhile, preparations on the most extensive scale were going on throughout the town. The Unionville Guards were ordered out, and drilled, two hours in the forenoon and afternoon. The old brass field-piece belonging to the town, which had been used at Saratoga, and afterward employed for the Fourth of July salutes, was trundled to a hill, a little out of the town, and its muzzle pointed with such discrimination, that its discharge would inevitably have broken every window in its range. The eventful morning dawned at last. With the first speck of light, bang! went the old field-piece, and like an echo, crash! jingled a dozen panes of glass in the meeting-house windows.

'Go it, my fine fellows!' murmured the lawyer to himself; for notwithstanding that at this particular time he felt exceedingly liberal, yet selfishness was the principal ingredient in his composition; 'go it! Do all the mischief you can; some one will have to pay the fiddler. I only wish you'd break some of *my* windows! I'd commence an action for damages to-morrow.'

An hour rolled away. The twenty pounds of powder, bought by a vote of the town for the morning's salute, were all expended, and the townsfolk were busily engaged at breakfast, and in the mysteries of the toilet. The town clock struck ten; day had commenced in real earnest. From the Town Hall, across the street to Dodge's tavern, a triumphal arch had been erected by the school-master; and under its shade were collected a string of Sunday-school scholars; the girls dressed in white frocks and blue sashes, and the boys in white jackets and trowsers, with a Jackson medal suspended by a well ribbon from each neck; all well rehearsed in a national hymn, which

they were instructed to commence when they saw the master take his hat off; while in a house at a convenient distance, waited the chairman, with his infant daughter in his arms, who was to be brought out to place a wreath upon the President's head, while he paused beneath the arch. The office of the 'Democrat' was decorated in a very imposing style. From the ridge-pole, a spar towered up into the air, and from its peak streamed the stars and stripes. Along the side of the house were ranged a series of transparencies, intended to represent the several Presidents, which were to be illuminated in the evening. At each window were paraded white flags, with views of the 'Battle of New-Orleans,' and other similar designs. To crown the whole, the press was kept busily at work, striking off 'Stanzas to the Hero of New-Orleans,' which were distributed among the crowd as fast as printed.

Along the street, the windows of all the houses were wide open, and head over head was thrust forth, as far as safety would permit. Boys, men, and vagabonds occupied the side-walks, occasionally persisting in standing in the middle of the street, much to the annoyance of the editor and the lawyer. The committee of arrangements, each mounted on high horses, hired for the day, and clad in white pantaloons, with enormous cockades in their hats, were moving about among the crowd; now shouting to the boys to stand out of the way, and then reining up just in time to save running over some of the squalling urchins, who were continually tumbling down in the street.

'This is a tremendous hot day, Hodges!' said the lawyer to the editor, wiping away the perspiration which was pouring from his face; 'My patriotism is melting away under this hot sun; and if the old General don't come pretty soon, I 'm thinking he will have to dispense with a committee of arrangements.'

'It is all well enough to talk about 'disinterested service,' and all that sort of thing, in the paper,' responded the editor; 'but to be obliged to toe the mark in this way, is altogether another affair! I have heard a great deal said about 'serving our country,' but I never exactly realized what it was. Now I guess I know its meaning!'

Eleven and twelve o'clock struck, and yet no signs of the expected guest. The Unionville Guards had been despatched, early in the morning, to the next village, to escort the President into the town, but had not yet returned. The populace grew impatient; the women pettish, and the children squally. The white handkerchiefs which the young ladies had kept nicely folded up, that they might look unruffled when they waved them amidst the general welcome, were now twisted about in discontent. The Sunday-school scholars grew fretful beneath the heat, the sun having now reached an altitude which rendered the shade of the triumphal arch little better than an aggravation; and the day that had been looked forward to with so many pleasing anticipations, was likely to end in vexation and disappointment.

Matters were in this state, when a sudden shout was heard, and a member of the Guards, mounted upon the horse which had been employed to drag the cannon, covered with sweat and dust, and breathless with haste, dashed in among the crowd, and reined up in front of the committee of arrangements.

'Is he coming?' cried a dozen voices.

The *avant-courier* nodded, for he could not speak, and pointed along the road. Afar in the distance appeared a cloud of dust, gradually approaching, and presently the distant beating of a drum was faintly heard. One united shout rent the air, and then every voice was stilled in expectation.

'Mr. Hodges, what's to pay!' said the lawyer, as his companion suddenly gave vent to an exclamation of surprise.

The Unionville Guards, performing the duties of an escort, were now filing down the street; while immediately in their rear, in a common chaise, with one horse, himself driving, appeared one to whom all eyes were directed, as the expected guest. Behind the vehicle, some dozen or twenty citizens of Unionville, who had volunteered to form a cavalcade at their own expense, completed the party. They moved slowly along the street, ever and anon receiving uproarious plaudits, and shouts of 'welcome!' The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the boys and men their hats; the band struck up 'Hail Columbia;' and over all, the roar of the field-piece, which was now discharged as fast as loaded, reverberated far and near.

The distinguished personage in the chaise glanced first one side and then the other, apparently amazed at all he saw, and in a thick fog as to its meaning.

'That a'nt President Jackson; he an't a-travellin' in *that* low way, I know!' said the editor of the 'Democrat,' when his surprise had sufficiently abated to allow him to speak.

'That a'nt! — how do you know?' demanded the lawyer: 'Have you ever seen him? If you have, you are the *first* man that has, in all Unionville, 'cepting 'Paphroditus Smith, and he's peddling down in Georgia.'

'"Travellin' in *that* way!' Umph! Ha'n't you always said he was a plain republican? Did you ever *see* him, I say?

'No, I never see him myself; but then *he* don't look any thing like the picters of the old Gin'ral.'

'Pictures be deuced!' answered the attorney: 'I'll ask him his name.'

No sooner said than done. He dashed up to the carriage, and with characteristic modesty, inquired of its occupant if he was the President of the United States. For a moment, the Great Unknown looked his interrogator steadily in the face; then, as if a bright thought had just crossed his mind, he suddenly made answer:

'Yes, I am. Got any objections?'

'Got any objections!' muttered the counsellor to himself; curious language for General Jackson! But he *is* dreadful blunt, sometimes.'

'Perhaps you're a little deaf,' continued the mysterious guest, in a louder voice; 'I asked if you had any objections to my being President?'

'Oh, no! no! — not the least in the world! — oh, certainly not!' replied the attorney, suddenly backing his horse a few feet.

'Well, I'm glad you hav n't; for if you *had*, I'd shoot you!' Now tell us, what have you got for dinner?'

'Shoot you!' — that's like the stern old Gineral; but 'got for dinner!' reiterated the lawyer, in a louder key.

'Yes, got for dinner! Is dinner such a very strange thing in these parts? I say again, have you got any dinner ready?'

'Yes, your excellency; a 'cold collection' is prepared, and ——'

'Well, lead on to it, then!' interrupted the stranger, impatiently; I must be off to the next town, amazing quick. I'm hungry as a bear; 'pears to me I could bolt an ox!'

During this conference, the Guards had been resting on their fire-arms, ignorant of its purport; and now, at a signal from the lawyer, the music again struck up, and the grand cavalcade moved toward Dodge's Tavern. Passing under the arch, the school-master took off his hat, and immediately the little choristers commenced singing 'See the Conquering Hero comes!' and the chairman of the Selectmen came out, with his child in his arms, who was to place a wreath upon the head of the President.

'Venerable man!' said the chairman, in the language of the editor of the 'Democrat,' who had written the speech for him, 'For the first time in your life, you have honored our town with your presence, and our citizens with the sight of their country's benefactor. Receive our humble thanks for the many great and invaluable benefits which you have so generously bestowed upon the country. Accept this little wreath, and allow us to place it upon your gray hairs, as a slight token of our gratitude; and believe us ever your firm, unflinching friends. Remove your hat!'

'I'll be d—d if I do! D'you s'pose I'm going to catch cold, all for two or three flowers?' said the illustrious pilgrim. 'Go ahead, so'dgers!'

The chairman shrunk back precipitately, the very type of stupid wonder.

If the behaviour of the guest was singular and eccentric in the street, it was still more so when they were all seated at the 'cold collection.' He helped himself to every thing upon the table, without the slightest ceremony. Meats, puddings, pies, speedily vanished from before him. Long before the repast was over, half the invited guests had quitted the room in disgust.

A sort of council was now held by the triumvirate, the lawyer, editor, and chairman, to ascertain, if possible, whether the huge feeder who was exhibiting his gastronomical prowess in the next room, was the veritable Simon Pure, or not. From the captain of the Guards, they learned, that while the escort was waiting at the tavern, in the next village, their guest, in the identical chaise which had been used for his entry into Unionville, drove up at full gallop to the inn, and called for bandy-and-water. The landlord immediately informed them, with great secrecy, that it was no other than President Jackson, travelling incog., to avoid display. Without farther notice, they had surrounded the chaise, and extorted from its occupant a reluctant promise that he would proceed on at once to Unionville.

Before the committee could decide upon the proper measures to be taken, the voice of 'the nation's guest' was heard in the yard, ordering his horse to be put into his gig, and consigning the landlord and stable-boys, in no measured terms, to the devil, for not moving faster. The chaise, it is needless to add, was speedily brought to the door. 'Good bye!' exclaimed the stranger, as he jumped into the vehicle;

and before a word could be returned, crack went the whip, and in a trice the carriage rattled out of the yard.

Astonishment for a moment held every beholder dumb; and hardly had they recovered the use of their tongues, when a new marvel appeared. Two horsemen, stout, brawny 'six-footers,' galloped up to the door, and cried out lustily for liquor.

'Landlord,' said the foremost, as he returned the cup, after tossing off its contents, 'you hav' n't seen no man about here, a sort o' scape-gallows-looking scamp, all talk and no cider, have you?'

'No; stay, though; how did he look? — how did he dress?' demanded twenty eager voices.

'Long grayish hair, sunken eyes, and a brown coat, rather the worse for wear, and a shocking bad white hat.'

The landlord looked at the lawyer, the lawyer at the editor, and the editor at the assembled company; and all exchanged mysterious glances.

'We have had a visitor,' replied the landlord, 'but he was n't a scape-gallows; not he! He had a scar over his left eye, and ——'

'Yes, yes! — go on!' answered both horsemen.

'And a Roman nose,' added the editor.

'Exactly!' He's our man; we've got him!' exclaimed the foremost rider to his companion; 'I *thought* we were on the right track!'

'What do *you* want of him?' asked the landlord; 'he's the President!'

'Who?' exclaimed both equestrians, at the same moment.

'President Jackson.'

'President Fiddlestick!' rejoined the first speaker, while the other burst out into a broad laugh. 'Do you know who you have been entertaining?'

'No!' was the unanimous reply.

'We are now in pursuit of a rascal — and your description tallies exactly with his appearance — who is one of a gang of counterfeitters, that broke out of prison about a week ago. A reward of one hundred dollars has been offered for his apprehension. Which road did he take?'

The question was thrice repeated, but not one of the bewildered by-standers could find tongue to answer.

THE next morning, the following paragraph appeared as a leader in the columns of the 'Unionville Democrat:'

'UNPARALLELED PARTY MEANNESS!' — Many of our readers are already aware of the paltry partizan trick which was yesterday played off upon the committee of arrangements for the reception of the President — and through them upon the highly respectable citizens of Unionville, whom they represented — by an unprincipled member of the opposition, in a neighboring village. Comment upon such baseness is not only not called for, but is entirely unnecessary. The finger of withering scorn, and the most unmitigated contempt, will be pointed, hereafter, to the perpetrator of this outrageous stratagem! We ardently hope that no citizen of Unionville, in passing through a certain neighboring village, will ever give his suffrages to the tavern, whose landlord could so far forget his station, as to become accessory to a base, and we may add a most dishonorable, deception. It will gratify the President, when he shall come to hear of it, to know, that the flourishing village which fatigue and over-exertion alone prevented him from extending his tour to, yields to none in her reverence for the principles of ninety-eight, and in her admiration of the distinguished warrior who so ably wields the helm of state.

In the same number of the 'Democrat,' was a notice that lawyer Brown had 'brought a suit to recover damages for certain panes of glass, broken by the firing of ordnance, in honor of the supposed arrival of General Jackson,' together with an advertisement of the village landlord, that a large plated tankard, with several silver spoons, had been stolen from his table, on the day before, for the recovery of which a liberal reward would be paid.

To this very day, 'The President's Visit' is an exceedingly unpopular theme in Unionville.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

'THE mother wept her first-born, for its little soul, like other tones, had been dissipated in the atmosphere of life. Death had breathed upon its butterfly being, and it rose from the world's tempestuous storms, into the ever-peaceful ether; from the flowers of earth, to the flowers of paradise.'

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

I.

DREAM of my bosom! to its darkness stealing,
Why didst thou come with such sweet prophecy?
To wander o'er the heart's ungathered feeling,
And wake my love, on it to smile, and die!

II.

When the lone autumn wind, around our dwelling,
Sweeps the last leaf from off the faded tree,
Oh, how does memory, in our bosoms swelling,
Bring back the death-hour that has gathered thee!

III.

What couldst thou win from earth, thou gentle spirit!
That thy pure essence with its dust combined?
Joy, that an unearthed soul might not inherit?
A loftier breathing of Omniscient mind?

IV.

Pain passed thy brow, and closed thine eye when dying,
Played with thy heart, and fluttered on thy breath,
Dimmed the last smile that flicker'd 'neath its sighing,
What couldst thou win, my boy, from life, but death?

V.

The cloud hath taught me; as its drop descending
To earth, shall filter through each rocky vein,
With darker elements its nature blending,
To flash a jewel, when revealed again:

VI.

Life's trial o'er, my Beautiful! from earth,
And from the grave's deep mine, thy soul has risen,
And immortality, from mortal birth,
Has linked it to the spirit-gems of heaven!

THE HILL OF CIVILIZATION.

A DREAM OF THE PRESENT.

ONE evening, as was my custom, I was walking in a neighboring wood, when presently my mind became occupied with contemplations of mankind; the vicissitudes of human life, the influence of wealth, and the consequent grades of being. The envy of the menial, and the haughty pomp of the affluent, as it were in a series of moving pictures, passed before me, in sober succession. It was a season for tranquil, uninterrupted musing. The clear heavens were thickly strown with stars, and in their midst, the moon floated in her own celestial light. The fluttering leaf descended to the earth, wet with dew. The fitful roar of a distant waterfall, and the low, melancholy music of the crickets, chimed in solemnly with the dreary aspect of nature, and brought home to me my own mortality, and the vanity of all earthly pride and ostentation. Retiring to rest, I fell into a pleasant slumber; 'and as I slept, I dreamed a dream.'

Methought I stood upon a wide plain, bounded by the horizon, in the centre of which rose a high mountain, called the HILL OF CIVILIZATION. This plain was covered with human beings, ignorant of civilization, and was called the 'Wilderness of the Savages.' Among them, I recognised people from every nation, all mingled together; some worshipping the sun, others the moon; some kneeling to blocks and stones; and a very few acknowledging no God at all. They seemed chiefly to subsist by hunting and fishing; and their only pleasure appeared to be, the gratification of the animal passions.

The Hill of Civilization rose to a peak, and was portioned into three divisions, formed by circular walls, each of which was inhabited. Passages were to be seen, here and there, through which those passed who ascended from below, each of which was guarded with great watchfulness. The first division was thronged, for the most part, by a crazy set of bedlamites, whose carousing, laughter, intemperance, and blasphemy, shook the very mountain itself. Wretchedness and crime polluted the atmosphere, and my heart sickened at the spectacle. A few of the number, however, turned their backs upon these scenes, and resisting every temptation, broke from their companions, and commenced climbing the precipice, with their eyes fixed upward. With the jeers of the multitude sounding in their rear, they nerved themselves to their task. Laboring manfully, they soon reached the gate of the second division, at which JUSTICE presided, who admitted them, with many encomiums upon their enterprise and exertion.

After making acquaintance with their new associates, they had much reason to rejoice. Yet even here, they were not a little annoyed by a select few, who had more pride than common sense. For example, they were asked: '*How* they passed their journey;' 'if they had any poor or vulgar relations remaining behind;' 'if their *blood* had ever ran so high before;' 'how much gold they brought up with them,' et cetera. One portly gentleman, of evident authority, objected to them because they were interlopers; but being

reminded that his father, fifty years before, came up the same path, he felt the necessity of remaining silent. But the majority greeted them with a welcome, and they soon became incorporated members of the society.

I observed that industry was the leading feature among this second or middle class. On every side business was rushing on with giant might. The busy rolling of water-wheels, and the clattering of machinery; the clinking of the hammer, and the lading and unloading of goods; all mingled together in a sort of systematic confusion; while the harvest song, echoing among the hills, told where the husbandman walked like a king among his golden sheaves. Here Health, the child of Industry, flourished as a rose; Contentment was singing her song, where the mechanic stood gazing at his own workmanship. Intelligence beamed from every eye; and affection shed a holy charm over the family circle. Fashion, that tyrant of nations, here exercised but weak authority. She was subordinate to Taste and Convenience, who managed all the domestic affairs of this people.

There was one thing, however, which marred the felicity of a portion of this middle class. On the summit of the mountain, girt with a wall of brass, stood the Temple of Luxury, with its dome partly veiled in clouds, and its roof, inlaid with gold, burning in the glories of the setting sun. From thence came the breathings of bewitching music, the murmur of pleasant voices, and loud peals of laughter; which, with the glimpses of gorgeous sights, and showy equipages, deluded many of the sober inhabitants below. These temptations were continually sounding in their ears, owing to a breeze which blew down the mountain, and which also prevented the complaints of the more miserable at its foot from rising upward.

My eyes were soon turned to where a large number were struggling up the rugged path that led to the Temple of Luxury. Anxiety was visible in all their movements. They seemed also to lack that independence which had previously characterized them. They presently arrived at a magnificent gate, over which swelled an arch, crowned with rich figures in sculpture. This was guarded by a large gentleman, of florid countenance, and dropsical aspect, whose name was WEALTH. Money was the passport, reputation being of secondary consideration. But as the fame of the rich travellers had preceded them, they found no difficulty in effecting an admission. As they passed along, salutations were showered upon them from every side; the only wonder seemed to be, that they had never had the honor of meeting before. Apologies were tendered, excuses made, every exertion manifested, to render the new-comers happy. In fact, all the grandees around the temple did nothing but compete with each other in the preparation of gorgeous entertainments for the strangers of *worth*, who had come among them.

Upon a closer inspection, the new inmates found that the Temple of Luxury was not what it appeared from a distance. Vice was alarmingly triumphant. Bloated Intemperance staggered along, clad in purple and fine linen; hobbling Gout, with his limbs swathed in flannel, followed in his train; pale Dyspepsia, with his rueful countenance, and skeleton form, groaned with the weary load of life;

yellow Jaundice was paying the penalty of a late debauch ; and ever and anon some unfortunate suicide was reported to have laid violent hands upon himself, in a fit of ennui.

Here, I observed, Fashion held her court. She gave a tone to all the society about her. She was the great dictator over all. Her victims were chiefly among the females. Consumption was her executioner, and death her penalty ; yet was she hugged with surpassing devotion. She attended all her devotees to the tomb itself, and raised a mausoleum over them, that posterity might know how many conquests she could boast. Some of her victims, after sinking to the lowest state of degradation, were thrown over the battlements, falling to the foot of the hill, where, unwept, they ended a miserable existence.

I paused, and began to reflect upon what I had seen. I looked up ; the mountain seemed to rock, and the ground to tremble beneath my feet. I sprang up, affrighted, and suddenly awoke. All was in an instant dissolved, like the thin mist of the morning. The light burst into my windows ; the breath of dawn stirred the trees upon the upland ; and I was once more awake to the stern realities of life.

H. H. R.

THE 'BETTER LAND.'

BY M. A. BROWNE.

I.

Oh could we see the regions beyond the azure air,
And could we see the legions of blessed spirits there;
And could we see the mansions prepared for us on high,
And the fragrant, fadeless flowers that are beyond that sky;
Should we ever shed a tear,
For our cares and sorrows here!

II.

Oh could we see the glory our long-lost friends have claimed,
Brighter than ever story that human lips have framed;
Could we behold the pleasures which they are tasting now,
And see the sparkling treasures bound round each radiant brow;
Should we weep, or should we sigh,
That things of earth must die!

III.

But though we have not seen it, that kingdom free from wo,
Though there's a gulf between it and us, we know 't is so;
Though death divide it from us, we know that we must die,
And in God's holy promise our souls may well rely:
Shall we not believe the word,
Once from his own lips heard?

IV.

We trust in HIM to aid us, upon our pilgrimage,
And though the world upbraid us, with HIM will we engage:
And in our path to heaven, though thorns and weeds be strown,
We'll pray to be forgiven, trusting in CHRIST alone:
Dash the swelling tear away!
Such joy can never know decay.

A LEGEND OF COMMUNIPAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

SIR: I observed in your last month's periodical, a communication from a Mr. VANDERDONK, giving some information concerning Communipaw. I herewith send you, Mr. Editor, a legend connected with that place; and am much surprised it should have escaped the researches of your very authentic correspondent, as it relates to an edifice scarcely less fated than the House of the Four Chimnies. I give you the legend in its crude and simple state, as I heard it related; it is capable, however, of being dilated, inflated, and dressed up into very imposing shape and dimensions. Should any of your ingenious contributors in this line feel inclined to take it in hand, they will find ample materials, collateral and illustrative, among the papers of the late Reinier Skaats, many years since crier of the court, and keeper of the City Hall, in the city of the Manhattoes; or in the library of that important and utterly renowned functionary, Mr. Jacob Hays, long time high constable, who, in the course of his extensive researches, has amassed an amount of valuable facts, to be rivalled only by that great historical collection, 'The Newgate Calendar.'

Your humble servant,

BARENT VAN SCHAICK.

GUESTS FROM GIBBET-ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF COMMUNIPAW.

WHOEVER has visited the ancient and renowned village of Communipaw, may have noticed an old stone building, of most ruinous and sinister appearance. The doors and window-shutters are ready to drop from their hinges; old clothes are stuffed in the broken panes of glass, while legions of half-starved dogs prowl about the premises, and rush out and bark at every passer by; for your beggarly house in a village is most apt to swarm with profligate and ill-conditioned dogs. What adds to the sinister appearance of this mansion, is a tall frame in front, not a little resembling a gallows, and which looks as if waiting to accommodate some of the inhabitants with a well-merited airing. It is not a gallows, however, but an ancient sign-post; for this dwelling, in the golden days of Communipaw, was one of the most orderly and peaceful of village taverns, where all the public affairs of Communipaw were talked and smoked over. In fact, it was in this very building that Oloff the Dreamer, and his companions, concerted that great voyage of discovery and colonization, in which they explored Buttermilk Channel, were nearly shipwrecked in the strait of Hellgate, and finally landed on the island of Manhattan, and founded the great city of New-Amsterdam.

Even after the province had been cruelly wrested from the sway of their High Mightinesses, by the combined forces of the British and the Yankees, this tavern continued its ancient loyalty. It is true,

the head of the Prince of Orange disappeared from the sign; a strange bird being painted over it, with the explanatory legend of 'DIE WILDE GANS,' or The Wild Goose; but this all the world knew to be a sly riddle of the landlord, the worthy Teunis Van Gieson, a knowing man in a small way, who laid his finger beside his nose and winked, when any one studied the signification of his sign, and observed that his goose was hatching, but would join the flock whenever they flew over the water; an enigma which was the perpetual recreation and delight of the loyal but fat-headed burghers of Communipaw.

Under the sway of this patriotic, though discreet and quiet publican, the tavern continued to flourish in primeval tranquillity, and was the resort of all true-hearted Nederlanders, from all parts of Pavonia; who met here quietly and secretly, to smoke and drink the downfall of Briton and Yankee, and success to Admiral Van Tromp.

The only drawback on the comfort of the establishment, was a nephew of mine host, a sister's son, Yan Yost Vanderscamp by name, and a real scamp by nature. This unlucky whipster showed an early propensity to mischief, which he gratified in a small way, by playing tricks upon the frequenters of the Wild Goose; putting gunpowder in their pipes, or squibs in their pockets, and astonishing them with an explosion, while they sat nodding round the fire-place in the bar-room; and if perchance a worthy burgher from some distant part of Pavonia had lingered until dark over his potation, it was odds but that young Vanderscamp would slip a briar under his horse's tail, as he mounted, and send him clattering along the road, in neck-or-nothing style, to his infinite astonishment and discomfiture.

It may be wondered at, that mine host of the Wild Goose did not turn such a graceless varlet out of doors; but Teunis Van Gieson was an easy-tempered man, and, having no child of his own, looked upon his nephew with almost parental indulgence. His patience and good nature were doomed to be tried by an other inmate of his mansion. This was a cross-grained curmudgeon of a negro, named Pluto, who was a kind of enigma in Communipaw. Where he came from, nobody knew. He was found one morning, after a storm, cast like a sea-monster on the strand, in front of the Wild Goose, and lay there, more dead than alive. The neighbors gathered round, and speculated on this production of the deep; whether it were fish or flesh, or a compound of both, commonly yclept a merman. The kind-hearted Teunis Van Gieson, seeing that he wore the human form, took him into his house, and warmed him into life. By degrees, he showed signs of intelligence, and even uttered sounds very much like language, but which no one in Communipaw could understand. Some thought him a negro just from Guinea, who had either fallen overboard, or escaped from a slave-ship. Nothing, however, could ever draw from him any account of his origin. When questioned on the subject, he merely pointed to Gibbet-Island, a small rocky islet, which lies in the open bay, just opposite to Communipaw, as if that were his native place, though every body knew it had never been inhabited.

In the process of time, he acquired something of the Dutch language, that is to say, he learnt all its vocabulary of oaths and maledictions, with just words sufficient to string them together. 'Donder en bliksem!' (thunder and lightning,) was the gentlest of his ejacu-

lations. For years he kept about the Wild Goose, more like one of those familiar spirits, or household goblins, that we read of, than like a human being. He acknowledged allegiance to no one, but performed various domestic offices, when it suited his humor; waiting occasionally on the guests; grooming the horses, cutting wood, drawing water; and all this without being ordered. Lay any command on him, and the stubborn sea-urchin was sure to rebel. He was never so much at home, however, as when on the water, plying about in skiff or canoe, entirely alone, fishing, crabbing, or grabbing for oysters, and would bring home quantities for the larder of the Wild Goose, which he would throw down at the kitchen door, with a growl. No wind nor weather deterred him from launching forth on his favorite element: indeed, the wilder the weather, the more he seemed to enjoy it. If a storm was brewing, he was sure to put off from shore; and would be seen far out in the bay, his light skiff dancing like a feather on the waves, when sea and sky were all in a turmoil, and the stoutest ships were fain to lower their sails. Sometimes, on such occasions, he would be absent for days together. How he weathered the tempests, and how and where he subsisted, no one could divine, nor did any one venture to ask, for all had an almost superstitious awe of him. Some of the Communipaw oystermen declared that they had more than once seen him suddenly disappear, canoe and all, as if they plunged beneath the waves, and after a while come up again, in quite a different part of the bay; whence they concluded that he could live under water like that notable species of wild duck, commonly called the Hell-diver. All began to consider him in the light of a foul-weather bird, like the Mother Carey's Chicken, or Stormy Petrel; and whenever they saw him putting far out in his skiff, in cloudy weather, made up their minds for a storm.

The only being for whom he seemed to have any liking, was Yan Yost Vanderscamp, and him he liked for his very wickedness. He in a manner took the boy under his tutelage, prompted him to all kinds of mischief, aided him in every wild harum-scarum freak, until the lad became the complete scape-grace of the village; a pest to his uncle, and to every one else. Nor were his pranks confined to the land; he soon learned to accompany old Pluto on the water. Together these worthies would cruise about the broad bay, and all the neighboring straits and rivers; poking around in skiffs and canoes; robbing the set nets of the fishermen; landing on remote coasts, and laying waste orchards and water-melon patches; in short, carrying on a complete system of piracy, on a small scale. Piloted by Pluto, the youthful Vanderscamp soon became acquainted with all the bays, rivers, creeks, and inlets of the watery world around him; could navigate from the Hook to Spiting-devil on the darkest night, and learned to set even the terrors of Hell-gate at defiance.

At length, negro and boy suddenly disappeared, and days and weeks elapsed, but without tidings of them. Some said they must have run away and gone to sea; others jocosely hinted, that old Pluto, being no other than his namesake in disguise, had spirited away the boy to the nether regions. All, however, agreed in one thing, that the village was well rid of them.

In the process of time, the good Teunis Van Gieson slept with

his fathers, and the tavern remained shut up, waiting for a claimant, for the next heir was Yan Yost Vanderscamp, and he had not been heard of for years. At length, one day, a boat was seen pulling for shore, from a long, black, rakish-looking schooner, that lay at anchor in the bay. The boat's crew seemed worthy of the craft from which they debarked. Never had such a set of noisy, roistering, swaggering varlets landed in peaceful Communipaw. They were outlandish in garb and demeanor, and were headed by a rough, burly, bully ruffian, with fiery whiskers, a copper nose, a scar across his face, and a great Flaunderish beaver slouched on one side of his head, in whom, to their dismay, the quiet inhabitants were made to recognise their early pest, Yan Yost Vanderscamp. The rear of this hopeful gang was brought up by old Pluto, who had lost an eye, grown grizzly-headed, and looked more like a devil than ever. Vanderscamp renewed his acquaintance with the old burghers, much against their will, and in a manner not at all to their taste. He slapped them familiarly on the back, gave them an iron grip of the hand, and was hail fellow well met. According to his own account, he had been all the world over; had made money by bags full; had ships in every sea, and now meant to turn the Wild Goose into a country seat, where he and his comrades, all rich merchants from foreign parts, might enjoy themselves in the interval of their voyages.

Sure enough, in a little while there was a complete metamorphose of the Wild Goose. From being a quiet, peaceful Dutch public house, it became a most riotous, uproarious private dwelling; a complete rendezvous for boisterous men of the seas, who came here to have what they called a 'blow out' on dry land, and might be seen at all hours, lounging about the door, or lolling out of the windows; swearing among themselves, and cracking rough jokes on every passer by. The house was fitted up, too, in so strange a manner: hammocks slung to the walls, instead of bedsteads; odd kinds of furniture, of foreign fashion; bamboo couches, Spanish chairs; pistols, cutlasses, and blunderbusses, suspended on every peg; silver crucifixes on the mantle-pieces, silver candle-sticks and porringers on the tables, contrasting oddly with the pewter and Delf ware of the original establishment. And then the strange amusements of these sea-monsters! Pitching Spanish dollars, instead of quoits; firing blunderbusses out of the window; shooting at a mark, or at any unhappy dog, or cat, or pig, or barn-door fowl, that might happen to come within reach.

The only being who seemed to relish their rough waggery, was old Pluto; and yet he led but a dog's life of it; for they practised all kinds of manual jokes upon him; kicked him about like a foot-ball; shook him by his grizzly mop of wool, and never spoke to him without coupling a curse by way of adjective to his name, and consigning him to the infernal regions. The old fellow, however, seemed to like them the better, the more they cursed him, though his utmost expression of pleasure never amounted to more than the growl of a petted bear, when his ears are rubbed.

Old Pluto was the ministering spirit at the orgies of the Wild Goose; and such orgies as took place there! Such drinking, singing, whooping, swearing; with an occasional interlude of quarrelling

and fighting. The noisier grew the revel, the more old Pluto plied the potatoes, until the guests would become frantic in their merriment, smashing every thing to pieces, and throwing the house out of the windows. Sometimes, after a drinking bout, they sallied forth and scoured the village, to the dismay of the worthy burghers, who gathered their women within doors, and would have shut up the house. Vanderscamp, however, was not to be rebuffed. He insisted on renewing acquaintance with his old neighbors, and on introducing his friends, the merchants, to their families; swore he was on the lookout for a wife, and meant, before he stopped, to find husbands for all their daughters. So, will-ye, nill-ye, sociable he was; swaggered about their best parlors, with his hat on one side of his head; sat on the good wife's nicely-waxed mahogany table, kicking his heels against the carved and polished legs; kissed and tousled the young vrouws; and, if they frowned and pouted, gave them a gold rosary, or a sparkling cross, to put them in good humor again.

Sometimes nothing would satisfy him, but he must have some of his old neighbors to dinner at the Wild Goose. There was no refusing him, for he had got the complete upper hand of the community, and the peaceful burghers all stood in awe of him. But what a time would the quiet, worthy men have, among these rake-hells, who would delight to astound them with the most extravagant gunpowder tales, embroidered with all kinds of foreign oaths; clink the can with them; pledge them in deep potatoes; bawl drinking songs in their ears; and occasionally fire pistols over their heads, or under the table, and then laugh in their faces, and ask them how they liked the smell of gunpowder.

Thus was the little village of Communipaw for a time like the unfortunate wight possessed with devils; until Vanderscamp and his brother merchants would sail on another trading voyage, when the Wild Goose would be shut up, and every thing relapse into quiet, only to be disturbed by his next visitation.

The mystery of all these proceedings gradually dawned upon the tardy intellects of Communipaw. These were the times of the notorious Captain Kidd, when the American harbors were the resorts of piratical adventurers of all kinds, who, under pretext of mercantile voyages, scoured the West Indies, made plundering descents upon the Spanish Main, visited even the remote Indian Seas, and then came to dispose of their booty, have their revels, and fit out new expeditions, in the English colonies.

Vanderscamp had served in this hopeful school, and having risen to importance among the bucaniers, had pitched upon his native village and early home, as a quiet, out-of-the way, unsuspected place, where he and his comrades, while anchored at New-York, might have their feasts, and concert their plans, without molestation.

At length the attention of the British government was called to these piratical enterprises, that were becoming so frequent and outrageous. Vigorous measures were taken to check and punish them. Several of the most noted freebooters were caught and executed, and three of Vanderscamp's chosen comrades, the most riotous swash-bucklers of the Wild Goose, were hanged in chains on Gibbet-Island, in full sight of their favorite resort. As to Vanderscamp himself, he

and his man Pluto again disappeared, and it was hoped by the people of Communi-paw that he had fallen in some foreign brawl, or been swung on some foreign gallows.

For a time, therefore, the tranquillity of the village was restored; the worthy Dutchmen once more smoked their pipes in peace, eyeing, with peculiar complacency, their old pests and terrors, the pirates, dangling and drying in the sun, on Gibbet-Island.

This perfect calm was doomed at length to be ruffled. The fiery persecution of the pirates gradually subsided. Justice was satisfied with the examples that had been made, and there was no more talk of Kidd, and the other heroes of like kidney. On a calm summer evening, a boat, somewhat heavily laden, was seen pulling into Communi-paw. What was the surprise and disquiet of the inhabitants, to see Yan Yost Vanderscamp seated at the helm, and his man Pluto tugging at the oar! Vanderscamp, however, was apparently an altered man. He brought home with him a wife, who seemed to be a shrew, and to have the upper hand of him. He no longer was the swaggering, bully ruffian, but affected the regular merchant, and talked of retiring from business, and settling down quietly, to pass the rest of his days in his native place.

The Wild Goose mansion was again opened, but with diminished splendor, and no riot. It is true, Vanderscamp had frequent nautical visitors, and the sound of revelry was occasionally overheard in his house; but every thing seemed to be done under the rose; and old Pluto was the only servant that officiated at these orgies. The visitors, indeed, were by no means of the turbulent stamp of their predecessors; but quiet, mysterious traders, full of nods, and winks, and hieroglyphic signs, with whom, to use their cant phrase, 'every thing was smug.' Their ships came to anchor at night, in the lower bay; and, on a private signal, Vanderscamp would launch his boat, and accompanied solely by his man Pluto, would make them mysterious visits. Sometimes boats pulled in at night, in front of the Wild Goose, and various articles of merchandise were landed in the dark, and spirited away, nobody knew whither. One of the more curious of the inhabitants kept watch, and caught a glimpse of the features of some of these night visitors, by the casual glance of a lantern, and declared that he recognised more than one of the freebooting frequenters of the Wild Goose, in former times; from whence he concluded that Vanderscamp was at his old game, and that this mysterious merchandise was nothing more nor less than piratical plunder. The more charitable opinion, however, was, that Vanderscamp and his comrades, having been driven from their old line of business, by the 'oppressions of government,' had resorted to smuggling to make both ends meet.

Be that as it may: I come now to the extraordinary fact, which is the butt-end of this story. It happened late one night, that Yan Yost Vanderscamp was returning across the broad bay, in his light skiff, rowed by his man Pluto. He had been carousing on board of a vessel, newly arrived, and was somewhat obfuscated in intellect, by the liquor he had imbibed. It was a still, sultry night; a heavy mass of lurid clouds was rising in the west, with the low muttering of distant thunder. Vanderscamp called on Pluto to pull lustily, that they might get home before the gathering storm. The old negro made no reply,

but shaped his course so as to skirt the rocky shores of Gibbet-Island. A faint creaking over head, caused Vanderscamp to cast up his eyes, when, to his horror, he beheld the bodies of his three pot companions and brothers in iniquity dangling in the moonlight, their rags fluttering, and their chains creaking, as they were slowly swung backward and forward by the rising breeze.

'What do you mean, you blockhead!' cried Vanderscamp, 'by pulling so close to the island?'

'I thought you'd be glad to see your old friends, once more,' growled the negro: 'you were never afraid of a living man, what do you fear from the dead?'

'Who's afraid?' hiccupped Vanderscamp, partly heated by liquor, partly nettled by the jeer of the negro; 'who's afraid! Hang me, but I would be glad to see them once more, alive or dead, at the Wild Goose. Come, my lads in the wind!' continued he, taking a draught, and flourishing the bottle above his head, 'here's fair weather to you in the other world; and if you should be walking the rounds to-night, odds fish! but I'll be happy if you will drop in to supper.'

A dismal creaking was the only reply. The wind blew loud and shrill, and as it whistled round the gallows, and among the bones, sounded as if there were laughing and gibbering in the air. Old Pluto chuckled to himself, and now pulled for home. The storm burst over the voyagers, while they were yet far from shore. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder crashed and pealed, and the lightning kept up an incessant blaze. It was stark midnight, before they landed at Communipaw.

Dripping and shivering, Vanderscamp crawled homeward. He was completely sobered by the storm; the water soaked from without, having diluted and cooled the liquor within. Arrived at the Wild Goose, he knocked timidly and dubiously at the door, for he dreaded the reception he was to experience from his wife. He had reason to do so. She met him at the threshold, in a precious ill humor.

'Is this a time,' said she, 'to keep people out of their beds, and to bring home company, to turn the house upside down?'

'Company?' said Vanderscamp, meekly; 'I have brought no company with me, wife.'

'No indeed! they have got here before you, but by your invitation; and blessed looking company they are, truly!'

Vanderscamp's knees smote together. 'For the love of heaven, where are they, wife?'

'Where?—why in the blue room, up stairs, making themselves as much at home as if the house were their own.'

Vanderscamp made a desperate effort, scrambled up to the room, and threw open the door. Sure enough, there at a table, on which burned a light as blue as brimstone, sat the three guests from Gibbet-Island, with halters round their necks, and bobbing their cups together, as if they were hob-or-nobbing, and trollying the old Dutch free-booter's glee, since translated into English:

'For three merry lads be we,
And three merry lads be we;
I on the land, and thou on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree.'

Vanderscamp saw and heard no more. Starting back with horror, he missed his footing on the landing place, and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. He was taken up speechless, and, either from the fall or the fright, was buried in the yard of the little Dutch church at Bergen, on the following Sunday.

From that day forward, the fate of the Wild Goose was sealed. It was pronounced a *haunted house*, and avoided accordingly. No one inhabited it but Vanderscamp's shrew of a widow, and old Pluto, and they were considered but little better than its hobgoblin visitors. Pluto grew more and more haggard and morose, and looked more like an imp of darkness than a human being. He spoke to no one, but went about muttering to himself; or, as some hinted, talking with the devil, who, though unseen, was ever at his elbow. Now and then he was seen pulling about the bay alone, in his skiff, in dark weather, or at the approach of night-fall; nobody could tell why, unless on an errand to invite more guests from the gallows. Indeed it was affirmed that the Wild Goose still continued to be a house of entertainment for such guests, and that on stormy nights, the blue chamber was occasionally illuminated, and sounds of diabolical merriment were overheard, mingling with the howling of the tempest. Some treated these as idle stories, until on one such night, it was about the time of the equinox, there was a horrible uproar in the Wild Goose, that could not be mistaken. It was not so much the sound of revelry, however, as strife, with two or three piercing shrieks, that pervaded every part of the village. Nevertheless, no one thought of hastening to the spot. On the contrary, the honest burghers of Communipaw drew their night-caps over their ears, and buried their heads under the bed-clothes, at the thoughts of Vanderscamp and his gallows companions.

The next morning, some of the bolder and more curious undertook to reconnoitre. All was quiet and lifeless at the Wild Goose. The door yawned wide open, and had evidently been open all night, for the storm had beaten into the house. Gathering more courage from the silence and apparent desertion, they gradually ventured over the threshold. The house had indeed the air of having been possessed by devils. Every thing was topsy turvy; trunks had been broken open, and chests of drawers and corner cup-boards turned inside out, as in a time of general sack and pillage; but the most woful sight was the widow of Yan Yost Vanderscamp, extended a corpse on the floor of the blue chamber, with the marks of a deadly gripe on the wind-pipe.

All now was conjecture and dismay at Communipaw; and the disappearance of old Pluto, who was no where to be found, gave rise to all kinds of wild surmises. Some suggested that the negro had betrayed the house to some of Vanderscamp's bucaniering associates, and that they had decamped together with the booty; others surmised that the negro was nothing more nor less than a devil incarnate, who had now accomplished his ends, and made off with his dues.

Events, however, vindicated the negro from this last imputation. His skiff was picked up, drifting about the bay, bottom upward, as if wrecked in a tempest; and his body was found, shortly afterward,

by some Communipaw fishermen, stranded among the rocks of Gibbet-Island, near the foot of the pirates' gallows. The fishermen shook their heads, and observed that old Pluto had ventured once too often to invite Guests from Gibbet-Island.

L I N E S

FROM A SISTER TO AN ONLY BROTHER AT SEA.

— 'she sits and weeps
At what the sailor suffers.'

I.

Far on the dark blue sea,
Methinks thy vessel flies;
O, turn again to thy own fair land,
Again to thy own blue skies!
O, haste thee back on the bounding keel —
Why should the tear for thy wandering stem?

II.

Is the music of dashing waves,
The song of the ocean-gale,
And the lonely cry of the wild sea-bird,
When stormy winds prevail,
More sweet, more joyous, more dear to thee,
Than the music of home and of love can be?

III.

Dost thou think of thy sister now?
Of her tender love to thee?
Then turn thee back, in thy wild career,
And forsake the dark blue sea!
Then shall the sun-light of by-gone years,
Spring up in the eyes that are dim with tears!

IV.

Since thou wert away, my brother,
The light of my life is gone;
And the beautiful visions of early days,
Even as the winds, have flown;
For ah! those bright visions were centered in thee,
And thou art afar on the lonely sea!

V.

I know thy love is changeless still,
I know thou art true to me;
Yet my spirit will pine, like the timid dove,
Till thou leavest the dark blue sea:
We know that the sun is unchangeably bright,
Yet it gladdens us most, while enjoying its light.

VI.

Then turn thee again from the dark blue sea,
Where thy bounding vessel flies;
Again to the hills of thy own fair land,
Again to thy own blue skies!
Then shall the sun-light of by-gone years
Spring up in the eyes that are dim with tears!

R. C.

MY FISHING GROUND.

NUMBER THREE.

GENTLE READER!—you who have enjoyed with me my spring and summer musings—desert me not amid the richer and more eloquent glories of autumn.

The birds have nearly all left me, for other climes. A dejected-looking crow alone sits hard by, upon a blasted oak, apparently lonely, heart-broken, and weary of life, screaming dismally to a sable companion, who answers him from another quarter of the wood. There is an autumnal wail in his very voice; a dirge-like strain; something that bespeaks the death of the year.

The whole forest around me is one blaze of golden pomp and splendor. The trees are mantled with robes more gorgeous than the robes of kings. The whole valley is arched with rainbows. Every hue is there; blood-red, scarlet, green, and brown. There is nothing, save the ever-greens, but doth suffer a change. The silent sky is filled with withered leaves, circling solemnly around, and gradually descending to the earth. A thin blue mist wraps the distant hill, softening its gaudy richness, yet hiding none of its beauties. All is solemn, and quiet, and impressive. 'Autumn, like a faint old man a-weary,' seems resting himself from the toils of the year.

Far above me, on the plain, orchards are bending with their affluent abundance. Plenty staggers over the earth, loaded with blessings. The heavy wain creaks along the distant landscape. There is the soft peach, with its tender blush, and melting flavor; pyramids of apples, reared to the memory of cider, and long winter evenings; corn, whose yellow ears lie imbedded in the husk, like pure gold in the ore; pumpkins, plump and round as the goodly periphery of an alderman, recline lazily over the field, in luxurious ease; with eccentric squashes, crooked and perverse. It is the banquet of the year; the gathering-in of good things; the consummation of labor and of hope.

There is a wild, withered fragrance wandering in the wood. It is not the all-pervading incense of spring, but the sweetness of decay; a chastened odor; a something that has been touched with blast. It is from the pennyroyal, on the upland, the dying fern, the faded herb-age; from the piles of drifting foliage, amid the dim aisles below; from the purple grape, hanging leafless upon the tree; from the heavy autumnal flowers that flame along the water-courses, secure from early frosts; from the ever-green pine, and from thousands of medicinal herbs, that linger amid the sorrowing rains of waning Autumn.

The dirge-like murmur of the cricket and grass-hopper is faintly heard along the hills. It is a sad thing, but the grass-hopper *must* leave me. He has been gossiping around all summer, with his green Quaker coat, dissipating his time, in frolics with his gay companions, and in gadding from field to field. His day of reckoning has come. The cold frosty nights are 'a caution' to him already, and they will soon

'be the death of him.' But the cricket, that little household insect, will sing to us from the hearth-stone, when the tempest is loud on the hills. He spends his winter months at home, roving only in the summer. He is a hostage for the return of another season. When the fire is crackling high, and the family circle close around it, and the heavens scowl without, the garrulous cricket talks to us from his warm retreat, telling us of brighter hours, of green fields, soft winds, and blooming flowers.

Through the whole wood, the rabbit and squirrel are busy, gathering in their winter stores. Clattering up the trees, spluttering forth his words in great confusion, labors the uneasy squirrel, all the live-long day. This is *his* harvest. From the chestnut and the walnut tree he rattles down his food, as though he were sole proprietor of the forest. Pert and saucy, nothing daunts him. He has ever a word ready for any one who may affront him. There are three orders of these gentlemen around me; the red, the gray, and the black. And they are always at swords' points, if squirrels carry swords. The royal sceptre appears to be in the hands of those in red uniforms, and they are most exterminating tyrants; the grays are barely tolerated, but 'the blacks' are annihilated at once, without judge or jury. They are seldom seen, owing to the oppression of their rulers.

Hark to the roar of the sportsman's gun, and the deep bay of his dogs! How the hills echo back their forest revelry! The sharp crack of the rifle rings in every nook and corner of the wood, but not with the muffled tone of spring. The dogs are half inspired with their task. Bounding over the sere leaves, overturning the underbrush, scenting the rocks, and peering up, with a solemn look, into the tall trees.

The setting sun wears low. The whole west is overspread with autumnal clouds, gorgeously streaked with hues of red and scarlet; some floating lazily along, like golden ships becalmed upon an ocean of crystal; some like misshapen towers, with banners streaming from their peaks; castles, islands, and landscapes, are fantastically figured in the glorious congregation. In the distance, the giant hills stand up in their majesty, hazy with a purple mist. Nearer by, the river, like a mighty serpent, winds around the promontories which invade its path, lying as sluggish as though it were a work of silver, the foliage upon its banks standing double in the transparent waters. The farmer, as he moves homeward, is followed by a giant shadow, which keeps ever at his heels, while that of the church steeple encroaches upon the soil of another parish. How solemn and how glorious! Burning and glowing with the beauty of death, yet how calm and beautiful! What sermons are here, in the great cathedral of nature! What preachers are the hills, at such an hour! What an awe and solemnity invest the earth and sky! And these are the teachings of MY FISHING GROUND.

H. H. R.

AN ALBUM FRAGMENT.

WHEN you were born, those who stood by
Smiled glad, while you were crying;
So live, that all around shall cry,
And you may smile, when dying.

C. H.

SONG.

I.

COME, fill the bowl; 't will win a smile,
 To glad once more your drooping brow,
 Nor scorn the spell which can beguile
 One thought from all that wrings you now;
 For who in worlds so sad as this,
 Would lose even momentary bliss?

II.

Come, touch the harp; its notes will bring
 At least a wreck of happier years,
 The songs our childhood loved to sing,
 Its artless joys and simple tears;
 How blest, if weeping could restore
 Those bright glad days, that come no more!

III.

Then touch the harp, and free and fast
 The tears I fain would weep, shall flow,
 And fill the bowl, the last, the last!
 'Then back to life's deceitful show;
 And waste no more a single tear
 On life, whose joys are sold so dear.

Newburyport, (Mass.)

G. L.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON.

NUMBER FOUR.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVENTURES.

I SET down my adventures daily in a journal, and, like a good merchant, usually post up, and 'do the correspondence,' of a Sunday morning; but being upon this occasion on short allowance of time, I will merely refer you to the original entries. An ominous beginning this, and savoring of 'bills payable, debtor to cash,' in the post-script.

SUNDAY.—The whole night long sat up in writing home, and slept 'as fast as ever husband by his mate,' until past noon of Monday; then rose and walked out, with a fashionable air, and paid a morning visit. I have been three weeks only in London, and have already an acquaintance. The English are so *liants*. Here two girls were conversing, by a kind of dactylology, across the street. I sat dictating to the one, who translated in signs to the other. I asked her fifty kisses, and she bantered me, like Leonidas, to come and take them! Put my letter in the post-office, containing, in my humble opinion, some of the best remarks extant upon English churches. In comparing one's self to Archbishop Tillotson, Warburton, or the like, one ought, in consulting the prejudices of the world, envious of living merit, to place one's self at a graceful distance, by some parenthetical phrase; 'if I may presume,' will do. It gives a chance of recommending one's modesty, at the same time. I belong to a literary club in America, the 'Namby Pamby.' We are often negligent of this necessary prudence.

Looked in upon an exhibition of needle-work, as if Iris herself, and not Miss Linwood, had woven it. Here were an infinity of pieces, stitched after Raphael, Carlo Dolci, Carracci, and others, with an art that, under the Greeks, would have entitled the author to the jealousy of Minerva. Arachné had surely not half her skill, whose progeny now spread their webs for the morning-dew so prettily upon the Duke of Devonshire's lawn. Walked through the Strand, in quest of a breakfast. Being unused to London, stopped to see a cab upset. It is a tender scene; the cabman sympathizing with the passenger for not having broken his neck; the latter scrambling out from the horses' legs, on hands and knees, the other looking at his watch: 'Take your shilling, Sir, if your honor pleases; time's up.' At number 333, had fried sole, a slice of rump, of rosy and delicate complexion, bread and ale—one and six pence; and then went up into Summerset House, a delightful retreat, where one can sit twiddling his thumbs by the hour, looking at the girls, now in front of a Murillo, now a Dominichini. Next went into Pall-Mall, (in Yankee doric Poll-Moll,) to the 'Persian Kiosk'; paid entrance a shilling, and for this had a cup of coffee, a cigar, the news, and the enjoyment of a well-furnished room. Smoked, and looked over the index of a magazine: 'Turnips;' 'Modesty;' O'Connell; and the errata: For 'Martingale,' read *nightingale*; for 'bottom,' read *button*; for 'bitter halves' of these Englishmen, read *better halves*. Thought of the distress of the writers; and recollected one at New-York, who, having occasion to write 'Pope Gregory,' found it printed off 'Tom!' He was a virgin author, and came with his finger on it, with a very long face, and a look so imploringly expostulating, that even the bookseller relented, and agreed to cancel the sheet. He went home, most grateful; slept soundly, making up for the loss of the preceding night; and out it came next morning, 'Pope Tom Gregory!'

This establishment, and the numerous others through the metropolis, are called 'Divans.' The Frenchman smokes in his Palais Royal, Estaminet's, covered passages, and often 'dashes the gods' in the open streets. The Englishman sits here more elegantly apart, the Times or Chronicle unfolded by him, and kissing, with a 'long, long kiss,' the polished ivory, exhales in ambrosial puffs the Virginia or Oronoco, his lips opening gently, like the sleeping virgin's, and watches the balmy cloud, as it rises and spreads toward the heaven of the Divan. He reclines on a cushion, softly recumbent, his legs are outstretched, and his soul at ease, as in its night-gown and slippers; and all cares being at length dissolved, he reposes on the narcotic vapor, as the babe which sighs and sinks to rest from its mother's lullaby. If this is not happiness, then there is no happiness for mortal Englishmen, this side Mahomet's heaven and the Houris.

After leaving the Kiosk, with arms folded, I walked up and down, as if waiting for a suit in chancery, in Westminster Hall. So one day with another, I go wandering about:

— 'In long galleries, solely,
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy!'

St. James' Park next received me, and I paid my respects to the tutelary saint of this most excellent city. This Park is not frequented by

persons of gentler blood, but has a good many ducks and geese swimming in its lakes, and fat mutton feeding on its pastures. A lady of quality does sometimes look over the fence, in descending to Hyde Park through Piccadilly ; but the saint has, generally speaking, to put up with his original associates, the 'publicans and sinners.' I sat here by myself, and felt very lonely. I have seen a picture of an old Roman standing by a tree, who says '*Non solus sum.*' I think this an ugly situation. If such were the destiny of men and women, they would run wild in the forests, or grow up at the side of each other, like cabbages, and other vegetables. Persons bred in villages, grow into an immense conceit of themselves, and think there are no greater men than those of Lilliput. One of these, dropped into London, pines in his loneliness, and seems almost annihilated. Europeans suffer, in America, from the opposite evil. An Englishman called Allan, growing weary of the quiet comforts of his home in London — there is nothing so distressing as the monotony of a well-regulated house — took into his head to pay a visit to 'the States.' After a long voyage, with three in a state-room, he arrived in New-York, in the very effervescence of American travelling, and found himself there a guest with two hundred at the same table, and a sleeping partner with twenty others in the same chamber at night. He set off early next day, disgusted and ill-natured, on his tour. All Ohio and Mississippi live upon the steamer, chewing, spitting, whistling. The bell rang, but modest Allan had no more of the dinner than 'the Pious Æneas upon the island of the Stroppades.' He arrived at Philadelphia, where I saw him, again involved in the vortex of a crowded hotel. He procured, however, a private room, and there, after an apology from the landlord for leaving him without company, he bolted his door, and sat alone. A tear often started in his eye ; he thought of Magna Charta, and trial by jury ; recalled the quiet hearth, the Carlton Club, the sweet society of his friends, and his wife and children gathered about his heart ! He reproached himself for any neglects of them, and resolved to treat them, should he ever return, with a constant tenderness. He then slept, and set out again with the day-light. It was before steam-engines had begun to climb the Alleghany, and having rattled over corderoy bridges, and roads, which showed how far human nature is behind Mr. M'Adam in turnpiking, he reached Pittsburgh ; ribs broken, and a hat from Jupp's irretrievably smashed. Here he found the same gregarious multitude, the same annoyances ; and attempting to descend the Ohio, next morning, was blown up by the steam-boiler. '*Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*' So ended poor Allan, without even a consciousness of the privilege ; so satisfactory to an American, of having three or four score of his fellow creatures as travelling companions to eternity.

The eye of evening was now half closed, and the moon looked on, though not without blushing, while the sun was undressing and going to bed ; yet I sat still musing, and the twilight kindly spread her gray mantle over me — one is grateful for any kind of politeness in London — and I should probably be sitting there yet, but there came up, I know not by the instrumentality of what divinity, a Frenchman, otherwise a very clever man, whom I had known in Paris. *Quæ*

gaudia ! qui complexus ! A man of refined education, and polite manners, addicted only to a few vices, such as wine, gaming, and ad — (I was going to say a naughty word, but will soften it down to modern delicacy) — admiration of the sex. He did me many favors, in his way, in Paris, and led me into pleasures which the adverse fates cannot annul. He frequents society, high and low, particularly the latter, and dotes upon me with singular fondness. By his invitation, we supped together in a French house in Leicester Square, upon good wine, and oysters, raw, roasted, stewed, and scalloped, by the rosy fingers of Miss Quin. And now, if you will promise not to think of Plato's symposium in the meanwhile, I will transcribe a brief notice I have made of this entertainment.

MONDAY EVENING. — English oysters are better than French, and be it said without irreverence to the republic, not inferior to ours. The little ones called 'natives' are exceedingly delicate — therefore called *natives*, and are best eaten from the briny sea, undressed. The flavor is as much impaired by the gastronomers, as often the charms of the native women, by villanous mantua-makers. Our landlady was the neatest of the Amphytrions, looking into her dishes as into a mirror ; knowing the entire policy and economy of sauces, varieties, and differences of salads ; how to awaken and keep alive the appetite, by a judicious succession of courses ; which to be ate hot, which cold, which crisp, which, *quid salsum, quid adustum sit*, as the priest knows his *pater noster*.

Leicester Square, too, is a celebrated spot on the map of London. It is the site of old Leicester-Place, built by the great Earl, and the dwelling of his and other distinguished families. James' unhappy daughter Betsey, also George the Second's pouting son Frederick, died here. It was tenanted once by Prince Eugene ; and the square itself has been honored by the residence of Hogarth, Reynolds, Hunter, the surgeon, and other eminent persons. It was once, too, the very centre of fashion, and all elegant London paraded its magnificence upon this square. Then 'the heaven's breath smelled wooingly,' and so it does now, toward evening ; and shops displayed here their glittering gems, and cashmeres, and all manner of millineries, tempting princely customers. Here 'rich Spencer's tapering leg,' cased in the finest silk, mounted its gorgeous equipage, while gay and gartered earls gazed breathless upon the airy step, the graceful mien, the sparkling eye, the purple lip ; and Leicester's chariot swept like 'a harnessed meteor' through the square, and grooms in painted coats, as the Hours, 'doff'd the world aside' to let it pass. Alas ! the greasy eating-house, or gambling den, now occupies the palace of the Sydney's, and the foot of nobility is no more heard upon its pavement. Smutty coal-heavers now throng, and sweeps as black as Bugg Jargal, where 'round the coaches crowded white-gloved beaux ;' the heroes of Blenheim have surrendered to the French, and plots of campaigns and fortresses are succeeded by the *Batterie de Cuisine*. While the Parisian English inhabit the elegant Rivoli, and Place Vendome, the French have here their separate quarter, like the Jews,

the meanest of London. A bronze statue, in the centre of the place, is all that is left of ancient gentility.

Our guests were, beside myself and companion, a grave and pretty Englishwoman, a French girl, raw from Martinico, named Laura, of intelligent face, innocent of all acquired knowledge, and of a *naïveté* and simplicity altogether unknown in these civilized countries, who, her mother being ill, was left, with a black servant, to our mercy for the evening; and finally, our landlady, with a chub of a son; she a pretty easy Frenchwoman, sufficing, of herself, for all the ordinary purposes of social entertainment. And now, O Muse! your duty is to record our conversation, which is not likely otherwise to reach the ears of posterity.* Under the influence of common politeness, and a good deal of champagne, we began by saying the civillest things imaginable of one another's countries. English beauty and virtue had first their panegyric; two qualities, said M. Baron, which seem perversely to accompany each other; the first leading us into temptation, and the second punishing us for the sin of being tempted. He recognised the fidelity of English women to their husbands, but of the virtue itself he professed himself not greatly the admirer. 'As for a faithful wife,' said he, 'unless married to that impossibility, a constant husband, I know nothing half so disagreeable. Your time and attentions are perpetually taxed, to requite her merit and affection; and your honesty, too, for you must lie, play the hypocrite, and practice other means of deceit. Stay out late, then she is in the pouts at your return. 'A pretty time of night;' 'any body's company, I suppose;' and ends with an admonition for you to stay out altogether, with other such complimentary passages; or, sending the servants to bed, she waits alone, and after allowing you a cold bath at the door, appears herself, a candle in her hand, in solemn night-gown and cap, opens, and then retires, as if walking in her sleep, and making no reply to your civilities. Oh the just gods! What a pest, now that I think of it! You know what insignificant causes may disturb the harmony of a *menage*. Domestic happiness is a delicate and tender flower, and the slightest chills may wither it. But let her have a little affair of gallantry on hand, *ah, ma foi!* you scarce could imagine how amiable, all at once, she becomes! So gentle in her reproaches; so indulgent in your neglects of her, especially your absence; and so attentive to all the delicate duties and kindnesses! When you return, toward midnight, or later, from your cards, your mistress, or other necessary amusements, there she is, anticipating your return, to welcome you at the door: 'so glad you have come

* We might have been tempted to run our pen through certain sentences in this 'conversation,' and kindred passages which succeed, but for the fact, that the vivid view of foreign morality and 'American independence' which they afford, may not be without its salutary tendency. Many of our female exclusives, and 'fashionables' *par excellence*, would as soon think of confessing their age, as of admitting that they did not adore those 'loves of creatures,' the numerous French and Italian adventurers, who promenade Broadway, with their 'long heads o' hair, and tips on their lips, like poodles.' It may be well said of us, that 'we are the most loan-loving nation under the sun. We borrow pretty nearly every thing; our dresses, our morality, our habits of life. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other, we have got hold of a notion, that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to foreigners is worth its weight in gold.' We go upon tick for taste, and our borrowed morality is such as our correspondent has here depicted. EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

home ; ' where did you go, my love, this evening ? ' ' I hope you have enjoyed yourself ; ' ' come, tell me all about it. ' And then, with her dear little fingers, parting your locks across your forehead, she imprints a burning kiss, a kiss warmed into love by the anxieties of the evening, upon your brow. Ah, *cher ami*, take my advice ; have never any thing to do with a faithful woman. You will pine away under the slow fire of her reproaches, and die at last, a martyr to her virtue. In France, where there is no scandal, opprobrious either to husband or wife, and where decent appearances are preserved, infidelity is no more a vice, than stealing was at Sparta ; and from the total absence of jealousy, we are not only exempt from elopements, divorces, and the dishonorable composition of damages, and the *éclat*, in trials and newspapers, of criminal conversations, but very numerous and atrocious crimes are prevented. Whoever heard of a horrible Clytemnestra or Atreus, stained with a husband's or brother's blood, in Paris ? Here examples were related, in illustration, of French forbearance. ' I have heard of one married Frenchman, ' said the Baron, ' who, having surprised a careless lover with his wife, was indeed incensed, even to demand satisfaction ; but after the lapse of some weeks, being interrogated by a friend on the subject, only said, ' Ah, oui, Monsieur ; I called him to account, and all is settled to my wish. He apologized like a gentleman ! '

The English lady opposite, looked grave, which next brought the discourse upon this quality, so peculiar to the English ; I objecting, and my companion defending it, as an excellent trait of the national character, and showing much learning on the subject. Laughter he treated as a species of incontinence, indicating moral weakness ; observing that weak and silly persons were most subject to it. It was often, he said, the expression of the malevolent passions. ' We have the sardonic, satirical, hysterical, and idiotic laugh. On a wise man's face, it detracts from his wisdom ; on a fool's, it enhances the degree of his stolidity. ' I saw a laughing fool, ' says your best poet, and a good Latin authority says, '*Risu inepto res ineptior est nulla.*' Philosophy, Religion, Wisdom, Prudence, and all the virtues, are painted with serious faces ; while all the Follies and Frivolities are smirking jades ; and Laughter himself, with ridiculous grimaces, holds his sides, as in a fit of the choleric. Both Bacon and Shakspeare recommend a certain air of coldness and reserve, as necessary to respect. Homer exempts the gods from this infirmity ; and a modern divine, I think with good reason, asserts that ' laughter is an effect of original sin, ' and that Adam, and even our mother Eve, ' did not laugh, until the Fall. ' He hinted, too, at the accidents which occasionally befall persons of both sexes, from immoderate laughter ; how Anacreon was choked to death in swallowing a grape-seed, during a hearty laugh ; and how Pope Somebody, in seeing an ape put on the tiara, in imitation of His Holiness, died of laughter ; and finally, he remarked, that WASHINGTON laughed but rarely, even in youth, and during the revolution, not even smiled.

' Because, ' replied I, ' there was nothing in those days to laugh at ; ' and then I ventured to cite some authorities in favor, of respectable persons who were subject to this affection. Even courtly Chesterfield indulged in a smile ; and I reminded him of Homer's ' inextinguish-

able laugh' in heaven ; of Virgil's 'Olli subrideus,' and of numerous poets, who had signalized smiles among the divinest graces of the human countenance ; and why should not laughter, instead of a sin, be considered as a gift of a beneficent Providence, to console miserable mortals for their deprivation of paradise ? Democritus, Sir, was an excellent philosopher, and yet his muscles were in a perpetual state of irrision ; and Plato, too, was much addicted to laughing ; for, indulging one day in this relaxation, with his friends, he stopped suddenly, seeing some one approach : 'Let us be grave,' said he ; 'I see a fool coming.' This was a fellow who could not laugh, and who measured other men's wisdom by their grave looks. If indeed gravity were an evidence of sense, I know an animal, which must not be mentioned to polite ears, but is described in Buffon, which would dispute the palm of philosophy and wisdom with the gravest Englishman of this island.' This last sentence, however, I suppressed, out of respect for the lady who sat opposite, and who looked very pretty. And now our Frenchman, who is a most agreeable actor, as all Frenchmen are, and has a pleasant faculty of making nonsense easy to every capacity, told a story, with such ludicrous circumstances, that gravity at once forsook the table. Billy exploded with a mouthful of soup, besprinkling the guests ; Pompey bared his two rows of ivory, almost from ear to ear ; the English lady's corsets took leave of their hooks and eyes, while Laura screamed right out ; and the whole house, like Homer's heaven, was in one uproar of inextinguishable merriment. When order was restored, we agreed that the French usually laugh and gesticulate too much, and the English too little, and that the perfect gentlemen was somewhere between the extremes ; but we concluded that a fool should laugh always, as an apology for having no brains.

Here the conversation took a turn, and I ventured to entertain Laura.

'I never had any brothers or sisters ; I am the only child, *et mam-ma est joliment riche, oui !* We have hardly ever more than one or two in Martinico.'

'It seems to be a prevalent French custom ; it is the same in Paris. The English are more indiscreet : a dozen here is not uncommon.'

'And in America ?'

'Even worse, Miss. My mother had five daughters running.' 'Oh mercy !' 'And then she had three sons.' 'Gracious me ! — and were they running, too ?'

'A little of the rabbit, Miss.'

'*Ah, non, Monsieur ; sil n'y avait que moi et les lapins au monde, le monde finirait bientôt.*'

We were interrupted here by general topics, which settled at length upon the Americans, especially the women ; whom our landlady represented as turtle-doves of innocence, the Baron taking up the theme in the same key. 'Yes, madam, there was a time when an American girl, up to fifteen, did not know of what sex she was. I had an uncle, the duke of Liancour, who assisted in the American Revolution, and travelled afterward through New-England, who actually asked a girl, of great virginity of face, about this age, dipping him water from the well, 'Are you a boy or a girl ?' And she

replied, in all the ingenuousness of her innocence, 'I don't know!' Here there was a pause; whether from doubt or admiration, I do not presume to say; nor can I say whether it is degeneracy in me, but I really did not feel flattered by this exceeding virtue of our grandmothers. 'Ask one of them now!' thought I. The Baron continued. 'But the intercourse with Europe has operated a favorable change in the intelligence of American girls, in this respect. Indeed, I have no hesitation in declaring, that American women, whether from the excitability of their climate, or the early development of passions, incident to a free government, and the emotion given by a rapid progress of society, are of a temperament more warm, more — (he was going to say 'amorous,' but I objected to the expression, although it is softer in French,) more loving and affectionate, than the women of any of the European nations, from Cadiz to Constantinople; and I know them all. There is greater conjugal fidelity, it is true; but this is owing to facility of living, better assorted matches, and especially to a want of gallantry and address in the other sex. I tarried in New-York but two months, and I assure you I made quite a revolution among the women there. I do not say the New-Yorkers are naturally deficient of amiable qualities; there are many who would fall in love, but have notes to pay in bank. Penelope's husband was the hero of his age, and her wooers were lubberly kings, intent upon wine and good dinners, and therefore Penelope was faithful. That a husband, who is a disagreeable creature, generally speaking, should pretend to vindicate his wife's affections, against a lover who is quite the contrary, seems to me the height of presumption. In natural beauty, the American women are profusely endowed. There is now a dove-like creature in Paris, who has spent her sinless years, up to eighteen, in America, and travelling under care of her father, a general and magnifico of the state of New-York. I have purposely absented myself from society, since a month, from total inability to resist the influence of her charms. However, in finely rounded shoulders — nor should shoulders be the largest part of a woman;' . . . I leave out a few remarks here, which would lose greatly by a translation. I have always heard this one exception to American beauty, which is otherwise in good esteem, in both the French and English capitals. What angels must you be, who have your very imperfections in common with the cherubs!

But I stood up, I confess with limited information, for my fair countrywomen. 'Is it not possible, Sir, that your requirements in this particular, in France and England, may be excessive? If we admit the *Venus Calipygiennne*, which time has happily spared us, as a model of this kind of beauty, the English and French exceed the limits of correct taste, and the American standard is nearer propriety. In such matters, we ought not rashly to depart from the authority of the Greeks. To exaggerate beauty, is a common propensity; and there is no part of woman so subject to the delusions of the toilet, as the *tournure*. Ladies' ringlets are bought from the milliner's; and who knows how much of all this is cotton?'

'*Ah, ma foi! cest' une chose à savoir,*' said the Baron.

Never was a supper conducted in better fellowship; it was the Holy Alliance, just after Waterloo; until I had unwittingly ven-

tured this suspicion. Farther words soon brought on provocations and personalities; and Laura, piqued, in her tender point, and flying into a rage like a little West-India tornado, stood forth in the midst of the room, and began to assert her innocence by demonstration. She tore loose her hair. It was her own, jet as the raven's, and fell about her fine form, in glorious vindication of its genealogy. Her countenance was flushed with indignation, and she was perfectly beautiful: '*Voyez, messieurs, si c'est du coton !*' And then she obliged us both to pinch her hips, in several places, in reparation of her honor. The landlady, also, took part; and our peaceful assembly, by this unlucky slur upon ladies' hips, was broken up, like the Diet of Augsburg, in a rumpus. I now took leave, having engaged to conduct my one acquaintance, 'little M.,' to Vauxhall, where the entertainments were to commence at twelve. I took leave, however, in good humor with Laura, who said: 'I hope, Sir, when you will have the pleasure to see me again, my mother will be well.'

VAUXHALL is a rural retreat, two miles south from the palace, and a place of resort since near a century; where you have eating, drinking, especially punch; dancing, singing, playing, fire-works, and a miscellaneous collection of all nations:

— 'Turks, Jews,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos!'

The trees sparkle with variegated lamps, thick as the fire-flies of the Dismal Swamp, and shaped into fantastic appearances, bouquets, arches, national arms, and entire buildings of liquid flame — the starry heavens not worth looking at. The promenades are illuminated, some to the brightness of the day, others just throw a gentle glimmering on one's charms; others, again, from a bright glare, fade insensibly away, as you advance, into a deep obscurity, where only the phosphorus and glow-worm light their 'ineffectual fires.' One of the brightest images, is a 'Grecian Temple,' with the national arms, quivering in fire, and other pyrotechnic ornaments, for the accommodation of the music, where now and then a gentleman leads out a lady by the tips of the fingers, and then she sings; and then he leads her back again, when she is done. There is, beside, a theatre, where they get up a 'Battle of Waterloo,' natural as life, with a thousand men, and two hundred horses.

It was to protect me from the dangers of this witching place, that I took the little girl mentioned above, the prettiest of the 'two millions,' with me, and she conducted my blindness through the wizard mazes of the garden. Love, instead of going with the other little gods to school, played truant often with a mischievous urchin called Folly. One day, sculking in corners, they pitched quoits, and Folly, who never looks what he is about pitched, and pitched his quoit into Love's eyes and at last put them out. His mother ran to his screams, and fainted and then came to life again, and fled up to Jupiter for redress. 'Dear Cytherea,' said the father of gods and men, as he imprinted a kiss upon his daughter, 'to restore your son from his blindness, is forbid-

den by the Fates ; but Folly, the rogue ! for his penance, shall conduct him through the world, wherever he goes ;' and Jove shook his ambrosial curls. And we strolled now along the gay Italian walk, and admired the statues, and admired the bay and city of Naples, or put a foot in the dance, or, in an oriental kiosk, among the hedges, with refreshing ices, and exhilarating punch, sat apart, and music came from afar. But what music so sweet as the whispering of woman's voice after midnight !' At length, while straying along a silent path, lured by the obscurity, we came where a few rays only of the distant lamps cast a doubtful light upon the shrubbery, disshevelled gently by the breeze. . . . We entered a little retreat, which so lurked in a corner that the fairies might play their gambols in it at noon. Here was a lake, and upon its margin lay, face downward, in the full-blown excellence of her primitive charms — who do you think ? Mother Eve, attired only in her own complete perfections, squat upon the grass. We were afraid of snakes, and retired to the more frequented parts of the garden. I observed, in the flickering twilight, Professor ———, of Philadelphia, with no smile upon his lip, and no lady upon his arm. Please make my condolence to his wife. We now procured tickets, and sat down in the theatre. Great expectation ; and out came, so help me ! the eternal ' Family,' whose ' vaulting ambition' grasps the two worlds — the *RAVELS*. I had left them in Chesnut-street, on quitting America ; and here they were, tumbling through the same pantomime, and storming the same paste-board castles, at Vauxhall. A wonderful performance ; but one hates to wonder at the same thing twice. Rope-dancing, and fire-works the most brilliant, concluded. We went then into the saloon, where were spread cold collations, confectionaries, and all the honors of the blushing god. We partook of tea only, and, with no fear of indigestion, a slice or two of bread, with a gentle intimation of butter ; the thinnest of human things, unless the mathematical definition of a superficies is a slice of bread-and-butter at Vauxhall. And having paid the ordinary three prices, and the tea getting into our heels, we ran home.

There is a most solitary walk upon the banks of the river, after crossing the bridge ; near a mile without habitation. It was the darkest hour of the night. A dim star here and there kept watch over head. We heard only broken voices in the distance, and the splash of the boatman's oar, and now and then a coach rolled by. Poor Emma ! At every rustling leaf, she trembled in her heart and knees, but never told her fears. I have learned since, that not to be murdered here, is one of the merest of human accidents. When I had surmounted nearly half the distance, and went talking and walking carelessly along, now fast, now slow, a robber, such as Blackheath never concealed in its thicket of furze, fled from me unarmed ! He had red whiskers and blue eyes. It was the innocence of the girl that saved us. Albuquerque, by putting an infant on his shoulder, in a thunder-storm, was once saved in the same way. Vauxhall is an abominable place. If ever I go there again — it will be in a coach.

When we had turned tail upon Westminster, the Duke of Buccleugh's route had filled up the street with carriages for a mile *à la*

ronde. Here again was illumination enough to frighten 'chaos and old night.' The garden was brilliant with ten thousand lights, and the river with fire-works, terrifying the eels that crept in the mud. Little boats, with festive lamps, rejoiced over the surface of the waters, and the Petards, the *Peters*, as Scott's girl called them, were popping off under the soles of our feet.

Now Hesperus has extinguished his fires in the west, and the cats, who have spent the night out in dissipation, are scrambling in at the cellar windows. I must to bed. Good night!

L I N E S

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO A DEAR LITTLE BOY.

AN! mayst thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseen the promise of thy spring :
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth, without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!

BYRON.

I.

WHILE in my bosom Sorrow dwells,
And Hope has fled its darkened cells —
While there the feelings that appeared
Once fresh and young, are scorched and
While there are striving many a band (sere),
Of griefs *thou* canst not understand —
'T is sweet to think within my heart
One pure affection still hath part,
That there one spring unstained may be —
That love, that spring, are kept for thee!

II.

I look on thee, my precious one!
As a sweet flower that ne'er hath known
One cloudy day, one storm of life;
That hath not felt the spirit's strife
With passions, that, like summer's sun,
Wither whate'er they look upon;
I think of thee as a young bird
That scarce from parent nest hath stirred,
And marvel what the course will be,
That is in future traced for thee!

III.

Whene'er I gaze upon thy face,
Where never care hath left a trace;
Whene'er I see thy fair, smooth brow,
Thy soft cheek with its roseate glow,
The eyes whose tears are not of pain,
(Would they might always so remain!)
Though to mine own no tear-drops start,
I see thee with a heavy heart,
Remembering it is heaven's decree,
A change must soon come over thee!

IV.

'Twixt us there will be placed a bar,
And, dear one! thou wilt be afar;
Thou wilt not then be that sweet child,
Who once beside me sate and smiled!
Thy gladsome step will be less glad,
Thy merry voice perchance grow sad;
And Pride may spread her snares around,
And anguish thy light heart may wound;
And thou wilt think no more of me,
Though I shall still remember thee!

V.

Thou wilt forget me! — in the world
Thy sail of life will be unfurled;
And pleasures gay, like butterflies,
Will flit before thy dazzled eyes;
And flatterers at thy feet will fall,
And strive thy spirit to enthrall;
While I, within my solitude,
Behold thee worshipped, sought, and wooed,
And from my lone obscurity
Breathe many a prayer to heaven for thee!

VI.

But though to thee I shall not speak,
Though I shall kiss no more thy cheek,
Though to my heart I shall not press thee,
Still will I think of thee, and bless thee!
And oh! in life's most joyous hour,
Think on the one eternal Power;
And pray to Him, as I will pray,
To guide thee on thy earthly way!
Remember HIM! and he shall be
The friend, protector, all to thee!

TO A WOOD-THRUSH.

HAUNTER of shadowy groves, oh ! breathe once more
 That strain of sweet yet melancholy sound ;
 For now the breezy wood scarce sighs around,
 And distantly the wind-stirred forests roar :
 Thou know'st, wild bird ! a joy I cannot know,
 With wing unfettered, and a will as free,
 To flit through silent woods, from bough to bough,
 Or breathe, in leafy shades, thy melody :
 Bending the hemlock's branch with graceful poise,
 Above some forest-water's gurgling moan,
 Thou sing'st the livelong day, unseen, alone,
 Half sad, in very fullness of thy joys.
 Breathe out yet once again that mellow song,
 Each rapturous strain, each dying fall, prolong !

New-Haven, (Conn.)

L.

OLLAPODIANA.

CONTINUED.

SITTING down, good my reader, to write a few paragraphs, named of the above, I was sorely perplexed as to the number. 'Ollapodiana : Number — what ? By the mass, I could not tell ; the time was so long ; my thoughts and subjects were a broken chain ; I seemed, indeed, to have but just returned from some other land, beyond the influence of days, and hours, and all those vile admeasurements of time, so rigidly observed by such as send Williams (bills, in the vulgate,) for services rendered in artizan line, and by banking institutions. Time seemed to have dissolved all partnership with my vitality, and I was well nigh upon the point of exclaiming upon him, in the tone of honest Diccon, in Gammer Gurton's Needle :

—— 'out upon thee,
 Above all other loutes, fye on thee !'

But I checked the malediction. 'Out upon Time ?' — no ! Thou reverend softener of human sorrow ; thou who, throned upon the clouds of undiscovered fate, or with thy bright lock and thy insatiate weapon, enrobed in the sunshine of hope, and gay with that golden haze which plays above the distant vale of vernal Expectation — no ! not out upon thee ! Friend to the wretched — thou shouldst be a woman, for men, in the profundity of their blundering, talk of events in thy 'womb' — Great Unsexed, and yet evermore preserving in the primer thy masculine identity — thy *rather* disreputable and misplaced queue — and displaying in thy somewhat ancient physiognomy that desire of getting-ahead, so peculiar to thy respectful fellow-citizens, the American people. They speak of thee with respect, yet they take thee unceremoniously 'by the forelock,' whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern mountains, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. Twin-brother of *Eternity* ! oh, why so taciturn to human hearts, whose yearning core would thrill with undying rapture, to hear the particulars of the doings and scenes in that vast country, the dim dominion of thy Great Relation !

OBSERVE, my friend, I am not writing *against* time; so let us slowly on. My impressions of the old gentleman are sometimes extremely fantastic. I was looking, the other day, at a playful young cat, just emerging from the fairy time of kittenhood; something between the revelry of the fine mewer, and the gravity without the experience of the tabby. Now one would think that no great subject for contemplation. It would be looked upon by the million as inferior to astronomy. But it is the connexion of the events having reference to the quadruped, which renders her of interest. *Time* will expand her person, increase her musical powers, and bring her admirers. In her back, on winter evenings, will sleep a tolerable imitation of the lightnings of heaven. She will make great noise o' nights, and lap at interdicted cream. So much for her exterior — her love-passages and obstreperous concerts. But look within! That compact embodiment of ligaments and conduits, now treading gingerly over those fading leaves, and grapes of purple, what may they not be hereafter? Whose hearts may they not thrill, when strung on the sonorous bridge of a cremona, guided to softest utterances by the master hand? How many memories of youth, and hope, and fond thoughts, and sunny evenings, and bowers by moonlight, radiant with the beams of Cynthia, and warm with the sweet reflex of Beauty; the heart, touched by the attempered entrail, rosin-encompassed and bow-bestridden, may bound in age with recollections of departed rapture. And all from what? Smile not at the association, my friend — from Time and cat-gut.

It is a pleasure to the bereaved, to think that time, which sadly overcometh all things, can alone restore the separated, and bring the mutually-beloved together. Time, which plants the furrow, and sows the seed of death, stands to the faithful spirit, a messenger of light at that mysterious wicket-gate, from whence we step and enter upon the vast Unknown. Compare with this enlarged, this universe-embracing view, which breaks at once upon the soul, the act of laying down in what to some may seem a sleep of cold obstruction; and where is the resemblance of the one, or what eye hath heard, or what heart conceived, of the infinitude of the other; where the blooming immensity of a dominion, beyond all realms enrolled of earth, spreads brightly to the sight, illumined for ever with the bountiful smile of the Giver of Good.

Now there are some who do love marvellously to talk about the dainty glories of Spring. One of this sort is my friend DAFFODILLY. Daf. is a clever individual, with a heart as open as the day to the charities of life. But he turns up his nose at all the seasons, excepting Spring. The sight of an early flower in April makes his head a watering-pot. He is troubled with a kind of *green-sickness*, and reads Thomson as though his like never was nor could be. He has the 'pink incense' always upon him. Summer he despises; and Autumn, to him, is one scene of storm and gloom. Winter he associates with blue noses, cracked lips, and the absence of all feeling among men. 'But Spring!' he says, 'that opens the heart, that

excites the sympathies of men and hens, and produces glory and goslings!' I verily believe that Daff. would listen with more delight by the side of a green frog-pond, to the swollen concert of its occupants, in spring-time, than to the sweetest opera in the world. I know his taste, and I know a glorious book* he has not read. Let me commend unto him this passage therein: 'In all climates, Spring is beautiful. In the South, it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make a holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude, which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each others' chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing, not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And over head bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.'

I MUST say, myself, that after we have done with June, the summer mislikes me. The sun becomes impertinent; his choler increases, until he is absolutely insufferable, and you fly from his presence. You can hunt small panting birds in the woods, then, if you have the heart, as they sit on the boughs, with their hot mouths open; and great is the glory thereof. I once damaged the fetlock of a wren in that way, from the end of a rusty musket, which kicked the hunter over; and sent the entrails of a red squirrel, from the corner of a zig-zag fence, upon the roundabout of a traveller, who was journeying westward in a stage of the Telegraph line; my venatory exploits being all within the compass of these.

* Professor LONGFELLOW'S 'Hyperion.'

As I write, I can appreciate the *autumn-feeling* — something holy and peculiar — prevailing within me. I can see, by the increasing azure of the sky, by the enlarged clearness of the distant landscapes, when the eye greets them from the city, and by the transparent briskness of the air at evening, that the summer has gone, and the autumn-time begun. The woodlands stand in calm solemnity, robed in that rainbow coloring, the herald of their fallen honors, and the November storm. At such a season, the heart goes back, as on wings of the dove, to departed friends, and vanished pleasures ; and the sad hours of memory come up in long review.

The evening approaches. The clouds arise ; rain-drops patter on the branches ; the winds are loud : the hours pass imperceptibly. I will write — and rest :

'Tis an autumnal eve — the low winds, sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by ;
The eddying gusts to tossing waves replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky ;
The moon, pale mistress, palled in solemn vapor,
The rack, swift-wandering through the void above,
As I, a dreamer by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone ?
And *Thou*, whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee, in the vast *Unknown* ?
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved, departed — empress of my heart !
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,
In realms unveiled by pen, or prophet's art ?

Ah ! loved and lost ! in these autumnal hours,
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
Oh ! then my soul, exulting, bounds to thee !
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in *this* existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side :
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo — *she has died !*

Yes ! when the morning of her years was brightest,
That Angel-presence into dust went down ;
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive, wove the cypress crown ;
Sleep which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes ;
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom —
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggles over,
The pure in love and thought their faith renew :
Where Earth's forgiving and redeeming Lover
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim Autumn, with its leaves descending,
Howl on the winter's verge — yet Spring will come ;
So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth, shall regain its home.

No more, my reader — save only I am thine.

c.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE WORLD TO THE BIBLE: a Series of Lectures to Young Men. By GARDINER SPRING, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church. In one volume. pp. 404. New-York: TAYLOR AND DODD, late JOHN S. TAYLOR.

WE alluded, very briefly, in our last number, to the volume before us, which, in the externals of paper, printing, etc., is one of the most beautiful books we have ever seen from the New-York press. But its merits, in a moral and literary point of view, are of a far higher order. The lectures are characterized by general research, great biblical knowledge, appositeness of illustration, and throughout, by a felicity of language, which places the work in the front rank of kindred religious productions in this country. The lectures are thirteen in number, and are upon the following themes, or rather divisions of general theme; the use of oral and written language attributed to a supernatural revelation; the literary merit of the Scriptures; the obligations of legislative science to the Bible; the Bible friendly to civil liberty; the Scriptures the foundation of civil liberty and the rights of conscience; the morality of the Bible, its influence upon the social institutions, upon slavery, and on the extent and certainty of moral science; the pre-eminence of the Scriptures in producing true religion, and eliciting the influences of the Holy Spirit; the obligations of the world to the Bible for the Sabbath, and its influence on human happiness. Too many literary demands have succeeded the perusal of this excellent volume, to leave us space for the extracts we had prepared for insertion, in an intended elaborate review of the work. We cannot resist the inclination, however, to present two or three passages from the lecture upon the literary merit of the Scriptures, which, in these pages and elsewhere, we have argued, with Dr. SPRING, to be infinitely superior to any other known compositions, for all those qualities which constitute the highest literary excellence. In its historical, didactic, argumentative, and comparative features, we are shown, that the Bible is without peer or equal. The poetry of the sacred writings is happily glanced at, in the following extract:

"One of the most eminent critics has said, that 'devotional poetry cannot please.' If it be so, then has the Bible 'carried the dominion of poetry into regions that are inaccessible to worldly ambition.' It has 'crossed the enchanted circle,' and by the beauty, holdness, and originality of its conceptions, has given to devotional poetry a glow, a richness, a tenderness, in vain sought for in Shakspeare or Milton, in Scott or Byron. Where is there poetry that can be compared with the song of Moses at his victory over Pharaoh; with the Psalms of David; with the Song of Solomon, and with the prophecies of Isaiah? Where is there an elegiac ode to be compared with the song of David upon the death of Saul and Jonathan, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah? Where, in ancient or modern poetry, is there a passage like this? 'In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes. There was silence. And I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God; shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold he putteth no trust in his servants, and his angels he chargeth with folly. How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who are crushed before the moth!' Men who have felt the power of poetry, when they have marked the 'deep working passion of Dante,' and observed the elevation of Milton, as he 'combined image with image, in lofty gradation,' have thought that they discovered the indebtedness of these writers to the poetry of the Old Testament. But how much more sublime is Isaiah, than Milton! How much more enkindling than Dante, is David! How much

more picturesque than Homer, is Solomon, or Job! Like the rapid, glowing argumentations of Paul, the poetic parts of the Bible may be read a thousand times, and yet have all the freshness and glow of the first perusal. Where, in the compass of human language, is there a paragraph, which, for boldness and variety of metaphor, delicacy and majesty of thought, strength and invention, elegance and refinement, equals the passage in which 'God answers Job out of the whirlwind?' What merely human imagination, in the natural progress of a single discourse, and apparently without effort, ever thus went down to 'the foundations of the earth'—stood at 'the doors of the ocean'—visited 'the place where the day-spring from on high takes hold of the uttermost parts of the earth'—entered into 'the treasures of the snow and the hail'—traced the path of the thunderbolt—and, penetrating the retired chambers of nature, demanded, 'Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of the dew?' And how bold its flights, how inexpressively striking and beautiful its antitheses, when from the warm and sweet Pleiades, it wanders to the sterner Orion, and in its rapid course, hears the 'young lions crying unto God for lack of meat'—sees the war-horse pawing in the valley—describes the eagle on the crag of the rock—and in all that is vast and minute, dreadful and beautiful, discovers and proclaims the glory of Him who is 'excellent in counsel and wonderful in working?' The style of Hebrew poetry is every where forcible and figurative, beyond example. The book of Job stands not alone in this sententious, spirited and energetic form and manner. It prevails throughout the poetic part of the Scriptures; and they stand confessedly the most eminent examples to be found of the truly sublime and beautiful. I confess I have not much of the feeling of poetry. It is a fire that is enkindled at 'the living lamp of nature,' and glows only on a few favored altars. And yet I cannot but love the poetic associations of the Bible. Now, they are sublime and beautiful, like the mountain torrent, swollen and impetuous by the sudden bursting of the cloud. Now they are grand and awful as the stormy Galilee, when the tempest beat upon the fearful disciples. And again, they are placid as that calm lake when the Saviour's feet have pressed upon its waters, and stilled them into peace."

The reader will require no better evidence of the justice of our encomium upon the literary execution of the work from which the above passage is taken, than the extract itself, which is but a fair specimen of the style throughout.

ENGLAND AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM MARSH. In one volume. pp. 112. New-York: Printed for the Author.

THE inception, progress, and final completion, of this extraordinary volume of verse, have been to us no secret. From the very moment that a stout-built 'gentleman, with a slight infusion of the footman, in a frock-coat of grizzly-sable, first saluted us in the street, as an old acquaintance, and requested a loan of fifty shekels of silver, we have been familiar with the 'new light' in poetry, that was presently to burst upon the American public. At first, by parcels we something heard of the book before us, as, overtaken in a hurried business walk in the street, snatches from its contents, in sing-song twang, were poured into the porches of our ears. Subsequently, sheets were tendered us in advance, in order to whet the general appetite; but we declined creating a morbid action of the public stomach, by bestowing a portion of literary provant, which was to be intermitted for an entire month. At last, came the volume itself, accompanied by the writer, who had vainly come and gone from our two offices and private residence some scores of times, that he might present the book in person. 'Give it a good notice; praise it as highly as it *deserves*, and I ask no more;' says the modest author, intercepting us at the corner of a street; and half an hour after, accidentally encountering us at another corner, he adds: 'Do n't forget my 'England and other Poems!' Speak well of the book, and allude to me *personally*—will you?' We promised to advert to the volume, and hence the present notice.

We have little or no data for the 'personal allusions' solicited by our author; none, at least, that he would thank us for making. This is to be lamented. The world is always anxious to know the private habits of distinguished writers. Take *Doctor Johnson*, for example. Every thing about him; his coat, his wig, his figure, his face; his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye; the outward signs

which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner; his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums; his inextinguishable thirst for tea; his trick of touching the posts as he walked; his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel; his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings; his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence; his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage; all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But there has been no BOZWELL to unriddle us MARSH! He has himself alluded, indeed, to his English family arms, thereby affording us a touch of his quality; but a plain-spoken critic, who has furnished the only authentic scrap of our author's private history, says that New-England may claim him, as a native *artist*, who has in his time handled many a 'rich brush.' Disdaining pallet and easel, he began at the bottom of the ladder, and toiled upward; asking no less a field for his genius than the broad side of a house. Poetry and painting are nearly allied; hence the natural transition, which brought our author into the literary arena, where he is winning so many laurels.

But something too much of this. We desire to come to the point at once, and to assure the reader, that since Noah's remarkable freshet; since that 'liberty of the press' was first enjoyed, which implies the right of writing without talent or ideas; a book betraying more weakness and pretension, or a greater lack of every quality which should recommend poetry or prose, never had an hour of tediousness wreaked upon its perusal. Professing to confine our criticisms, mainly, to works which are likely to engage some portion of the public attention, we have not often felt ourselves called upon to notice productions which were doomed to quiet repose in a grocery. But the volume before us has been kept under a cloud by the critics of the daily and weekly journals; its 'great merits' have been hinted at so obscurely, and the comparisons between the writer and the best modern poets, and two or three very respectable ancients, withal, have been drawn so adroitly, that the *public* have been gulled, as well as the author; and the 'divine art' itself disgraced, in the eyes of some short-sighted readers, who religiously believe all they find in print. A spirited young Englishman, of our acquaintance, for example, fired with *amor patriæ*, and tempted by the title, 'England, and other Poems,' and the puffer of several fair-seeming newspaper critiques, purchased the book, to beguile the tedium of his exile among the 'outside barbarians' of this republic. His disappointment, on perusing it, he says, was not unlike that experienced by a countrywoman of his, near London, who ordered from her book-seller in town an 'Essay on Burns,' at the time when her favorite poet was in all his glory, and received, after a provoking delay, 'An Essay on Burns and Scalda,' by some petty provincial surgeon.

It is not our purpose to occupy the little space we have at command, with the Grub-street conceptions which make up the original portions of the work under notice. The volume is composed of nothing more nor less than a large quantity of bad prose, divided into unequal cuttings of several syllables; the weak thoughts and shameless thefts of a vain, silly, transparent poetaster. But that we may justify our verdict with the reader, we present a few brief extracts, taken at random, which will serve as examples of the general style of the author. The annexed stanza closes 'The Voyager's Return':

'And now farewell! a long, a last farewell,
To scenes though foreign, yet to memory dear,
For thou, my country! hast a magic spell,
To bind the heart, and start the sacred tear!'

The grammar of the following is only equalled by its tenderness. MR. NATHANIEL LEE, otherwise called 'NAT., for short,' has a stanza very similar to this:

'The last kind word of loved ones is spoken,
And full many a cheek with tears are wet;
Those silent monitors, the dearest token,
That fond memory never will forget!'

Here is a pair of stanzas, sugar'd à la Moore. The second verse is especially melodious:

'Dear girl! I love thee yet,
As in that joyful time,
Which I can ne'er forget,
While memory is mine.

'Will you love day by day,
And bless the name of him
Whose love, when far away,
From you, will never dim?'

In 'Musings upon the Sea,' 'with the never-ceasing billows all around,' we find the following. Its pathos will do, with an onion, but the measure is measureless:

'Long shall the widow watch each passing sail,
Her hair fluttering in the freshening breeze,
For grief is borne along on every gale,
And moans, he's lost upon the stormy seas.

'Oft a dear child will sleep, a ship in sight,
And oft the mother fond, will strain her eyes,
But it is not thy sire's — he sleeps in night,
To wake no more on earth, to mourn's bright skies.'

Here ensues a fragment of our poet's prose, which is not cut up into irregular lines, as in the other parts of his book. There is a 'general oneness' of antecedent here, which would have gratified old PRISCIAN:

'The following lines, when first written, were not intended for the public eye; but a friend of the author obtained a copy of them, and they shortly after appeared in several of the papers. The island in reference here, lies in Boston harbor, and still belongs to the family. It was there that the author passed his happiest years, and imbibed probably his taste for poetry, and the beauties of nature, as it is a very charming spot. The late GARDINER REENE, who was one of many gentlemen who partook of the happiness of its possessor, called it Fairy Isle; others, that of Calypso; and more recently, St. Helena, since the author's father is buried there.'

Has such a writer as this any cause to envy the ass his redundancy of ear? And does it not require a decided mediocrity, with brass enough to set up a bell-foundry, to put forth, with all confidence, such crude and ungrammatical prose and verse as are found above and below:

'O'er earth and sea some love to roam
In search of wealth, forget their home:
But dead to feeling is the heart
That from the breast let home depart:
Let other scenes charm as they will,
The thoughts of home is with me still!'

Among other fragments, equally shining, we find the subjoined, in a tribute to Captain PEROVER, soon after the launch of the 'Neptune' steamer. We preserve the punctuation:

'Thou well known navigator of the main,
Will soon launch forth upon its waves again;
To brave the ocean god, skil'd in his art,
Thou nobly know'st how to act thy part,
And safely steering through the dang'rous tide
Thy gallant steamer, o'er the waters wide
Rides proudly onward, past each rock and shore,
The wat'ry graves of those whom friends deplore,
Thou canst well trace each danger from the chart,
Of every southern coast, to York's gay mart;
Then may thy skill and never-quailing soul,
Ensure for thee thy well-deserving goal.'

Now this may not be a very neat 'job,' in the way of saponaceous verse, but it is strong, as the old One said, when he mended his breeches with a rope.

We take our present leave of Mr. MARSH and his book, with a word of advice, which is given in all sincerity and kindness; namely, that if he has not fully made up his mind to remain gloriously useless, and devote himself to imbecility, he would do well to lay aside the pen for ever. His intellectual health is inadequate to the labors of poetical composition. His fancy has the epilepsy; his language the rickets; his rhythm the Saint Vitus's Dance; and his only 'fire of genius,' is a sort of Saint Anthony's Fire. If

therefore, as is intimated, 'more remains behind;' if we are, in reality, more indebted to the writer's forbearance than his bounty; let us implore him not to dip his pen again in the fatal ink of publication. If he would not become in the literary field what Colonel PLUCK was in the military, let him cease to cudgel his dull brains, and forego the excogitation of weak thoughts. He cannot too soon realize, that he missed his only chance of poetical immortality, by not being alive, and of some consequence, when the 'Dunciad' was written.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LATEST FORMS OF INFIDELITY. Delivered at the Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, in July. By ANDREWS NORTON.

OUR thanks are due to the publisher, Mr. OWEN, of Cambridge, for a copy of this excellent Discourse. Its main object is, to expose the increasing error of those who confound the systems that have been substituted for it, with Christianity itself, and receive them in its stead, or in rejecting them, reject the faith altogether. The works of the German theologians, the writer contends, are most hostile to all that characterizes the Christian doctrine. 'Christianity is undermined by them, with the pretence of settling its foundations anew; phantoms are substituted for the realities of revelation.' Mr. NORTON proceeds to consider the arguments of SPINOZA, HUMÉ, and others, against miracles. In illustration of the fallacious idea, vain as regards each individual, of an unchanging stability in the order of nature, the writer remarks: 'Whatever we may fancy respecting the unchangeableness of the present order of things, to us it is not permanent. If we are to exist as individuals after death, then we shall soon be called, not to behold, but to be the subjects of, a miracle, of unspeakable interest to us. Death will be to us an incontrovertible miracle. For us the present order of things will cease, and the unseen world, from which we may have held back our imagination, our feelings, and our belief, will be around us in all its reality.'

We have been impressed with the force and beauty of the subjoined observations upon the demand for *certainly* in relation to the truths of the gospel history, concerning which so much has been written at home and abroad:

"To the demand for certainty, let it come from whom it may, I answer, that I know of no absolute certainty, beyond the limit of momentary consciousness, a certainty that vanishes the instant it exists, and is lost in the region of metaphysical doubt. Beyond this limit, absolute certainty, so far as human reason may judge, cannot be the privilege of any finite being. When we talk of certainty, a wise man will remember what he is, and the narrow bounds of his wisdom and of his powers. A few years ago, he was not. A few years ago, he was an infant in his mother's arms, and could but express his wants, and move himself, and smile and cry. He has been introduced into a boundless universe, boundless to human thought, in extent and past duration. An eternity had preceded his existence. Whence came the minute particle of life that he now enjoys? Why is he here? Is he only with other beings like himself, that are continually rising up and sinking in the shoreless ocean of existence; or is there a Creator, Father, and Disposer of all? Is he to continue a conscious being after this life, and undergo new changes; or is death, which he sees every where around him, to be the real, as it is the apparent end of what would then seem to be a purposeless and incomprehensible existence? He feels happiness and misery; and would understand how he may avoid the one and secure the other. He is restlessly urged on in pursuit of one object after another; many of them hurtful; most of them such, as the changes of life, or possession itself, or disease, or age, will deprive of their power of gratifying; while, at the same time, if he be unenlightened by revelation, the darkness of the future is rapidly closing round him. What objects should he pursue? How, if that be possible, is happiness to be secured? A creature of a day, just endued with the capacity of thought, at first receiving all his opinions from those who have preceded him, entangled among numberless prejudices, confused by his passions, perceiving, if the eyes of his understanding are opened, that the sphere of his knowledge is hemmed in by an infinity of which he is ignorant, from which unknown region clouds are often passing over, and darkening what seemed clearest to his view; such a being cannot pretend to attain, by his unassisted powers, any assurance concerning the unseen and the eternal, the great objects of religion.

"There can be no intuition, no direct perception, of the truth of Christianity, no metaphysical certainty. But it would be folly, indeed, to reject the testimony of God concerning all our higher relations and interests, because we can have no assurance that he has spoken through Christ, except such as the condition of our nature admits of.

"It is important for us to understand, that, in all things of practical import, in the exercise of all our affections, in the whole formation of our characters, we are acting, and must act, on probabilities alone. Certainty, in the metaphysical sense of the word, has nothing to do with the concerns of men, as respects this life or the future. We must discuss the subject of religion as we do all other subjects, when men talk with men about matters in which they are in earnest. It would be considered rather as insanity, than folly, were any one to introduce metaphysical skepticism, concerning causality, or identity, or the existence of the external world, or the foundation of human knowledge, into a discussion concerning the affairs of this life, the establishment of a manufactory, for example, or the building of a rail-road; or if he should bring it forward, to shake our confidence in the facts, of which human testimony and our own experience assure us; or to invalidate the conclusions, so far as they relate to this world, which we found on those facts."

Notes are appended to the pamphlet, containing 'some farther remarks on the characteristics of the modern German school of infidelity,' and 'on the objection to faith in Christianity, as resting on historical facts and critical learning.'

MORTON'S HOPE, OR THE MEMOIRS OF A PROVINCIAL. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

This is no common production. We have not the slightest cue to the writer's name or identity; but 'whoever he may be, or not,' he may certainly lay the flattering unction to his soul, of having written a work, in these days of stupid books and slipshod abortions, foreign and domestic, called 'novels' by courtesy, which is eminently calculated for *entertainment*, and which reflects honor alike upon his talents and his *tact*; qualities that are very far from always going together. The style of our author is especially natural and unconstrained. His wit, a prominent characteristic of the volumes, is never forced upon the attention, but flashes upon the reader, precisely, he cannot doubt, as it rose to the mind of the writer. In illustration of the author's quiet, oblique humor, and as examples of his easy unaffected sketches, we would cite the domestic characters and scenes introduced and interwoven in the history of the infancy and childhood of the hero, including his life at college. His descriptions of external nature strike us as possessing equal felicitousness and force, throughout the whole work. The era chosen is one of interest to every American, and the 'keeping' which should serve to make it so, is seldom wanting. The heroine is a lovely creation, with an exquisite name, and in her whole career, remains a woman of earthly mould, instead of becoming an *angel*, outright. This is a wise touch of policy on the part of our novelist; and although he may lay claim, perhaps, to little experience as an author, he has assuredly taught many of his predecessors a valuable lesson, in this regard, at least. Those who have caught the glimpses of life in German universities, which the accomplished author of 'Hyperion' has afforded us, in his recent delightful volumes, will find striking and elaborate pictures of similar scenes and characters, in the volumes before us. This portion of the work, in an especial manner, is written with the hand of a master; by one who observes closely, and depicts faithfully. It has been our purpose, in this necessarily brief notice, rather to call public attention to 'Morton's Hope,' than to present a detailed sketch of its character and merits. Once in the hands of the reader, the book will soon recommend itself to a warm acceptance. It has been published in England, where, as we observe, it is reputed to have been received with signal favor. We cannot doubt the fact, since the work could scarcely fail to command it, in any discriminating community.

EDITORS' TABLE.

GOSSIP FROM OUR NOTE-BOOK. — When, toward the close of a number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, we become wearied with perusing new publications, and 'saying our say' of them; when it requires an effort to read the accumulating favors of new friends; the 'Table,' meanwhile, being arranged, and waiting for a few side-dishes; we have no resource, save in the original 'Note-Book,' from which, at irregular and distant intervals, we have ventured to quote; gathering up the scattered fragments, such as they are, that nothing be lost. A 'small lot' is herewith 'offered to our customers.'

'WHERE is the antique glory now become,
That whilom went in women to appear?
Where be the brave achievements done by some?
Where be the battels, where the shield and spear,
And all the conquests, which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous poets' verse,
And boastful men so oft abasht to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful herse?
Or doen they only sleep, and shall again reverse?'

WE can answer Mr. EDMUND SPENSER's interrogation, by an authentic anecdote of a modern English woman, wherein it will be seen, that the brave achievements of females in the olden time, have been equalled by deeds of high moral emprise, 'done by some' of the present era. Captain SIR ROBERT BARCLAY, who commanded the British squadron in the Battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in that action, having lost his right arm, and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England, he was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely, on his return, that he was but a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. 'Tell him,' replied the noble girl, 'that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul!' Is not here matter as worthy of 'famous poets' verse,' as half the records of the chivalric age? Is it not a far nobler theme, than the feats of Amazons, and the exploits of men-women of a later day; or even the much-vaunted deeds of errant knights, whose blacksmiths' bills, for mending shabby armor, all the way to Palestine and back, have not been 'settled' to this day? We leave the verdict with the reader.

APPROPOS of the Battle of Lake Erie. We once heard an 'old salt,' who, if we remember rightly, was in the engagement, describe the subsequent scene on board the brave PERRY's vessel. One poor fellow was sent below to the surgeon, with his right arm dangling like an empty coat-sleeve at his side. It had been shattered near the shoulder, and amputation was pronounced unavoidable. He bore the painful operation without a groan or a murmur, although 'cold drops of sweat stood on his trembling flesh.' An hour or two after his arm was amputated, he called the surgeon to his side, and said, 'I should like to see my arm, if you have no objection.' 'None in the world,' replied the surgeon, 'if you desire it.' The amputated limb was brought, and poor Jack, pressing the cold hand, which had forgot its cunning, in his left exclaimed, with tears in

his eyes: 'Farewell! messmate! You and I have weathered many a tough gale together, and now we must part. You have been a good friend to me; I shall never find such another!' The day after the battle, as we gather from a record preserved in the American Museum, the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers, who had fallen in the action, were performed in an appropriate and affecting manner. An opening on the margin of the bay was selected for the interment of the bodies. The crews of both fleets attended. The weather was fine; the elements seemed to participate in the solemnities of the day, for every breeze was hushed, and not a wave ruffled the surface of the water. The procession of boats, the neat appearance of the officers and men; the music, with the slow and regular motion of the oars, striking in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge; the mournful waving of the flags, and the sound of minute-guns from the different ships in the harbor; the wild and solitary aspect of the place, the stillness of nature, gave to the scene an air of melancholy grandeur, better felt than described. All acknowledged its influence; all were sensibly affected. What a contrast did it exhibit to the terrible conflict of the preceding day! *Then*, the people of the two squadrons were engaged in the deadly strife of arms:

— 'then, each gun,
From its adamant lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!'

Now, they associated like brothers, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the dead of both nations.

READER, did you ever hear of old Mr. Ross, of Ross River, father of General Ross, who was killed at Baltimore? Here is a pleasant record of him, which an antiquarian friend of ours thought worthy of segregating from the general chit-chat of an after-dinner sitting. Old Mr. Ross was the great man of a small neighborhood, and patronized a protestant church in his vicinity. The congregation was small, as the lower classes of that part of Ireland were principally Catholics. Mr. Ross had the most important face, and was altogether the most important personage, in the church. The parson never commenced the service, until Mr. Ross made his appearance. Sometimes the latter would fall asleep, during the sermon; upon which the clergyman, out of respect to his patron, would pause awhile. Presently the old gentleman would wake up, rub his eyes, and exclaim, with a gentle wave of the hand, 'Go on Sir—go on! I am with you!' Now where will one find such considerate politeness, in clergymen of kindred caliber, at the present day? We once knew 'a learned judge, an upright judge,' who always forgot, when at church, that he was not on the bench, and invariably fell asleep. He always sat out the service, however, except on one memorable occasion. It was a sultry summer afternoon, and he had already listened to a long hour of divinity, when, at a new branch of his discourse, the dominie split the residue of his text into twenty-four parts. Upon this, the judge opened his pew-door, (*proh pudor!*) and walked out of the church. In the porch, he encountered a neighbor, who, sitting near the door, had slipped out, to relieve, for a few moments, 'the tedium of compulsory devotion.' 'Why, what's the matter, Judge?' said he; 'what has brought you out?' 'I'm going for my night-gown and slippers,' he replied; 'for I find I must take up my quarters here to-night!'

Here are some remarks, in pencil, upon the performance, long ago, by that Hood of America, FINN, of old PHILIP GARBOIS, in the play of 'An Hundred and Two.' No one who has ever seen this admirable performer in this difficult character, but must remember the *perfect* representation which he gives of tottering decrepitude, and extreme old age; the pathos of which is relieved by the amusing scenes between him and his 'boys,' two promising, white-haired juveniles, of seventy-five and eighty years. We have lately been reminded of GARBOIS, by hearing or reading of an old gray-headed man,

in France, who was found, by a traveller, weeping bitterly at the door of a humble dwelling, near the road-side. Upon inquiring the cause of his grief, he replied, that his father had just flogged him! Amazed to hear that so old a man had a father still living, the tourist was curious enough to inquire what he had beaten him for. 'Because,' said the old man, 'I passed by my grand-father, without paying my respects to him!' Entering the house, the traveller saw both father and grand-father; the former still a hale, though a *very* old man; the latter, 'hovering, with insecure adhesion, between two eternities,' and unable to move, because of his extreme old age. Such age-infancy, without hope of future promise, how appalling it is! What *is* life to such? A weary load, which they may not, dare not cast away! That was an affecting remark, recorded of an aged woman who was seen standing in the door of a dwelling, in some town in New-Hampshire; bent nearly double, her brown neck wrinkled like a turkey's, her eyes purging thick amber; and as she spoke, revealing a solitary fang, standing sentinel at the door of a sunken, cavernous mouth. The tolling of the village bell, for some departed soul, came faintly to her dull ear, and she exclaimed, in broken accents, and a voice that piped and whistled in its sound, 'When shall I die! I am afraid God has forgotten me! Oh, when will the bell toll for me? It seems as if it never would toll for me! I am afraid that I shall never die!'

CERTAIN passages from the correspondence of a friend, while making a tour in Scotland, are transferred to a leaf of our Note-Book. They are separated, we perceive, from much that gave them zest, in the original epistles; yet they afford us one or two traveller's tales, illustrative of old Scottish hospitality, or rather conviviality, which are worth preserving. Our friend did not pretend to vouch for the truth of the stories, although he picked them up at the best tables. 'One of the stoutest carousers,' he writes, 'in the good old drinking times, was a Mr. KELLY, ancestor of LORD KELLY. The conviviality of his table was occasionally carried to an extreme. A spell of drinking, at one time, set in with unusual severity. The company had kept it up, for two or three days, without intermission, when one of the party, regarding another at the other end of the table, for some time, who was leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed, and his jaw fallen, requested the person seated beside him to jog his neighbor; 'for he looks so *gash*,' said he, 'I fear it is na canny wi' him.' 'Hoot, mon!' replied the other, 'he's been dead these two hours; but I thought it best not to mention it, as it might mar good company!' . . . 'Another family, in those roaring times, kept open house. The revel was always going on. A punch-bowl, of mighty dimensions, was never suffered to be empty, and all comers were welcome. The members of the family relieved each other, and there was a perpetual session. One day, a stranger, as was customary, rode up to the portal, gave his horse in charge to a servant, until he should refresh himself, and took his seat at the hospitable board. So well did he relish the cheer, that there he sat, day after day, month after month, and year after year, until, taking umbrage at something that occurred, he called a servant, and ordered his horse, in high dudgeon. 'Troth, your honor,' replied the servant, 'your steed's been dead these three years!'

PHRENOLOGICAL PHENOMENON. — It is related of Dr. MAGIN, of 'Fraser's Magazine,' that going out to a duel, one morning, he was taken suddenly ill in the coach, and was obliged to return. Soon after, a spot of hair, over his organ of courage, shone amid the black locks that surrounded it, as white as snow. We have before us a letter from a reverend gentleman of this city, detailing a similar phenomenon in his own case, which has been attested by Dr. CALEB TICKNOR, and other distinguished phrenologists. In sore trials and grievous perplexities in his church, certain organs of his brain were excited to the utmost; in consequence of which, the hair and skin, situated over them, with a demarcation perfectly distinct, suddenly became *white*, as in age. The case is a very extraordinary one.

FOREIGN HUMBUGS. — We have not for many a day seen a more laughable satire upon the foreign charlatans of the day, who leave their country to enlighten the British and American nations, in matters of science, literature, and the arts, than is contained in a late English magazine. It is a brief sketch of the career of Baron VON DULLBRAINSZ, of Germany, who visits London to write his observations upon manners, customs, society, and eminent individuals. His mission gives him great importance. His society is courted by lords and commoners; his company is solicited on all lionizing occasions; every syllable he utters, is swallowed with infinite gusto. He goes from one scientific meeting to another, elucidating every inquiry, and with most original ideas, changing the entire face of science and scientific belief; and dictates to the public in the true dictatorial style. Here is a part of his dissertation upon machinery, at the London Mechanics' Institute:

'You hab,' says he, 'a cleber mechanicien, call Babbleage, who has construct a machin to calculate logarithms, and reach de highest branch of matymatica. You shall pehold dat dis is bot small merit; and dat, in fact, de machin is himself more cleber dan Mr. Babbleage. It is easy ting to make machin more cleber dan de maker. For examp, I make a wheel; dat wheel is more cleber dan me, for he can roll a hunder mile, and I cannot roll one! I make a cask; dat cask is more cleber as me, for he can hold tub of wine, and I cannot hold more as sves bottle! In every ting you make, it is de steam; dat ting is more intelligent, more cleber, more powerful, more ability, more talent, more genius, dan de maker. I intend let you see de improvements I shall make in Babbleage machin, to which I shall corporate Mr. Veitstone's speaking-machin, and de two combine shall not only calculate far better dan Mr. Babbleage, but speak more plainer and better English as me. You shall see!'

In his remarks before the Statistical Society, he is equally felicitous. 'Vat shall it signify,' says he, 'how many peoples in dis place, or in dat place, live in cellars or garreta, or how mush gin dey drinks, and how mush beer; how many nasty children dey hab, or how few; vether dey cut de droat, or pick de pocket? It is all ver' well. Bot I shall make my statistique mush boyond. Dere is my tables of classes, professions, and businessses, and my show how mush dey differ in de lies, de fibs, de misrepresents, and de mistyfications.' The learned foreigner here produces a most amusing set of tables, with columns of figures, as 'specimens of de statistique reduce to de finer data, in vich de economie of lying is expound.' In the case of parsons, he makes a proviso, 'on Sundays, rader more;' and in that of members of Parliament, he adds eighteen and a half per cent. during election time! His tables, exhibiting the wealth of England, are especially rich in valuable statistical information:

'I shall now make him appear dat de turnspike rods, if continue in von line, would go round de world, and turn back again; dat dere is fifty-seven mile six forlong and a yard of gold and silver vatches in Great Britan, all vich is wealth. Dus dere are fifteen million five hundred dousand peoples. Of dese, six hundred dousand, class I., hab gold vatch. Class II., von peoples in tree hab gold vatch; four hundred and fifty dousand more. Class III., von peoples in den hab gold vatch; two hundred and eighteen dousand. In class IV., von peoples in fifty; eighty-dwo dousand six hundred. In lower classes, von peoples in two hundred and fifty; twenty-five dousand five hundred gold vatches. I calculate same manner in silver vatch; and I find dat all de gold and silver vatch in Great Britan, if layed side by side, to touch von anoder, would reach j-ust fifty seven mile six forlong and von yard. Vat you vant vid new rurale pelice, von you hab got such valuable old vatch?' (*Great applause.*)

The address of the Baron, in taking leave of the British Association, holding a session at Birmingham, is capital:

'I am oblige to go leave you, magnifique and charming English peoples! I am oblige to go, before you shall hear of me no more. A prophet is never prize in his own countree. I vas call quack and imposture in my land, and by my envying contemporains. It vas reserve for de English peoples, sagacious and penetrative, to discover de genius I vas all quite along sensible I possesse. You know nothing of de sciences, de literature, or de arts; but you are amable peoples, and ven cleber foreigner of genius come to you, you sure to appreciate him. I hab live vid your princes, presidents, professors, and oder great fools, and von and all hab treat me as dey ought de greatest man of de world. In mine own countree, every body laugh at me, and say, 'Bah! — silly fellow!' Bot, English peoples good; and 'bove all, de Mare and Munzepl of Brummagem, and de British Ass —'

Here an alarm of 'Chartists!' stopped the orator. Windows were broken, brick-bats flew, and the riot act was read to broken heads and deaf ears. VON DULLBRAINSZ had no taste for liberty. He hurried from Birmingham, he left London, he quitted England, and fled to Skimmerdam, where he is now engaged in writing his travels.

A CLASSIC REPAST. — We have just risen, good reader, from a pleasant 'relish' between-meals, enjoyed in company with an illustrious friend, whose presence and conversation would make a feast of a red herring. It was no cold-cut direct, of half-roasted animal flesh, from yesterday's shambles; no spare birdling, 'just on the verge of all we hate,' so affected of *bon vivants*, such as one may nose in the lobby of the fashionable restaurateur; nor yet a sardine, though that is well; nor an anchovy, which is better. It was none of these. We have given you to know, reader, what is *was not*. Listen now to what it *was*. Life's staff, of wheat, white 'as the new-fallen snow that falls on Snowdon's top;' butter, named of Goshen, yellow as gold; and,

— 'thickly spread
On corresponding 'chunks' of bread,'

and butter, what do you imagine, curious reader? Nothing less than that world-renowned nectar, the veritable *Honey of Hymettus*. These were the substantials; to which succeeded an unshapely bottle of wine, which was in the crypt of a dwelling in 'Scio's rocky isle,' when the wail of massacred thousands swelled on the breeze; true 'wine of the vine benign,' pressed from a grape rich-hued as the glass through which, while poised upon the lip, the day-light poured a purple ray. This was the fluid, we cannot doubt, of which the chiefest of all the apostles, writing from Greece, asked his friends to 'take a little, for the stomach's sake.' And for the other product of classic land, what flavor could be 'sweeter than the honey of Hymettus?' What odor more aromatic, than the aroma it exhales? — as nectarean, as balm-breathing, as when the Pelsagi rejoiced over it, and bards as immortal as the adamantine mount whence it came, sang its enduring praises. Our friend had eaten the sweet food of Hybla, gathered where it grew, a little to the south of old Ætna, but considered the product of Hymettus, in grocer phrase, decidedly 'the best article.' From the demesne of an English gentleman — one of several who possess 'real estate' upon and beneath the sides of Hymettus — we receive the nectar, fresh from the cells. These, as we gather from a note which accompanied the grateful present, have a singular appearance, when seen from a distance. A hollow, least exposed to the winds of winter, is chosen for their location. An excavation of some four or five feet is made in the mountain, and rudely arched over with stone: at the extremity is sometimes placed an earthen vessel, or a wooden box; but more generally, nothing but square blocks of stone, with pieces of sticks for the adhesion of the comb, and to facilitate the operations of the insect. Many of the hollows of Hymettus abound in these cells, which appear to the traveller as entrances to so many yawning caverns. This peculiar contrivance has its origin, not so much from a rude state of society, as from its being the best way of destroying the bee, and abstracting the spoils of its labors. At the proper season, the peasant having in charge colonies of these insects, uproots from the spot around him bunches of decayed thyme, sage, (which grows wild all over the country,) and other shrubs, and thickly filling the entrance of the cavern, sets fire to the mass. In a few minutes, its industrious inhabitants are extinct. It would seem difficult to introduce improvements upon this barbarous system of extermination, although it has been attempted by the English gentleman before mentioned. There is, however, but little fear that the bees will become extinct. Their fecundity is proverbial; and perhaps no place in the world possesses so many attractions for them, as Hymettus. It abounds with fragrant shrubs, and innumerable flowers, that spring up every where upon it; and each successive shower seems to summon from the earth a new species of flower, to afford sustenance for this most industrious and useful of insects. In modern times, and under Turkish domination, a portion of the tribute of Attica was paid in honey, which was required for the use of the ladies of the sultan's harem. It was held in great esteem at the capital; and its peculiar fragrance and richness of taste, and the high price it commanded, made it a favorite article of commerce, which enriched the avarice of the bashaw, at whose command the trembling peasant yielded up the produce of his apiary, at any price it might suit the oppressor to dictate. So much for our luncheon.

'GREENWOOD CEMETERY.' — Such of our metropolitan readers as may have been inclined to deem excessive the praise awarded, in the daily journals, to the grounds of the 'Greenwood Cemetery,' upon the Heights of Gowanus, near Brooklyn, will have all their doubts removed, by a visit to the spot. We are enabled, from personal observation, to assure the reader, 'that the half has not been told him.' Confessing our present inability to do justice to the immediate scenery, or to the near and distant views, we shall here simply premise, reserving for another occasion a more particular description of the grounds, that in our judgment, neither 'Mount Auburn,' 'Laurel Hill,' nor 'Mount Hope,' beautiful as they are, can compare with the 'Greenwood Cemetery,' in the beauty and variety of the scenes which it commands; views of distant mountains, the melancholy waste of ocean, with bays indenting picturesque shores; of bold headlands, looking down upon noble rivers, and cities sleeping in the sunshine; of rounded eminences and gentle slopes; of calm lakes, reposing in natural basins of surpassing beauty; and of rural villages, gleaming from the landscape, on every hand. We are glad to perceive that the grounds are attracting numerous visitors. We can easily foresee, that they will soon form one of the most prominent 'lions' in the environs of our city. The present is the season to visit this charming spot. In this Sabbath of the year, when the many-colored leaves of a countless variety of trees and shrubbery flash in the sun, or are reflected from the embosomed lake; when the distant landscape rises clear in the transparent light, and the city seems to slumber at your feet; the Greenwood Cemetery, not less for these allurements, than the natural associations of the scene, is a preëminently attractive resort. The projectors deserve the thanks of the community, for their laudable enterprise; the more, that it is wholly disinterested; since, by their charter, the entire receipts for burial lots, which are to be sold at a reasonable price, are to be employed in laying out and beautifying the grounds.

LECTURES ON MODERN GREECE. — We alluded, in our last number, to a proposed course of lectures on modern Greece, to be delivered during the autumn, by Mr. CHRISTOPHER P. CASTANIS, a native of Greece. We have since seen a programme of the intended series; and the reader will agree with us, that they embrace very attractive themes. The subject of the first lecture will be MARCO BOZZARIS, and the Greek warriors, whose customs and manners throw much light upon the Homeric muse. In this lecture will also be embraced an account of the Pyrrhic dance, Grecian heroic songs, etc., the orator dressing *en costume*, the better to illustrate his sketches; the second will treat of the massacre at the lecturer's native island of Scio, and of his captivity there; the third, of the conflagration of the Turkish admiral ship, by the intrepid CONSTANTINE CAKANIS, with his fire-boat, in the straits of Scio, wherein were destroyed the Turkish admiral Capitan Pacha, the cause of the massacre at Scio, together with three thousand Turks; fourth, the arrival and death of LORD BYRON, in the sacred city of Missolonghi, his speech to the Greeks, fall of the city, etc.; fifth, the memorable Battle of Navarino; sixth, HOMER's birth-place, with traditions; and seventh, his Iliad. We anticipate for Mr. CASTANIS, of whose manner report speaks favorably, crowded audiences.

MR. ESPY'S THEORY OF CENTRIPETAL STORMS is essentially demolished, in a pamphlet of 'Remarks' upon it, now before us, 'including a Refutation of his Positions relative to the Storm of September third, 1821, with some Notice of the Fallacies which appear in his Examinations of other Storms. By W. C. REDFIELD.' The whole is from an elaborate article in the last number of the 'Journal of the Franklin Institute,' Philadelphia. The arguments, observation, and research, here displayed, will add materially to the reputation which Mr. REDFIELD has acquired, at home and abroad, in this branch of natural science.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE: SOME OF THE 'CARDS'.—Unlike a luscious blue-pointer, the season at the Park did not 'open rich.' The interior arrangements of this magnificent Temple of the Muses did not mount up to our preexpressed anticipations. Neither the Gobelin tapestry, nor the resplendent chandelier of diamonds, had arrived. Even the 'drop' dropped short of our expectations; for upon its canvass stood the identical Queen of Tragedy, and sister of John Kemble, in the same attitude, looking as determined, as giant-like, and as tragic, as ever. There sat John, Charles, and Stephen; there stood the two pages, one with the same well-proportioned legs, and the other with the identical and most interesting cast in his eye, as aforetime; in short, the same pleasant family circle, with which we have been on familiar terms for the last twelve months. A few nights of 'leather and prunella,' more like the fag-end of the old season, than the fresh commencement of the new, passed away, and expectation grew by the delay. The new opera corps was at length announced, and their doings in the new opera of 'Fidelio,' and the TAGLIANIS, became at once the grand theatrical themes of the in-guers of the Park. Much has already been written, and more said, of the opera of 'Fidelio.' The lamented MALIBRAN made it her own, as she did every tone of music which her heaven-inspired voice breathed upon. It was, we believe, one of the last of her divine exhibitions; and the hallowed influence which the blending of her art with that of the grand German maestro created, added another jewel to her resplendent crown; and in the sudden closing of her glorious day, made the night still darker. We must, after enjoying the first, last, and many intermediate performances of this opera, give it as our humble opinion, that the audiences which have listened to it, are not, and until much musical knowledge has given them a more refined taste, cannot be, able to appreciate the merits of this sublime composition. We have also another opinion, namely, that the operatic corps at the Park, excellent as it is in its principals, is not competent to the task of rendering the music, in its full, pure, and perfect spirit. These two reasons are quite sufficient to account for the lack of that enthusiasm which has generally attended the production of new operas. If these all-sufficient hindrances did not exist, there are others, to mar, if not to destroy, the effect of this or any other great composition, at this house. We object to the exhibition of scenery so absolutely decrepid, and worn out with long service, that it is not able to bear itself upright. One of the flats (we are speaking of the scene, and not of any member of the choral department,) used in 'Fidelio,' seems determined to support its name, although quite unable to support itself, by falling flat, or nearly so, every other night. There is but one new scene in the whole three acts: the rest are veterans; and if long service, scars and wounds, bruises and decrepitude, merit any thing, these ragged servitors appeal strongly to the property-man for a place on the retired list. The dress and appearance of the prisoners is altogether out of character. Here are a number of unfortunates, who have wasted years and years in a dungeon; wretched, half starved, and ragged; under the cruel will of a heartless tyrant; yet they come before us, looking as fresh, hale, and hearty, as if they had lived long upon cakes and ale, and dressed in garments every way as innocent of rent, or the appearance of wretchedness, as the uniform of the Governor's Body Guard. These things are not trifles. In no species of theatrical entertainment, are larger drafts made upon the imagination, than in opera; and all the little helps and appliances which can be produced to sustain the dream, should be brought forward. These prisoners, as they are much before the audience, as upon the sufferings of one of their number the whole interest of the drama depends, should show, in their appearance, some sign of their sufferings. We are quite sure there are rags enough in the Park wardrobe, to furnish a regiment of beggars with characteristic apparel.

The instrumental parts of the opera are beyond description beautiful and touching: even to the unlearned, they are full of most divine melodies; and those who cannot so well understand the vocal performances, do not fail to enjoy the full-toned harmonies, and the soft, delicious murmurings of the orchestra. Mr. GAMBATI's trumpet alone breaks the spell, when its ambitious master urges its tones beyond the limits of his score. The new leader, Mr. THOMAS, has shown his skill in the perfect harmony, with this one exception, with which the most arduous and intricate passages are executed; and he would wisely show his authority, by teaching Mr. GAMBATI a little more discretion, and somewhat less confidence. He is a great trumpeter, but we believe he did not write the overture.

The public were agreeably disappointed in Miss POOLE. Her voice, her person, and her acting, pleased. To an operatic performer, we are inclined to the opinion that these are points of considerable importance. Her voice is a contralto, rich, full, and pure; her person rather petite, but graceful, and engaging; and her acting natural, and like that of one accustomed to the business of the stage. Mr. MARTIN we like tolerably, and we certainly should like him much better, if he sang

in tune; but, even to our unsophisticated ear, he sings flat. Mrs. MARTYN, the 'Fidelio,' sings with great feeling and spirit, but apparently with effort; and one can hardly wonder at this, in the extremely difficult music which she executes, and the absolute labor of acting the part which she assumes. Her voice is a soprano, of limited compass. Mr. GIUSELLE sings the basso well, and powerfully. His acting is as good as his singing, and this is much. We hope to see him in some part, where a wider field will be given him for the display of both these qualities. Mr. MANVERS has astonished and delighted all who have heard him. Bursting upon us, as he did, in the third act, unheralded, and without any great expectations from the audience, he carried hearts and hands with him at once. 'While my Youth was in its Flowers,' brought forth an acclamation from pit to dome, and went as far to win the good will of the audience to the opera, as its most ardent friends could have desired. Mr. MANVERS' voice is a 'tenor,' of exquisite beauty. It is rich, round, and musical, and he uses it with a spirit, speaking from his soul. He seems to feel every note, as it gushes forth from the deep agony of his tried spirit. We cannot think that music can be more movingly expressive, than it is made in the first scene of the third act of *Fidelio*, by Mr. MANVERS.

We hope to see this corps, one and all, in an opera which will be better understood and appreciated by an English audience; and we have no doubt they will all be personally benefited thereby. Audiences will understand them, then, and be better able to judge of their abilities than they possibly can be in an opera, which, we are free to confess, is above our own individual capacity to appreciate; and we think we are not doing injustice to nineteenth-twentieths of those who have listened to it, with us, in believing that it is also above their complete apprehension. It was certainly a bold movement, on the part of manager and performers, to place at once before a New-York public a composition acknowledged to be one of the most lofty, labored, and classical of any of BEETHOVEN'S efforts; an opera which even the English public could not, even when it was presented to them through the hallowed tones of MALIBRAN, or DEVRIENT, or GRISI, clearly understand or appreciate. The success which the new singers have been able to give to a work so difficult in its execution, and so far beyond the immediate comprehension of the unlearned, is an earnest of power, which, when exercised upon music known and understood among us, will bring back accustomed crowds of listeners and admirers to the benches of Old Drury.

We have seen the last, for the present, at least, of the TAGLIONIS; and it will be long before our public will have an opportunity of beholding their compeers. Since the opening, they have been busy, and the exquisite grace and perfection of their performances, have established them more firmly than ever in public favor. The ballet of 'Nathalie,' simple as it is, and ought to be, in its plot and pretensions, has given to Madame TAGLIONI an opportunity of displaying her talents as an actress; and it is no discredit to all the pantomimists who have gone before her on our stage, to say, that she excels them all. No *geste* ever spoke louder; indeed it was much easier to understand her silent language, than the loud words of many tolerable actors. The looking-glass scene, in the second act of this little bijou, will be long remembered, by all who beheld it. Wonder, astonishment, fear, mingled with delight, all were expressed with the spirit and strength of nature. We bid adieu to these finished artistes, with very reasonable regret. Their stay has been just long enough to make the public appreciate their excellence, and too short to satisfy the new taste for the ballet, which their chaste and natural performances have created. We give them God speed to the court of Berlin, and a speedy return to their American friends.

A new opera by JAMES MÄDER, Esq., a gentleman whose taste and talent as a composer are not unknown to the public, is about to be produced at one of the principal theatres. Those who have heard the music, are loud in its praise, and predict, from the simple grace and feeling which pervade its harmonies, a great treat to all lovers of music, whether belonging to the 'dilettanti,' or to the unsophisticated school.

THEATRICAL SYNOPSIS. — WALLACE, the Indefatigable, is no sooner most essentially burned out, than we find him at NIBLO'S, with all his fine stock company, and such superior constellations as VANDENHOFF and his daughter, KEAN, etc. A new and splendid metropolitan theatre, occupying the square upon which Washington Hall now stands, will rise, like a creation of enchantment, before many months, to be placed under the supervision of this popular manager. Success to the enterprise! At the BOWERY, the treasury has overflowed, like the audiences; CELESTE, and other theatrical 'features,' being the attractions. MESSRS. FLYNN and WILLARD'S new CHATHAM THEATRE is winning a fair share of patronage. Dropping in, on two occasions, to hear SCOTT in Richard the Third, and the wonderful Hungarian Singers, we found the house thronged. Mr. FLYNN is an experienced caterer, and addresses himself to the management with the judgment and tact of a veteran.

'THE ROSE OF SHARON.'—A religious annual, for 1840, thus entitled, has reached us from the publishers, Messrs. TOMPKINS AND MUSSEY, Boston. Aside from the frontispiece, ('The First Shade of Thought,' which it may be hoped was also the *last*, if the picture be faithful,) there are three or four pretty engravings; while the printing and binding are clear, neat, and tasteful. The contents, both of prose and verse, are above the average of this class of ephemeral literature. We can find room for but a brief extract from the first article, 'Home,' which, saving two or three affectations, such as 'tears of gratitude *conglobing* in the eye,' etc., is extremely well written. The following is a natural transcript of the impressions one receives, when returning, after a long absence, to the home of his childhood:

'When years on years have rolled over us in distant lands, let our feet press again the well-known haunts of early years, and O, how changed will all appear! The rugged hill seems but a small hillock, to our travelled and practised eyes. The deep, deep hollow, or gulf, seems a very small valley. The capacious school-house—can this small cabin be the house? And the large meeting-house, where the young eye was strained to find its limits, is *this* shrunken building that venerable place?

'And these are not the bitterest changes. The gray-haired and the middle-aged, they have departed; the generation in which they lived and died, has almost ceased to remember them; and the monuments erected to their memories are leaning over their graves, and gathering greenness and decay on the inscriptions. We pass our friends in the streets, without recognizing them, or being recognized by them in return. And when a recognition takes place, we gaze on each other in wondering strangeness, endeavoring in the rugged features, in the furrowed brow, in the dimmed eye, or the passion-altered countenance, to trace out a feeble resemblance to the image we have so long carried in our hearts. We speak, and mutually start at the changed sound of each other's voices, and the altered play and expression of each other's features. We converse of those we have mutually known and loved. One has become wealthy and selfish, another poor and misanthropic; one has grown bloated in vice and corruption, and gone down to his grave in degradation and shame; and another, as changed as he, still lives in successful but miserable villany and crime; one is the tenant of a prison, another of a mad-house, and a third subsists on the bounty of his friends. Some have wandered to the ends of the earth, and been heard of no more; and others are still living in body, but dead, worse than dead, in all that constitutes them men; besotted with drink, their minds debased and enfeebled, and their mouths filled with cursing and bitterness! How few, how very few, still survive, as we knew them in early youth!

The first four stanzas of 'The Baptism,' by Miss EDGARTON, may afford a favorable specimen of the poetical portion of the volume:

Suz stood at the altar with heavenward eye,
All hazy and soft with thought;
And her breath stole out in a tremulous sigh,
With passionate feeling fraught.
But her brow was calm as a bed of snow,
Where the moonbeams softly rest;
And her raven hair fell wavy and low,
Like a quivering shade on her breast.

Her cheek was so downy, it might have lain
On a rose-bud through the night,
Nor borrowed the hue of a fragrant stain,
On its pure and shadowless white.
But nought was there seen on the snowy cheek,
Or the softly waving hair,
Like the spirit, so earnest and sweetly meek,
That rose from her eye in prayer.

She was yielding her heart, in its shadeless truth,
To the service and faith of heaven;
In those sunniest hours of her spotless youth,
Her love and her trust were given.
She knelt, all holy, and breathed her vow,
While the priest from the altar trod,
With the dewy seal for her radiant brow,
Of a covenant formed with God.

O lovely as youth at the bridal seems,
Where the plighted heart is given,
A higher and holier beauty beams
From the face of the bride of Heaven!
A spirit devoted to holy love,
A child of the second birth,
Whose faith and affections are anchored above,
Is the loveliest thing on earth!

Mr. P. PRICE, Fulton-street, near Broadway, is the New-York publisher of the 'Rose of Sharon.'

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.—Messrs. SWORDS, STANFORD AND COMPANY have in press, and nearly ready for publication, COLERIDGE'S 'Aids to Reflection,' edited by HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, with an introductory essay, by the Rev. JOHN M'VICKAR, D. D.; together with the second volume, and a new edition of both volumes, of MELVILLE'S Sermons. All these publications are of a high order.

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NOTES ON THE NETHERLANDS.

—
BY CALER CUSHING.
—

ON the canals which communicate between the great cities of Holland, you find two kinds of boats, or vessels, drawn by horses; namely, the *pakschuyts*, and the *trekschuyts*. The first, as its name imports, is for the transportation of merchandise; the second is mainly used for the conveyance of passengers. The *trekschuyts* always have their stations without the gates, or at the very entrance of the large places between which they ply, and do not carry you through the midst of a city. Thus, in going from Rotterdam to the Hague, when you reach Delft, you leave the boat in which you arrived, and crossing the town on foot, you take another boat at the opposite gate, which conveys you to the Hague. Of course, the traveller will always find it convenient to send his heavy baggage, if he have any, by the *pakschuyt*, so as not to be embarrassed by the trouble of transferring it frequently from one boat to another, at much trouble and expense, and some risk of loss. Having done this, he will find it highly agreeable to travel by the *trekschuyt*, at least during the summer, along the course of the canals, where meadows and country houses reach to the water's edge, and a constant succession of pleasing objects will meet his eye. As the boats depart at fixed hours, and move with great regularity, although not very rapidly, of course he can calculate with certainty the time of his arrival at a given place, and make all his arrangements accordingly; in addition to which, the movement of the boat is so gentle, that he may read or write in it with perfect ease. The price of conveyance is extremely moderate, moreover, and is fixed by a tariff, under the direction of the municipal authorities, so that no imposition can be practised upon a stranger. Nothing more is ever demanded, except a trifling gratuity for the postillion, which you may give or withhold, as you please. As they differ in some respects from our canal boats, a short description may not be amiss.

Each *trekschuyt* contains two divisions. The chamber next the bows, called the *ruim*, is the largest, and is very meanly fitted up, being designed, in accommodations and price, for the very poorest class of persons. The other apartment, which is called the *roef*, is smaller, and intended for the better sort of travellers, of both sexes. Glass windows are placed in the sides of the roof, with curtains, and

the seats are neatly cushioned. In the midst of the lesser apartment, which is seldom made to contain more than ten persons, stands a small table, with certain conveniences peculiarly characteristic of Holland. These are, a small iron pot, containing lighted turf, a drawer full of pipes, and a small spit-box. Most gentlemen carry a pipe and tobacco in their pockets, and if they do not, one is hired of the boatman for a trifling sum; and scarcely any one fails to amuse himself with his pipe, as the boat glides along over the smooth water. Ladies, however, are frequently found in the roef; and if they or any foreigner be present, the smokers generally stand or sit outside, in the stern of the boat, to indulge in their favorite recreation, without annoying their fellow passengers. In fact, I always found the persons whom I met in the *trekschuyt*, civil and considerate, and however simple in dress, yet destitute of the boorishness ascribed to them by some British travellers, and infinitely superior in manners and temper to the same class of persons in the stage coaches of England and Scotland. The boats are very plain and economical in their materials and furniture; and as they do not furnish refreshments, and are not intended for sleeping, they are altogether much more simple in their interior arrangements than canal boats in America. They are also much lighter than ours, and seem to be drawn without difficulty, by a single horse, who is attached to the boat by a very small cord, passed from the boat's stern toward the bows, over a mast, so as to raise it from the ground, and prevent its being chafed off, as happens so often to the ropes employed for the same purpose in this country; and at every abrupt turn in the canal, a revolving cylinder is joined to a post on which the cord plays, and is thus eased along the bend. The traveller is enabled to obtain refreshments at all the little villages through which the canal passes, or at the large towns where he takes a new boat.

Delft is two hours distant from Rotterdam, and about midway between this last place and the Hague. You first come to the village of Ouwerschie, an ordinary looking place, whose church, with its square turreted tower and fantastic spire, are conspicuous on the left, after which come Ketel and Keneburg, neither of them offering any thing worthy of remark. The whole country seemed to be a continuous meadow, of the richest and brightest green, sprinkled with stacks of fresh-mown hay, while cattle and sheep were occasionally seen grazing in the fields. As you approach the gate of Delft, the eye is caught by a large stork's nest, built upon the very top of a chimney, with several of these birds hovering about it. On landing from the *trekschuyt*, I found, as usually happens, a group of porters at hand, ready to be employed in carrying the portmanteaus of the passengers to the other extremity of the town. One of them, a veteran soldier, who had picked up a little French in the army, proffered his services to me as a guide, and very faithfully performed the duties of *cicerone*, for a small compensation. He conducted me to the inn I had chosen, the Doelen; and having made arrangements for my dinner, I set out, under his guidance, to view the curiosities of the place.

Delft is a neat and regular, but old and sombre town, situated in the midst of meadows and pastures. The houses have an antiquated

look, which is heightened by the carved escutcheons and coats of arms displayed on some of them; and the streets are mostly narrow, with deep, narrow, and stagnant canals, which take from the generally neat appearance of every thing else in the town. In the centre of it, however, are two spacious streets, ornamented with rows of trees, and with canals of a more cheerful aspect. Delft was formerly distinguished for its potteries, which gave employment to a large population, and gained so much celebrity, that the commodity itself long bore the name of the town where it was originally manufactured; but the superiority of the English and German potteries, at the present time, has greatly reduced those of Delft. Just within the gate, in coming from Rotterdam, is the principal arsenal of Holland, a large building, of various structure, and partly of the epoch of the Dutch war of independence, destitute of beauty, but curious and characteristic in its appearance. On it we read the inscription, 'ARMAMENTUM ORDINUM HOLLANDIÆ ET WEST-FRISIÆ;' and a large coat of arms bears, in conspicuous letters, the motto, 'VIGILATE DEO CONFIDENTER.' Indeed, this place bore a distinguished part in the deliverance of Holland. The Doelen itself is an object of interest, as the place of consultation for the patriots. Here also William I., Prince of Orange, was assassinated in the midst of his labors and usefulness; the very house in which the deed was perpetrated, and the holes made in the wall by the bullets discharged by the murderer, being still shown. Of the public buildings, the two churches and the Stadhuis are particularly deserving of attention.

The Old Church, as it is called; is, like St. Lawrence at Rotterdam, an immense pile of small bricks, but is of a more ambitious and ornamented style of construction. Its huge buttresses are decorated with curious carvings, the whole exterior having an irregular Gothic aspect, of great masses of brick, huddled together in a fantastic manner. The belfry is surmounted by a lofty steeple, pointed at its summit, with four small turrets surrounding it, of the same figure, but of less height. Within, the lofty roof is supported by plastered columns, of vast size, the brick work at the groins, where the columns arch over and unite at the roof, being painted with red, and other colors, so as to give to it a singularly mottled appearance. The pavement is formed of the grave-stones of the rich and great of Delft, the Engelbrechts, the Van Staverens, and others of the great names in the history of Holland. Here is the monument of the celebrated admiral Pieter Hein, composed of his body recumbent on a sarcophagus, under a portico of four beautiful pillars, and executed in fine taste. Here also is the tomb of Van Tromp, representing, as usual, a recumbent body in full armor, with escutcheons and naval trophies sculptured in marble. In another part of the church, is the monument of the naturalist, Leeuwenhoek, erected by his daughter, and consisting of his bust in marble, with a suitable inscription. The tomb of a lady who died in child-birth, bearing the inscription '*Virtutum satis est mi placuisse marito,*' is rather conspicuous for its ornaments and design, than remarkable for beauty or good taste.

The Stadhuis stands at one end of the principal square in the town, and the New Church at the other. It is a large and beautiful square, the houses pretty and regular, and the pavement uncommonly neat and tasteful, being formed into a circle in the centre, by means of

stones of different colors, which enclose a moral sentence, printed in the same way, by arrangement of the stones. The effect is very fine, of the view from this square. While on the one hand you see the curious front of the venerable looking old Stadhuis, on the other is the tall tower of the New Church, stretching up into the skies, with its Gothic, ornaments and turreted steeple. The interior of the Stadhuis amply repays the traveller for the time consumed in visiting it. A family inhabits the lower part of the building, by whom it is taken care of, and exhibited to strangers. The ante-room contains a number of pictures, chiefly portraits of the house of Orange, with some historical paintings. This apartment communicates with the ancient prisons, which occupy a part of the edifice. I never saw any place so gloomy and horrid as are these prison cells; and it is impossible to enter them, without shuddering at the idea of the suffering which, in days of darkness and ignorance, many a poor wretch has here undergone. The heavy iron doors, with their massive locks and bolts, the grated windows, and the walls covered over with frightful and spectral paintings, were objects of sufficient dread; but the damp dungeons into which the light of day never entered, with the scourge and other instruments of punishment they contained, far surpassed in horror all ordinary places of confinement. The halls of the town magistrate, which are contained in the same building, are the reverse of the prisons, being finished with uncommon beauty. A bust of Grotius, and an excellent half-length portrait of the reigning king, adorn one of these apartments.

From the steeple of the New Church there is an extensive and beautiful prospect, but not superior to that from the church in Rotterdam. Within, are two very celebrated monuments, that of Grotius, and that of William First. The former is placed in a kind of niche, and consists of a half obelisk, on which is a medallion of the head of Grotius, with a book, and a child holding an inverted torch. It is modest and elegant, and strongly contrasts with the absurd and extravagant inscription, in which Grotius is styled '*Prodigium Europa, docti stupor unicus orbis, ingenii celestis aper, virtutis imago, celsius humana condicione decus,*' with more of the same tenor.

The mausoleum of William, occupying a large space at the back of the church, is altogether splendid, and most worthy of the family, whose place of burial it honors, and far superior to any other sepulchral monument in Holland. As you approach this, you see a species of temple, in general form, in front of which, under a sort of arch, is a bronze statue of William, represented sitting, and in full armor, with his truncheon in his hand, and his casque. This is the prominent figure, in a front view of the mausoleum. At the other end, under a similar arch, is a bronze statue of Fame, with expanded wings, and all the freedom and boldness of actual flight, holding the trumpet with which she proclaims his glory. Between these statues, and lying upon a beautiful sarcophagus, is another figure of the prince, of white marble, his body clad in the robes of death, and his feet resting upon his favorite dog, of whose attachment so many romantic stories are told. Over this there is a magnificent canopy, formed of four buttresses, or double pillars of white marble, at the corners, and having variegated columns of black and gold mixed, and

of extraordinary beauty. At each corner is a niche, containing a beautiful bronze statue. On the right hand of William, is Liberty, holding up her cap, with the motto, 'AUREA LIBERTAS,' in gilt letters; and on his left, Justice. In the corresponding niches, at the other end, are Fortitude and Religion; the latter holding a Bible in one hand, and a church in the other, and resting her foot on a corner-stone, inscribed 'CHRISTUS.' Bas-reliefs, with scrolls, are repeated on the upper part of the double pillars, having on one side, 'TE VINDICETUTA LIBERTAS,' and on the other, 'SCÆRS TRANQUILLIUS IN UNDIS;' and again on one side, 'JE MAINTIENDRAI,' and on the other, 'E MAINTIENDRAI PIETE ET JUSTICE.' Above the canopy, are four obelisks of variegated marble, crowned with gilt balls, and between them a scroll, supported by two winged cherubs, while a third holds a torch to the inscription upon the scroll; and the trophies and escutcheons of the house of Nassau are conspicuously represented upon the monument. The whole is very superb, in design and execution, and its general effect is truly admirable. The sitting and recumbent statues are both excellent likenesses, presenting the same features, which are seen every where in the public buildings, palaces, and picture-galleries of Holland, and which the Dutch take the same pleasure in repeating, as we do the lineaments of WASHINGTON.

It happened to be Sunday when I visited this church, and during the hours of service. A beautiful organ, not of the largest size, but finely toned, occasionally sent its full burst of thrilling notes through the lofty heights of the vaulted Gothic roof. In the nave of the church, sheltered as it were by the huge Saxon pillars, sat an attentive congregation, listening to the earnest exhortations of the preacher. Yet so extensive was the edifice, that in its outskirts people walked unconcernedly to and fro, conversing together, examining the monuments, or looking toward the preacher, without seeming to afford any interruption to the offices of religion. Here, as in the other Dutch churches, small poor-boxes are placed against the wall, or on the pillars, into which it is expected you will drop a trifle; and saving a hint as to this from one of the attendants, I made my visit to the monuments in the church unchallenged, and then returned to the Doelen.

This inn is neat, and well served, and therefore agreeable, independently of the historical associations, which of themselves would render it interesting. I could not avoid contrasting it with our own inns, in one respect to the disadvantage of the latter. Here the most important room in every public house is its bar-room, and in that the most important object is the bar, where long rows of decanters, containing liquors of various kinds, are displayed, as the principal ornament of the most frequented part of the house. In the inns of Holland, there is no such thing. Intoxicating liquors are altogether of secondary moment, and are not made a matter of ostentation, because not held in that high estimation which they unfortunately enjoy in this country.

I left Delft for the Hague late in the afternoon, continuing upon the canal. In Holland, Sunday is peculiarly a day of recreation, it being the only holiday enjoyed by the servants, and the only day on which persons of many other classes can visit the country. Of course I found the coffee-houses and country seats by the side of the canal, filled

with persons amusing themselves with dancing, singing, music, swinging, or other gayeties; carriages, large and small, and of every quality, were passing to and fro upon the road; and boats full of people, of both sexes, singing, laughing, and talking, as happy as youth, good spirits, and fine weather, could render them. Our trekschuyt received accessions at every landing place, until it was full to overflowing, of persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions. There was, however, nothing boisterous in their conduct or conversation; and above all, there were none of those marks of intoxication about them, which, on any such occasion, I should have expected to meet at home. They had attended the religious services of the day, and then made a little excursion from the city, to relieve the mind, and exercise the body, amid the pleasing scenes of rural life. Soon after leaving Delft, we passed near the village of Ryswyk, where the famous treaty, of 1697, was negotiated between the great powers of Western Europe. The chateau of Nieuwburg, where the treaty was signed, no longer exists, but an obelisk marks the spot. As we proceeded, the country continually improved in appearance, retaining however the same general features, until arriving at the Hague, when the increase in the number of trees added a new charm to the scene. I trusted myself without scruple, as I continued always to do, to one of the porters, who came to the trekschuyt as it stopped.

Indeed I uniformly found these poor fellows to be civil and trustworthy, and but rarely importunate, or dissatisfied with the trifle they received in payment of their occasional services. And notwithstanding the misery and want of the poorest class in Holland, it was very seldom that I encountered beggars there, and when I did, they were easily contented. Few examples are seen of vagrants lying about in the streets to excite compassion, and to solicit alms. But here, as elsewhere, strolling musicians and itinerant pedlars are common; and the latter, especially, will frequently accost you, and seek to persuade you to purchase pipes, snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, umbrellas, and other little articles of convenience or attire. To this I may add, that the courteous deportment of the common people toward strangers is quite remarkable, and certainly speaks greatly in their favor. Under the guidance of the porter whom chance offered, I repaired for lodgings to the Hotel de la Belle Vue. In going thither, I passed through the Vyverberg, the Voorhout, and the most admired parts of the city, to the Boschkant, where this hotel is situated, in face of the Park, and with a fine view of that and of the parade ground of the garrison, as well as of the beautiful groves of trees near at hand. It well deserves the name of Belle Vue, by its situation; and is an excellent specimen of the better sort of hotels in Holland; the apartments being fitted up and furnished with perfect neatness and good taste, and with every convenience for the comfort of the traveller.

EPIGRAM

ON SEEING THE BUST OF SOCRATES IN A DEBATING SOCIETY.

Gods! who'd have sought, in such a place,
The philosophic Greek?
'Tis well for him, he cannot hear,
For you he cannot speak!

LOVE'S ASTRONOMY.

How shall I paint thee! — shall I call thine eye
 As beautiful as Night's most radiant star?
 Or, half enraptured, shall I tell thee why
 Its light hath made me an astronomer?
 Ah lady! — by that eye so brightly pure,
 Which speaks a heart as purely innocent,
 By that fair brow so sweetly eloquent,
 With all that's gentle in a cynosure:
 By that seraphic smile of loveliness,
 Which dazzles, not with bright hypocrisy:
 I know thou art the star of my life's sky,
 The Peri of my heart's lone wilderness;
 What marvel then, if thou art such a star,
 That I am a devout astronomer!

R. W. E.

MY OWN PECULIAR:

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE summer hath passed away. The trees have lost their verdure; the earth its greenness; the sky its brightness. The streamlet bubbles no more, but rushes with impetuous flood to the ocean. The melody of the grove is hushed: the busy hum of insect life is stilled. Nature is approaching the cold and turfless grave of Winter! Ah, if we would but awaken to the moral of which these signs admonish us; if we would but read the lesson which kind Providence has printed on the face of Nature, for our benefit and improvement; if we would but study the alphabet of fate, and remember that each leaf that falls, each flower that dies, is but the emblem of man's kindred doom, how much of the selfishness, the coldness, the viciousness of life, would be swept away, and earth would be but a proof-sheet of Heaven's fairer volume; with errors and imperfections, it is true, but still susceptible and easy of correction and amendment, ere its pages were unfolded before the 'high chancery of Heaven.'

'Halloo! what has this to do with a lawyer's port-folio?' Nothing, kind reader, nothing. It is indeed a 'stray leaf.' But do not rebuke even a lawyer for feeling the weariness of life's pilgrimage; for seeking to escape from the scenes that degrade and disgrace the being formed after the image of his God, and turning to commune with his own heart upon the worthlessness of human hopes and vanities. The joys of early youth, where are they? Gone — vanished! Spilled like water upon the ground, and like it, never to be gathered up again! The friends of childhood, where are they? Alas! the grass that grows upon their graves hath blossomed and withered, flourished and decayed, and bloomed and faded again! What have ye gained for the freshness of life, for the affections of childhood? Honors, that make ye hated; wealth, that the robber pines for; friends, who laugh at your board, and who would smile at your funeral; pleasures, that

are purchased by your purse, and paid for by your health ; a name that no one cares to hear ; a life of toil, trouble, temptation, leading through an avenue of gloomy days and weary nights, to the clay-bed of the worm ! Oh, the bright and glorious hours of childhood ! — will they *never* return ?

Kind reader, what think you is the sweetest charm of life ? — the dearest solace, save religion, for the miseries and trials of existence ? The quality of the mind that adds most brightness to our lot ? *Love* ? Ay, *that* is indeed a treasure ! How grateful to turn from the cold, cold world ; from the upbraidings or gloominess of our own hearts ; from the clouds of sorrow or of remorse ; to the bright sunshine of a guiltless soul ; to the angelic love of a devoted female ; to the kind word, and the kinder look, which increases in affection, as the storm without becomes darker ; that clings to us through life, and deserts us not in death ! Oh life, life ! bitter are thy trials — rugged are thy paths — terrible are thy afflictions ! But thou hast joys, and pleasant ways, and happy hours ; and in all these, woman and woman's love are part and parcel. Yet pure, and holy, and refreshing, as is this feeling, I doubt if love be the quality of the mind that brings with it most pleasure. Like all other things of earth, it has its darkness as well as its brightness. Like the beacon-light of the mariner, it burns to direct us through the storm that is raging, but sometimes expires amid the howling of the tempest, leaving us to perish on the rocks and shoals upon which it stands, and to which it has guided us. What, then, is the quality that adds most comfort to our lot ? *Genius* ? Genius ! Alas ! it is the fire that consumes, the rack that tortures. Like the spur to the courser, it may urge on, but it draweth the life-blood in the act. It is the flame of the volcano, glowing, lurid, and resplendent, but bearing death and despair in its halo. It is 'the bright sun, that sets beneath the dark cloud.' What is it, then ? Is it *Ambition* ? Ambition ! Oh, thou accursed fiend ! What consolation didst thou ever bring to the weary heart ? Thou *brandy of the soul*, that bewilderest the sober senses, the mild virtues, the amiable traits of man, and leavest the wild passions, the insatiable vices, the hellish propensities, to rule over the heart and mind, and lure us on to disgrace, and infamy, and ruin ! No, gentle reader ; believe me, it is *CONTENTMENT* that most cheereth man on in his perilous way. He that possesseth it, hath a treasure that will purchase for him happiness and repose, amid the tumults and afflictions of existence. It is a medicine that calms the passions, cools the blood, takes away the sting of disease ; adds brightness to the eye, clearness to the mind, kindness to the heart ; that gives man the gentleness and virtues of woman, and brings woman one link nearer to the angel.

At the close of the year 18—, I attended the Superior Court for the county of ——. A case of murder was to be tried. The evidence was altogether of a circumstantial character, but the prejudice against the prisoner was extremely strong ; and no one doubted that a conviction would be the inevitable result of the trial. I arrived at the court-house, just as the proceedings had commenced. It was a dark and tempestuous day, and the large pine forest which surrounded the

building, added to the gloominess of the scene. The prisoner was ushered in, under a guard of constables, and placed in the bar-dock. He had been brought from a neighboring county, there being no jail within its limits; and although his countenance indicated fatigue, there was a serenity in the expression of it, that at once prepossessed me in his favor. I had learned, from my experience, that the countenance was indeed the mirror of the heart; that it is hard for the face to assume a virtue, if it hath it not; and I saw, at once, from the calmness of the accused, the cool and collected gaze with which he returned the scowls and frowns of the multitude, that there was a consciousness of innocence. The accused was arraigned, and the trial proceeded.

The evidence disclosed, that the deceased and the prisoner had been drinking together, and had quarrelled; that the prisoner had struck the deceased; that he had sworn he would be the death of him; that through the intercession of the by-standers, a patched-up reconciliation had taken place, willingly on the part of the deceased, doggedly by the accused. That the deceased had started to go home, by his usual route, and that the prisoner had immediately followed him, although *his* home was in a contrary direction; that sounds of strife were heard shortly after; that the deceased had never again been heard of; that suspicion having fallen upon the prisoner, his steps, upon the night of the difficulty, had been traced; that marks of a struggle had been found upon the earth, and drops of coagulated blood; and that the accused, having been asked to account for the deceased, denied that he had ever seen him after the moment that he left, on the night of the difficulty. The previous quarrel, the threat, the evident unwillingness of the accused to become reconciled to the deceased; the fact that he followed him, the noise of the conflict supposed to have subsequently taken place, and the indications of strife and blood-shed that the path afforded, joined to the sudden disappearance of the deceased, all combined to fix the crime of murder upon the prisoner; and he was forthwith arrested, and confined in the jail of a neighboring county. No importance was given to the fact that the body had not been found, as a deep river flowed immediately by the spot, and wended its way to the ocean; and into the river the body was supposed to have been thrown.

Such was the case made out by the State; and it increased the excitement against the unfortunate individual at the bar. But he still retained the appearance of perfect calmness; and when called upon for his defence, he answered, that all the matters that had been testified to, were doubtless true, but that they gave no evidence of his guilt: that it was true he had quarrelled with John Grimes, the individual whom he was alleged to have murdered, and that he had struck him; that the threat he had made was but the idle declaration of a man who was excited by liquor; that he had become reconciled to him unwillingly, because he had no faith in his overtures; that he had followed Grimes that night, because he had business with a neighbor in the direction of his house; but that Grimes having walked faster than himself, he had lost sight of him immediately, and had not seen him again that night.

The defence was conducted by the prisoner in person; and it was evident to me, that although the calm and collected manner in which

it was made, had its impression upon the judge, it had none upon the jurors or by-standers. They had made up their minds as to his guilt, and were determined that his life should be taken. The Solicitor General closed the case. He dwelt with burning and bitter eloquence upon the crime of murder; he spoke of the cool and deliberate manner of the prisoner, and reproached him as one who could gloat, like a cannibal, over the mangled remains of his victim: he dwelt with great minuteness, clearness, and ingenuity, upon the train of circumstances, 'which could not lie;' and he threw a web of guilt around the prisoner, that no one doubted would involve him in destruction. But still the prisoner quailed not. The judge summed up the case to the jury, narrating the circumstances, and unfolding the law: he admitted that the facts were very strong against the accused, but that one material link was wanting; *it had not been proved that Grimes was dead.* He concluded by admonishing them, that they should not convict, unless they had sufficient evidence of that fact.

But this caution was thrown away upon the excited feelings of the jury. The cry of 'Crucify him! crucify him!' had gone forth against the unhappy individual in the bar-dock, and neither reason nor mercy could hush it. The jury, without retiring, made up their verdict of 'GUILTY,' and the foreman was in the act of signing it, when the prisoner again rose.

'I ask permission of the court,' said he, 'to call a witness who I think will relieve me of this diabolical charge; who will prove that my hands are not red with my brother's blood; who will show the impropriety and danger of a conviction upon circumstantial evidence; in short, who will satisfactorily convince even the malignant and demon-like heart of the Solicitor General, that I am innocent of this crime.'

'Have you any objection, Mr. Solicitor General?' asked the Judge.

'None,' responded the States' attorney, with a bitter sneer; 'but if he wishes to convince me, and to save his neck from the gallows, he had better produce John Grimes.'

'That is precisely the witness I seek to introduce!' said the prisoner: 'Mr. Sheriff, call JOHN GRIMES!'

The proposition created great excitement. Some of the by-standers laughed aloud; others heaped bitter execrations upon the prisoner; the Solicitor General sneeringly asked him 'if he would have him called again?' and the Judge was evidently fast changing his favorable opinion of the prisoner, who, he thought, was trifling with the court. I turned to the culprit, and was amazed at the terrific change that had taken place in his countenance. Its placidity and composure were gone; it was covered with livid spots, and immense drops of perspiration were rolling rapidly from his brow; the eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and the hair stood up, with that unerring indication of great bodily fear, or mental horror.

'Call him again! in God's name!' shouted he, at the top of his voice.

The sheriff repeated the call. The storm that had been slumbering for a short time, now burst forth with tenfold violence. The rain beat furiously upon the shingled roof; the wind howled and moaned like

a damned spirit; and several of the large pine trees that surrounded the building, fell with a tremendous crash, startling the already excited inhabitants of the court-room. It was an awful scene without; it was a still more awful one within. The unearthly appearance of the prisoner; the sudden and awful change that had taken place in him; his solemn adjuration, and his earnest manner, all had deeply affected the by-standers, and many looked as if they really expected to see the murdered man arise at the invocation. All were agitated, save the implacable Solicitor General, who sat scowling at the accused, with a look of triumph and fiendish exultation on his countenance. The Judge rallied himself, and motioned to the foreman of the jury to proceed; when suddenly an individual rose, no one knew from where, and striding to the witness' stand, and throwing off a huge cloak which enveloped his form, disclosed to the horror-stricken and amazed crowd, the pale and wasted features of JOHN GRIMES!

The effect was electrical. The Judge fainted, and several of the by-standers rushed out into the storm. The Solicitor General, with characteristic violence, dashed his clenched fist into the side of the risen Grimes, with the double intent of ascertaining whether he was a living man, and of punishing him for coming between him and his victim.

At last, order was in some measure restored. Grimes proceeded to say, that on the night of the difficulty with the accused, he had gone but a short distance, when he was accosted by an individual, and just at that moment —

AND just at *this* moment, kind reader, as I was concocting for your mental palate a delectable mess of death, blood-shed, and torture, that confounded tailor, of whom, somewhere since, I made brief mention to you, has struck up one of his everlasting ditties, and the thread of my story has dropped from the needle of my brain. Oh Fame! thy steps are indeed inaccessible! Immortality was just breaking on my vision, when the clouds of mental darkness, called up by the lay of a vulgar fraction of mortal man, have swept before it, and all again is shadow! It was CHARLES LAMB, that prince of humorists, who wrote an essay '*On the Melancholy of Tailors.*' He says: 'How extremely rare is a noisy tailor! a mirthful and obstreperous tailor! When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, or to perform exquisitely on the tight rope, or to sing, or play on the violin?' When were they, O gentle ELIA? Why, if thou wert living, Charles, and abiding with me in my legal repository, thou wouldst change thy funny affirmative into a wrathful negative, and ask, 'When was a tailor *not* known to sing?' By the foot of Hercules! By the Cretan Jove! By the last fee I received! (I am sure the recording angel will drop a tear upon that last oath, and blot it out for ever!) I am growing weary of this life of melody. I do not like these *airs*. I am assassinated by music. Now, reader, you have lost a fine story by this interruption, and you are therefore a fellow-sufferer with me, and as 'a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,' you can bear with me for a moment, while I narrate to you trials and afflictions, that are enough to convert a man into a swan — a goose would be a more technical transformation — and

make him sing his death-song. If you have read my previous numbers — and who can doubt it? — you know that my office is in the second story of a building, and that the first story, 'and the appurtenances thereof,' are occupied by tailors. Understand me, I don't object to the locality or the affinity on that ground: they are all honest men, and persons whose actions are generally performed above-board.' '*Sed hinc illæ lachrymæ!*' They have Stentorian lungs, and there is not a song, from the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' down to General MORRIS' 'Woodman, spare that Tree!' that they are not thoroughly masters of; and I am obliged to become the unwilling learner of this mass of music! Pity me, kind reader! I go to my office of an afternoon; I take up an interesting law-book, and just as I have forgotten the cares of life, and the tailors of the vicinity, lo! one of my vocal neighbors commences, in a voice 'twixt which and silence there is nothing, to hum a plaintive air. Ah! I know, by sad experience, that *that* is the low moaning of the tempest, ere it breaks into fury. But I hope against hope. I stop my ears with my fingers, and try to go on with the contingent remainders. But alas! the storm has burst; the song has reached its chorus; and *such* a chorus as would 'create a soul under the ribs of death!' I shut the book: *volens, volens*, I am obliged to listen. Sometimes I am coerced to fight all the battles of 'old Ironsides' over again. Then I am made the unwilling recipient of the adventures of 'John Gilpin, of famous London town, Sir.' I get up and walk about, in the vain hope that I may become deaf, all of a sudden. I have read of such things. But no; my hearing becomes more acute, and the music waxes louder. I return, in desperation, to my seat. Glory! Providence, 'surprising oft the longing heart with unexpected good,' has made the tailors strike up a new tune, emphatically a tune never heard before. A feeling of placidity takes possession of my soul. I become positively grateful. I reproach myself with my late hatred to my vocal friends. I upbraid myself for having been worried by a concord of sweet sounds. I listen with pleasure. The burden of the song is a delightful old ballad, with a most agreeable air, and sung in a plaintive and tailor-like manner. It commences with:

'Lord Thomas he was a bold forest-er,
And keeper of the king's deer;
Lady Eleanor she was as fair a lady,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.'

And then it proceeds to give a history of their loves, and the interruption to it caused by an avaricious mother, and 'a girl that 's brown.' The story becomes exciting. The lover wavers, whether

— 'he shall marry the fair Eleanor,
Or bring him the brown girl home.'

The brown girl, 'having both money and lands,' VAN BURENS (I mean *carries*) the day. Lord Thomas weds her. The rivals meet. The brown girl takes the small liberty of insinuating a pen-knife between the ribs of the fair Eleanor. Lord Thomas arrives at this juncture, and his old affection getting for a moment the advantage of

'the money and lands,' he asks the fair Eleanor the cause of her paleness, and receives this response :

'And hast thou no eyes, Lord Thomas, she cries,
And hast thou no eyes to see,
That this is my own, my heart's red blood,
That comes trick-i-ling down my knee?'

She faints. She falls. Lord Thomas, justly incensed at the conduct of his spouse,

— 'strode right thro' the hall,
He cut the *bride's* head from off her shoul-ders,
And he flung it against the wall !'

I am all over excitement, or, to express myself more technically, I have a feeling of *all-overism*. I have a longing desire to hear the finale. I want to know whether the course of true love ever did run smooth. I tremble lest the music should cease. And just at this moment, another of the band, in a note that I am quite sure *does* awake the dead in the immediate vicinity, interrupts the ballad-singer, by roaring out, at the top of his voice :

'A frog he would a woo-ing go !'

Now think of that, fair reader ! To be wrought up to the acmé of curiosity ; to become oblivious of your sorrows, and to fall in love with your tormentors, from the excess of excitement ; and then to have the amatory adventures of a diabolical frog substituted for the pathetic and bloody affections of the 'fair Eleanor !' I'll stand it no longer. I'll apply to the head of the police. Pshaw ! what is the use of applying to the tender mercies of a man who writes poetry, and wears spectacles ? He will tell me, with a cheerful countenance, that we must all submit to the minor evils of life. The *minor* evils of life, eh ? Oh, Charles Lamb ! Charles Lamb ! Thou hast lost much ground with me, since I read thy essay 'On the Melancholy of Tailors.' Thou then didst wend thy way daily through that great thoroughfare, 'Threadneedle-street,' yet didst thou never learn the mysteries of the Thread-needle gentry. *Melancholy* of Tailors ! Hang me, if I believe that these fellows who are now — ay, even *now*, while I write — roaring away at the one hundred and ninety-fifth stanza of 'Yankee Doodle,' could tell you what melancholy is ! They are a kind of moral sulphate of joy ; a sitting and sewing glee !

I can endure it no longer. I must flee from this musical tornado ; but ere I go, take, ye practical choristers ! my sincere prayer that ye may realize the judgment of ELIA, and pass full soon 'from gay to grave !'

PUFFED POETASTERS.

Who vainly strive on fulsome breath
Of their own praise to rise,
The higher they themselves exalt,
We but the more despise :
The lark that strains his little wing,
Doth but the less appear,
And tops the zenith of his flight,
But to be lost in air !

RETROSPECTION.

Off Memory turns to vanished days,
 Despite of present pain,
 And in their sunshine fancy plays,
 Till they seem ours again;
 With all their unalloyed content,
 With friends sincerely prized,
 With joyous heart and innocent,
 And hopes unrealized.
 Before we jostled with the crowd
 That ne'er for others feel,
 When every thought we spoke aloud,
 Uncareful to conceal.
 For then, unlearned in worldly art,
 Too credulous, we deemed
 That every one was in the heart
 As honest as he seemed.
 But Time hath in his ceaseless tread
 Unhappy changes wrought,
 And we have lived to doubt and dread,
 By disappointments taught.

We once had friends, but now must weep
 They are no longer ours;
 They sleep, where we at last shall sleep,
 Among the perished flowers.
 The gentle and the beautiful,
 The manly and the brave,

New-York.

Are mouldering now within the dull,
 Inexorable grave!
 A chill hath o'er our feelings come,
 And o'er our hearts a blight;
 Unblessed and cheerless is the home
 That once was our delight:
 For they are gone, the cherished pride
 And pleasure of our days;
 How happy were we by their side,
 To listen and to praise!
 And sorrow oft, with poignant sting,
 A tribute tear will claim,
 As we behold each treasured thing
 Familiar with their name.

When twilight, herald of repose,
 Attends the sun to rest,
 A sable robe she gently throws
 O'er the empurpled west.
 We dedicate that solemn hour
 To those love could not save,
 And yielding to affliction's power,
 We visit oft their grave.
 The sod hath felt our deep distress,
 The zephyr borne our sigh,
 That all their worth and loveliness
 Is but a memory!

J. L.

A DISCOURSE:

IN WHICH I ENDEAVORED TO PERSUADE VIRTUE, WHEN SHE WAS DEAD, TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.

THE decease of Virtue is no longer any more of a novelty, than that of the king of Prussia; and every one lamented her death with sufficient propriety. It has also been known, for a long time, that her heart was *not* torn out of her body, as many were inclined to believe, at first, in some provinces of Germany; for she sank gently to sleep, under a natural malady, and died in her bed. The disease which carried her off is by no means an uncommon one, but the so-called French fever, which every one, from the greatest to the least, now has. It is nothing less than the sea-sickness to which every man, in his voyage through life, must sooner or later submit. Virtue caught it at the masquerade, of a domino, which a distinguished man had previously infected with it. For it is a well known privilege of the nobility, that not the hangman himself can compel them to undergo quarantine. The doctor did his best for Virtue, and, contrary to the universal apprehension, rescued her from the fever; but she gave up under the very weight of the cure. The Muses were her good sick-nurses. The devil rushed, like mad, into the sick chamber, and leaped about the sick-bed, and had arrayed himself as her death-angel; but we all knew him very well, and told him, at last, that he need not disguise himself on *our* account.

But it was time Virtue should cause the will to be drawn up. It is very unpleasant to me, to hear now, from many sources, that several of the seven mortal Sins, who were to be present as witnesses, failed to attend; for perhaps it is meant to be insinuated, that the bumbailiff of Paris, and the informer-general of Vienna, were not considered as rightful representatives of the two mortal Sins by whom they were expressly sent. I am appointed executor: I will not, however, do the business knavishly, but every one shall have what Virtue bequeathed to him: our superintendent, her face, our Moravian sister, her eyes, and the *dead* kings, her heart; 'because,' as she directed to be written, 'it is the universal custom to cut theirs out after death, and deposite them in a golden vase; and the living, upon whom I would otherwise gladly have bestowed mine, could have no use for it, since they fortunately have yet hearts of their own.' What remains of the body, as is very well known, is to be embalmed as a mummy, in order that it may, like other mummies, be pounded up and used for brown die, the manly color. I am not the first to remark, that her clothes could not come into the will at all, since she died in Paris, and consequently, as a stranger, must leave her whole attire to the king of France, according to the 'Right of Aubaine;' and this also I will not withhold from France.

I wish she had not forgotten no one in her will less than me and my wife.

When she had fallen asleep, and we all were still, and to some of us the very earth grew narrower, I said to Satan, who stood near me, pinching his tail at the same time with my foot: 'My dear Sir, it is customary in England, by way of conveying to those who live in the neighborhood of London, information of the execution of a friend, to despatch a pigeon from the place of execution. How shall we manage it? The world must certainly be apprized of the afflicting event.' 'Of course,' said he, 'and I will do it myself, this very moment.' He immediately transformed himself into a great raven, (he needed not to change his black color,) and shot forth, sailed slowly along over the world, in token that Virtue was now dead, and had flown away to that better world, where the early Greeks, the old Romans, and the first Christians are.

Hypocrisy kept the customary watch, that night, over the corpse; and the philosophers of the eighteenth century brought and lighted the candles, which surrounded the coffin, and gleamed upon the pale form. The mourners, who were all mankind — that is to say, one thousand millions beside myself — wished to have some funeral coins and medals struck off; but I asked them whether the coins already in existence would not answer the purpose, particularly the shrovetide, and subsidy money. As, among the Romans, a slave stood by to brush away the flies from the dead body with a fly-fan, so stood I, with a long satirical whip, close by the side of dead Virtue, and snapped it from time to time, to clear away the philosophic and court-vermin, that were continually striving to fasten themselves, and leave their slime, upon it. It is true, heavenly Virtue! that is the least which I, or any other author, could do for thee! I heard a few days since, for the first time, that she had, in case the clergy should not be willing to bury her gratis, paid several florins to the Hildesheim

Burial Company, and the same into a Death-Lottery, and also to the Göttingen Auxiliary Burial Association, which last, however, if I am rightly informed, broke long ago. I therefore request persons who know any thing of this matter, to do me the very great favor of informing me by letter, or word of mouth, whether the story be true or not. The Jesuits wanted to deposit her in the Holy Sepulchre, and teased me very much on that score; but I asked them whether that was not in Palestine, or still farther off, and whether it would not be more convenient for thousands of Christians, and nearer, if she were buried in the court-church. And there it was, I made the following address to Virtue, which, if I were lecturer (and I am one, too,) should never be forgotten by me.

‘DEPARTED VIRTUE! — The common Irish, and many other savages, boldly reprove the Dead, and ask him how he could make up his mind to lie down and die. They beseech him, by every thing in the world, calmly to consider whether his death can possibly have been the most rational act of his life, when he has a cow, and wife, and children, and potatoes enough. I must confess, dear Virtue! thy departure from life is not, of all thy actions, the one which pleases either me or Reason most. Did we men ever do otherwise than render thee the honor which Reason and Propriety dictated? Were we perchance wanting in incense? Were not the courtiers as courteous toward thee as toward Vice? Truly, I suspect we did more than was necessary; but thou wert very negligent; thou didst despise the two chambers which our hearts opened for thy entertainment, and saidst thou couldst see nothing there but gold-dross and *Album Græcum*, *caca du Dauphin*, and *assafoetida*, which it could not but disgust many to hear you remark: however, we thought nothing at all of it, but continued well and kindly disposed toward thee, and gladly employed thee, as the Mexicans use their ineffable gold, out of pure veneration, merely for the decoration of the finest temples, but never at all in trade and traffic. We hoped, but alas! all in vain, to move thee by another piece of attention, in selecting thee, as we have for many years, as *Prima Donna* of our national family, and puppet-theatres and school-dramas. Yes, we went as far as our most intense exertions could carry us, and composed so many fine verses upon thy charms, that the uninitiated must have sworn thou wert a queen or a mistress, and we thy subjects or lovers. At least, it never was possible for discerning and well-informed persons to imagine thou wouldst remain indifferent, when the mightiest potentates gladly announced themselves as thy patrons; often quoted thy *name*, in their treaties of peace and declarations of war, and negotiations, and ostensible instructions of ministers; and, with more reference to thy glory than their own, ascribed simply to thee the greatest undertakings, which, as is very well known, only their own policy had so successfully conducted; that policy which perhaps — as, according to Simonides, only the Deity understands metaphysics perfectly — Satan alone is intimately acquainted with, of whom the best Italian courts can give no better representation than distinct echoes. It cannot be that before thy death, thou hadst thought seriously enough of this; that for thy sake we have long kept a great body of men, whom we call the clergy, clothed in black, at great expense, arrayed their

pulpits in various colors, and put several pieces of confession-money into their bags. This cloth and this money show, more plainly than express arguments, that men have always been, perhaps, as much interested in thee, as in Vice, if not more. But I assure thee, in behalf of many well-disposed Christians, that we are to-morrow morning, to make a contribution, and newly dress the present pulpit, together with the altar, in order haply to restore thee quite to life, by this light and innocent domestic medicine ; which, however, says the good afternoon preacher, works none the less effectually on that account. I should be glad to know what thou thinkest of this. But as I see, all too plainly, that thou wilt not come to life, and despisest my whole discourse, which to be sure is made by a mortal, I do this instant snap the thread thereof.

C. B. T.

T H E H A U N T E D C O V E .

A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.

‘ For sure so fair a place was never seen,
Of all that ever charm’d romantic eye.’ KEATS.

‘ Now is the witching time to rove,
The sun is low in the west, my love !
Few shafts are left in his golden quiver,
And we must cross, ere we reach the cove,
Yon old red bridge that spans the river.

The youthful twain stroll forth while day
Of valley and hill takes blushing leave,
And the red-breast chaunts a pensive lay,
That tells of the coming hush of eve.
They reach the place where rankly waves
The springing grass on rifled graves ;
Where the bleaching bones of the forest lord
Pierce through the vegetating sward ;
They pass the old elm tree, whose bough
Is green with a robe of clinging moss,
With flagging pace the bridge they cross,
And the place they seek is before them now.

Sweet Lillian ! let thy rustic seat
Be this old walnut’s fallen trunk,
And shrink not, though beneath your feet
The dark, rich soil hath carnage drunk ;
For here your roving eyes behold
The scenery of that legend old,
Which thou hast urged me oft to tell :
Now list, and heed its import well !

‘ This bending cove, and the river near,
An isle from the level mainland sever,
Where the blue bird first salutes the ear
With song, when the vernal clouds appear,
And a quiet beauty lingers ever.
On the low and richly wooded shore
Are visible remains of yore,
And often, when the shelving clay
Is worn by the wash of waves away,
Rude implements of other days,
And skeletons, arrest the gaze.

Your glance direct where the river bends,
 And the bank with a gentle slope descends,
 For there, encircled by the wood,
 The village of the red man stood.
 Yon aged group of maples mark,
 Flinging shadows long and dark,
 While round their leaning stems entwined
 The folding arms of the leafy vine:
 Long, long ago Conésus made
 His dwelling in their grateful shade;
 Above them curls, as in time of yore,
 The smoke of his cone-like lodge no more,
 With its rude walls hung with trophies torn
 From the heads of fallen foes,
 But his name by a rapid stream is borne,
 Which in the channel, deeply worn,
 Near Avon foams and flows.

The rank of chief Conésus won
 By eloquence and skill in war;
 Within his veins full proudly ran
 The blood of no famed ancestor.
 The Chippewas would turn and fly,
 When caught their ears his battle-cry;
 Oft drank his weighty battle-axe
 The blood of the bold Adirondacks,*
 And his name alone had power to wake
 Dread in the Hurons of the Lake;
 For a whizzing shaft from his deadly bow,
 In dust their youthful chief laid low;
 I stand on the spot where he gaspingly fell,
 By one it was shown me who knoweth full well.'

'Why did the warrior venture nigh
 The home of his savage enemy?
 What madness tempted him to stray
 From his own tribe so far away?
 The lady, with a shudder, said,
 'A band, by old Conésus led,
 The country of the Hurons sought,
 When the deep green of summer fled,
 And back a beauteous captive brought.
 She was the bride of a noted chief,
 And his heart was madly wrung with grief,
 When he came with his warriors from the chase,
 And found his home a ruined place;
 The huts of his people in ashes, and gone
 The young bride he tenderly doated upon.
 'Did the chieftain arm with dart and bow,
 And follow the relentless foe?'
 'Yea, Lillian, on their path he sped,
 But few were the warriors he led:
 He threaded, with unwearied limb,
 The mazes of the forest din,
 Nor rested in his swift career,
 Like panther on the trail of deer,
 But climbed the hill, the river cross'd
 In quest of the bride of his bosom lost,
 And the ruffians at whose girdles hung
 The reeking scalps of old and young.'
 'Did the Huron rescue from the power
 Of ravishers his forest flower?'
 Suspecting danger in his rear,
 The crafty Seneca, when near
 The village of his tribe, sent out
 His fleetest runner, as a scout,
 Who soon, with bound of fear, came back,
 And told him, foes were on his track.

* A tribe that dwelt on the St. Lawrence, and were declared enemies of the Six Nations.

Conésus, belted for the fight,
 The tidings heard with grim delight,
 And for his rash pursuer laid
 On the bank of this cove an ambuscade.
 On came the Huron, but his eye
 No sign could trace of peril nigh,
 Until the startling whoop arose,
 Succeeded by the twang of bows,
 And the sudden fall of a warrior tried,
 With a moan of anguish, by his side.

The victims of the fatal snare
 Fought with the fury of despair ;
 Like wolves athirst for blood, and gaunt,
 That madly on the hunters spring,
 When round their dark and savage haunt
 Contracts the deadly ring ;
 So fought the Huron chief, while few
 The number of his warriors grew.
 He sought not, in that trying hour,
 The cover of the tall, old trees,
 To ward away the battle shower,
 While cries of death were on the breeze ;
 But summoning his might for one
 Terrific shock, disdained to shun
 The red encounter, knife to knife,
 And plied his weapon in the strife,
 With certain aim and clashing sound,
 While the fierce Senecas gave ground,
 Before his maddening rush for life.

The chief in his dread career was staid,
 By frantic calls for instant aid ;
 And turning round, with trembling limb,
 For the voice was not unknown to him,
 Beheld his bride, with bosom gashed,
 To the rugged trunk of a walnut lashed :
 An arrow, erring from its course,
 On the sufferer had spent its force,
 And dark red drops of slaughter dyed
 Her beautiful robe of otter hide.
 Oh, fatal pause ! a whizzing dart
 Clave its red pathway to his heart ;
 And uttering nor groan nor yell,
 The chieftain made one bound and fell,
 While toward him old Conésus sped,
 To tear the scalp-lock from his head.

'Did the bride escape, or was her doom
 More dark, more dread, than a bloody tomb ?
 When the haughty victor came to free
 His captive bound to the rugged tree,
 Instead of a prize of beauty rare,
 His couch to tend, his lodge to share,
 A ghastly corpse he found alone,
 Voiceless and cold as a figure of stone !

When leaves by the wind of night are stirred,
 And the quick, wild bark of the fox is heard ;
 When the owl her dismal warning hoots,
 And, a vivid flash, the fire-fly shoots,
 Two spectral forms, old huntsmen say,
 The Huron chief and his dusky bride,
 Along the shore are seen to stray,
 In gory garb, and side by side,
 Until they vanish in the grove
 That skirts the bend of the Haunted Cove.

MOUNTJOY:

OR SOME PASSAGES OUT OF THE LIFE OF A CASTLE-BUILDER.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

I WAS born among romantic scenery, in one of the wildest parts of the Hudson, which at that time was not so thickly settled as at present. My father was descended from one of the old Huguenot families, that came over to this country on the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He lived in a style of easy, rural independence, on a patrimonial estate that had been for two or three generations in the family. He was an indolent, good-natured man, who took the world as it went, and had a kind of laughing philosophy, that parried all rubs and mishaps, and served him in the place of wisdom. This was the part of his character least to my taste; for I was of an enthusiastic, excitable temperament, prone to kindle up with new schemes and projects, and he was apt to dash my sallying enthusiasm by some unlucky joke; so that whenever I was in a glow with any sudden excitement, I stood in mortal dread of his good-humor.

Yet he indulged me in every vagary; for I was an only son, and of course a personage of importance in the household. I had two sisters older than myself, and one younger. The former were educated at New-York, under the eye of a maiden aunt; the latter remained at home, and was my cherished play-mate, the companion of my thoughts. We were two imaginative little beings, of quick susceptibility, and prone to see wonders and mysteries in every thing around us. Scarce had we learned to read, when our mother made us holiday presents of all the nursery literature of the day; which at that time consisted of little books covered with gilt paper, adorned with 'cuts,' and filled with tales of fairies, giants, and enchanters. What draughts of delightful fiction did we then inhale! My sister Sophy was of a soft and tender nature. She would weep over the woes of the Children in the Wood, or quake at the dark romance of Blue-Beard, and the terrible mysteries of the blue chamber. But I was all for enterprise and adventure. I burned to emulate the deeds of that heroic prince, who delivered the white cat from her enchantment; or he of no less royal blood, and doughty emprise, who broke the charmed slumber of the Beauty in the Wood!

The house in which we lived, was just the kind of place to foster such propensities. It was a venerable mansion, half villa, half farmhouse. The oldest part was of stone, with loop-holes for musketry, having served as a family fortress, in the time of the Indians. To this there had been made various additions, some of brick, some of wood, according to the exigencies of the moment; so that it was full of nooks and crooks, and chambers of all sorts and sizes. It was buried among willows, elms, and cherry trees, and surrounded with roses and holly-hocks, with honey suckle and sweet-brier clambering about every window. A brood of hereditary pigeons sunned themselves upon the roof; hereditary swallows and martins built about the eaves and chimnies; and hereditary bees hummed about the flower-beds.

Under the influence of our story-books, every object around us now assumed a new character, and a charmed interest. The wild flowers were no longer the mere ornaments of the fields, or the resorts of the toilful bee; they were the lurking places of fairies. We would watch the humming-bird, as it hovered around the trumpet creeper at our porch, and the butterfly as it flitted up into the blue air, above the sunny tree tops, and fancy them some of the tiny beings from fairy land. I would call to mind all that I had read of Robin Goodfellow, and his power of transformation. Oh how I envied him that power! How I longed to be able to compress my form into utter littleness; to ride the bold dragon-fly; swing on the tall bearded grass; follow the ant into his subterraneous habitation, or dive into the cavernous depths of the honeysuckle!

While I was yet a mere child, I was sent to a daily school, about two miles distant. The school-house was on the edge of a wood, close by a brook overhung with birches, alders, and dwarf willows. We of the school who lived at some distance, came with our dinners put up in little baskets. In the intervals of school hours, we would gather round a spring, under a tuft of hazel-bushes, and have a kind of pic-nic; interchanging the rustic dainties with which our provident mothers had fitted us out. Then, when our joyous repast was over, and my companions were disposed for play, I would draw forth one of my cherished story-books, stretch myself on the green sward, and soon lose myself in its bewitching contents.

I became an oracle among my school-mates, on account of my superior erudition, and soon imparted to them the contagion of my infected fancy. Often in the evening, after school hours, we would sit on the trunk of some fallen tree in the woods, and vie with each other in telling extravagant stories, until the whip-poor-will began his nightly moaning, and the fire-flies sparkled in the gloom. Then came the perilous journey homeward. What delight we would take in getting up wanton panics, in some dusky part of the wood; scampering like frightened deer; pausing to take breath; renewing the panic, and scampering off again, wild with fictitious terror!

Our greatest trial was to pass a dark, lonely pool, covered with pond-lillies, peopled with bull-frogs and water snakes, and haunted by two white cranes. Oh! the terrors of that pond! How our little hearts would beat, as we approached it; what fearful glances we would throw around! And if by chance a splash of a wild duck, or the guttural twang of a bull-frog, struck our ears, as we stole quietly by — away we sped, nor paused until completely out of the woods. Then, when I reached home, what a world of adventures, and imaginary terrors, would I have to relate to my sister Sophy!

As I advanced in years, this turn of mind increased upon me, and became more confirmed. I abandoned myself to the impulses of a romantic imagination, which controlled my studies, and gave a bias to all my habits. My father observed me continually with a book in my hand, and satisfied himself that I was a profound student; but what were my studies? Works of fiction; tales of chivalry; voyages of discovery; travels in the East; every thing, in short, that partook of adventure and romance. I well remember with what zest I entered upon that part of my studies, which treated of the

heathen mythology, and particularly of the sylvan deities. Then indeed my school-books became dear to me. The neighborhood was well calculated to foster the reveries of a mind like mine. It abounded with solitary retreats, wild streams, solemn forests, and silent valleys. I would ramble about for a whole day, with a volume of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in my pocket, and work myself into a kind of self-delusion, so as to identify the surrounding scenes with those of which I had just been reading. I would loiter about a brook that glided through the shadowy depths of the forest, picturing it to myself the haunt of Naiades. I would steal round some bushy copse that opened upon a glade, as I if expected to come suddenly upon Diana and her nymphs; or to behold Pan and his satyrs bounding, with whoop and halloo, through the woodland. I would throw myself, during the panting heats of a summer noon, under the shade of some wide-spreading tree, and muse and dream away the hours, in a state of mental intoxication. I drank in the very light of day, as nectar, and my soul seemed to bathe with ecstasy in the deep blue of a summer sky.

In these wanderings, nothing occurred to jar my feelings, or bring me back to the realities of life. There is a repose in our mighty forests, that gives full scope to the imagination. Now and then I would hear the distant sound of the wood-cutter's axe, or the crash of some tree which he had laid low; but these noises, echoing along the quiet landscape, could easily be wrought by fancy into harmony with its illusions. In general, however, the woody recesses of the neighborhood were peculiarly wild and unfrequented. I could ramble for a whole day, without coming upon any traces of cultivation. The partridge of the wood scarcely seemed to shun my path, and the squirrel, from his nut-tree, would gaze at me for an instant, with sparkling eye, as if wondering at the unwonted intrusion.

I cannot help dwelling on this delicious period of my life; when as yet I had known no sorrow, nor experienced any worldly care. I have since studied much, both of books and men, and of course have grown too wise to be so easily pleased; yet with all my wisdom, I must confess I look back with a secret feeling of regret to the days of happy ignorance, before I had begun to be a philosopher.

It must be evident that I was in a hopeful training, for one who was to descend into the arena of life, and wrestle with the world. The tutor, also, who superintended my studies, in the more advanced stage of my education, was just fitted to complete the *fata morgana* which was forming in my mind. His name was Glencoe. He was a pale, melancholy-looking man, about forty years of age; a native of Scotland, liberally educated, and who had devoted himself to the instruction of youth, from taste rather than necessity; for, as he said, he loved the human heart, and delighted to study it in its earlier impulses. My two elder sisters, having returned home from a city boarding-school, were likewise placed under his care, to direct their reading in history and belles-lettres.

We all soon became attached to Glencoe. It is true, we were at first somewhat prepossessed against him. His meagre, pallid counte-

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nance, his broad pronunciation, his inattention to the little forms of society, and an awkward and embarrassed manner, on first acquaintance, were much against him; but we soon discovered that under this unpromising exterior existed the kindest urbanity of temper; the warmest sympathies; the most enthusiastic benevolence. His mind was ingenious and acute. His reading had been various, but more abstruse than profound; his memory was stored, on all subjects, with facts, theories, and quotations, and crowded with crude materials for thinking. These, in a moment of excitement, would be, as it were, melted down, and poured forth in the lava of a heated imagination. At such moments, the change in the whole man was wonderful. His meagre form would acquire a dignity and grace; his long, pale visage would flash with a hectic glow; his eyes would beam with intense speculation; and there would be pathetic tones and deep modulations in his voice, that delighted the ear, and spoke movingly to the heart.

But what most endeared him to us, was the kindness and sympathy with which he entered into all our interests and wishes. Instead of curbing and checking our young imaginations with the reins of sober reason, he was a little too apt to catch the impulse, and be hurried away with us. He could not withstand the excitement of any sally of feeling or fancy; and was prone to lend heightening tints to the illusive coloring of youthful anticipation.

Under his guidance, my sisters and myself soon entered upon a more extended range of studies; but while they wandered, with delighted minds, through the wide field of history and belles-lettres, a nobler walk was opened to my superior intellect.

The mind of Glencoe presented a singular mixture of philosophy and poetry. He was fond of metaphysics, and prone to indulge in abstract speculations, though his metaphysics were somewhat fine spun and fanciful, and his speculations were apt to partake of what my father most irreverently termed 'humbug.' For my part, I delighted in them, and the more especially, because they set my father to sleep, and completely confounded my sisters. I entered, with my accustomed eagerness, into this new branch of study. Metaphysics were now my passion. My sisters attempted to accompany me, but they soon faltered, and gave out before they had got half way through Smith's Theory of the Moral Sentiments. I, however, went on, exulting in my strength. Glencoe supplied me with books, and I devoured them with appetite, if not digestion. We walked and talked together under the trees before the house, or sat apart, like Milton's angels, and held high converse upon themes beyond the grasp of ordinary intellects. Glencoe possessed a kind of philosophic chivalry, in imitation of the old peripatetic sages, and was continually dreaming of romantic enterprises in morals, and splendid systems for the improvement of society. He had a fanciful mode of illustrating abstract subjects, peculiarly to my taste; clothing them with the language of poetry, and throwing round them almost the magic hues of fiction. 'How charming,' thought I, 'is divine philosophy; not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

'But a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.'

I felt a wonderful self-complacency at being on such excellent terms with a man whom I considered on a parallel with the sages of antiquity, and looked down with a sentiment of pity on the feeble intellects of my sisters, who could comprehend nothing of metaphysics. It is true, when I attempted to study them by myself, I was apt to get in a fog; but when Glencoe came to my aid, every thing was soon as clear to me as day. My ear drank in the beauty of his words; my imagination was dazzled with the splendor of his illustrations. It caught up the sparkling sands of poetry that glittered through his speculations, and mistook them for the golden ore of wisdom. Struck with the facility with which I seemed to imbibe and relish the most abstract doctrines, I conceived a still higher opinion of my mental powers, and was convinced that I also was a philosopher.

I WAS now verging toward man's estate, and though my education had been extremely irregular — following the caprices of my humor, which I mistook for the impulses of my genius — yet I was regarded with wonder and delight by my mother and sisters, who considered me almost as wise and infallible as I considered myself. This high opinion of me was strengthened by a declamatory habit, which made me an oracle and orator at the domestic board. The time was now at hand, however, that was to put my philosophy to the test.

We had passed through a long winter, and the spring at length opened upon us, with unusual sweetness. The soft serenity of the weather; the beauty of the surrounding country; the joyous notes of the birds; the balmy breath of flower and blossom, all combined to fill my bosom with indistinct sensations, and nameless wishes. Amid the soft seductions of the season, I lapsed into a state of utter indolence, both of body and mind.

Philosophy had lost its charms for me. Metaphysics — *faugh!* I tried to study; took down volume after volume, ran my eye vacantly over a few pages, and threw them by with distaste. I loitered about the house, with my hands in my pockets, and an air of complete vacancy. Something was necessary to make me happy; but what was that something! I sauntered to the apartments of my sisters, hoping their conversation might amuse me. They had walked out, and the room was vacant. On the table lay a volume which they had been reading. It was a novel. I had never read a novel, having conceived a contempt for works of the kind, from hearing them universally condemned. It is true, I had remarked that they were as universally read; but I considered them beneath the attention of a philosopher, and never would venture to read them, lest I should lessen my mental superiority in the eyes of my sisters. Nay, I had taken up a work of the kind, now and then, when I knew my sisters were observing me, looked into it for a moment, and then laid it down, with a slight supercilious smile. On the present occasion, out of mere listlessness, I took up the volume, and turned over a few of the first pages. I thought I heard some one coming, and laid it down. I was mistaken; no one was near, and what I had read, tempted my curiosity to read a little farther. I leaned against a window-frame, and in a few minutes was completely lost in the story. How long I stood there

reading, I know not, but I believe for nearly two hours. Suddenly I heard my sisters on the stairs, when I thrust the book into my bosom, and the two other volumes, which lay near, into my pockets, and hurried out of the house to my beloved woods. Here I remained all day beneath the trees, bewildered, bewitched; devouring the contents of these delicious volumes; and only returned to the house when it was too dark to peruse their pages.

This novel finished, I replaced it in my sister's apartment, and looked for others. Their stock was ample, for they had brought home all that were current in the city; but my appetite demanded an immense supply. All this course of reading was carried on clandestinely, for I was a little ashamed of it, and fearful that my wisdom might be called in question; but this very privacy gave it additional zest. It was 'bread eaten in secret;' it had the charm of a private amour.

But think what must have been the effect of such a course of reading, on a youth of my temperament and turn of mind; indulged, too, amidst romantic scenery, and in the romantic season of the year. It seemed as if I had entered upon a new scene of existence. A train of combustible feelings were lighted up in me, and my soul was all tenderness and passion. Never was youth more completely love-sick, though as yet it was a mere general sentiment, and wanted a definite object. Unfortunately, our neighborhood was particularly deficient in female society, and I languished in vain for some divinity, to whom I might offer up this most uneasy burthen of affections. I was at one time seriously enamoured of a lady whom I saw occasionally in my rides, reading at the window of a country-seat; and actually serenaded her with my flute; when, to my confusion, I discovered that she was old enough to be my mother. It was a sad damper to my romance; especially as my father heard of it, and made it the subject of one of those household jokes, which he was apt to serve up at every meal-time.

I soon recovered from this check, however, but it was only to relapse into a state of amorous excitement. I passed whole days in the fields, and along the brooks; for there is something in the tender passion, that makes us alive to the beauties of nature. A soft sunshine morning infused a sort of rapture into my breast. I flung open my arms, like the Grecian youth in Ovid, as if I would take in and embrace the balmy atmosphere.* The song of the birds melted me to tenderness. I would lie by the side of some rivulet, for hours, and form garlands of the flowers on its banks, and muse on ideal beauties, and sigh from the crowd of undefined emotions that swelled my bosom.

In this state of amorous delirium, I was strolling one morning along a beautiful wild brook, which I had discovered in a glen. There was one place where a small water-fall, leaping from among rocks into a natural basin, made a scene such as a poet might have chosen as the haunt of some shy Naiad. It was here I usually retired to banquet on my novels. In visiting the place this morning, I traced distinctly,

* OVID'S *Metamorphoses*, Book vii.

on the margin of the basin, which was of fine clear sand, the prints of a female foot, of the most slender and delicate proportions. This was sufficient for an imagination like mine. Robinson Crusoe himself, when he discovered the print of a savage foot on the beach of his lonely island, could not have been more suddenly assailed with thick-coming fancies.

I endeavored to track the steps, but they only passed for a few paces along the fine sand, and then were lost among the herbage. I remained gazing in reverie upon this passing trace of loveliness. It evidently was not made by any of my sisters, for they knew nothing of this haunt; beside, the foot was smaller than theirs; it was remarkable for its beautiful delicacy.

My eye accidentally caught two or three half-withered wild flowers, lying on the ground. The unknown nymph had doubtless dropped them from her bosom! Here was a new document of taste and sentiment. I treasured them up as invaluable relics. The place, too, where I found them, was remarkably picturesque, and the most beautiful part of the brook. It was overhung with a fine elm, entwined with grape-vines. She who could select such a spot, who could delight in wild brooks, and wild flowers, and silent solitudes, must have fancy, and feeling, and tenderness; and with all these qualities, she must be beautiful!

But who could be this Unknown, that had thus passed by, as in a morning dream, leaving merely flowers and fairy footsteps, to tell of her loveliness! There was a mystery in it, that bewildered me. It was so vague and disembodied, like those 'airy tongues that syllable men's names' in solitude. Every attempt to solve the mystery was vain. I could hear of no being in the neighborhood to whom this trace could be ascribed. I haunted the spot, and became daily more and more enamoured. Never, surely, was passion more pure and spiritual, and never lover in more dubious situation. My case could be compared only to that of the amorous prince, in the fairy tale of Cinderella; but he had a glass slipper on which to lavish his tenderness. I, alas! was in love with a footstep!

The imagination is alternately a cheat and a dupe; nay more, it is the most subtle of cheats, for it cheats itself, and becomes the dupe of its own delusions. It conjures up 'airy nothings,' gives to them a 'local habitation and a name,' and then bows to their control, as implicitly as though they were realities. Such was now my case. The good Numa could not more thoroughly have persuaded himself that the nymph Egeria hovered about her sacred fountain, and communed with him in spirit, than I had deceived myself into a kind of visionary intercourse with the airy phantom fabricated in my brain. I constructed a rustic seat at the foot of the tree where I had discovered the footsteps. I made a kind of bower there, where I used to pass my mornings, reading poetry and romances. I carved hearts and darts on the tree, and hung it with garlands. My heart was full to overflowing, and wanted some faithful bosom into which it might relieve itself. What is a lover without a confidante? I thought at once of my sister Sophy, my early play-mate, the sister of my affections. She was so reasonable, too, and of such correct feelings, always listening to my words as oracular sayings, and admiring my

scraps of poetry, as the very inspirations of the muse. From such a devoted, such a rational being, what secrets could I have?

I accordingly took her, one morning, to my favorite retreat. She looked around, with delighted surprise, upon the rustic seat, the bower, the tree carved with emblems of the tender passion. She turned her eyes upon me to inquire the meaning.

'Oh, Sophy,' exclaimed I, 'clasping both her hands in mine, and looking earnestly in her face, 'I am in love!'

She started with surprise.

'Sit down,' said I, 'and I will tell you all.'

She seated herself upon the rustic bench, and I went into a full history of the footstep, with all the associations of idea that had been conjured up by my imagination.

Sophy was enchanted; it was like a fairy tale: She had read of such mysterious visitations in books, and the loves thus conceived were always for beings of superior order, and were always happy. She caught the illusion, in all its force; her cheek glowed; her eye brightened.

'I dare say she's pretty,' said Sophy.

'Pretty!' echoed I, 'she is beautiful!' I went through all the reasoning by which I had logically proved the fact to my own satisfaction. I dwelt upon the evidences of her taste, her sensibility to the beauties of nature; her soft meditative habit, that delighted in solitude; 'oh,' said I, clasping my hands, 'to have such a companion to wander through these scenes; to sit with her by this murmuring stream; to wreath garlands round her brows; to hear the music of her voice mingling with the whisperings of these groves; to —'

'Delightful! delightful!' cried Sophy; 'what a sweet creature she must be! She is just the friend I want. How I shall dote upon her! Oh, my dear brother! you must not keep her all to yourself. You must let me have some share of her!'

I caught her to my bosom: 'You shall — you shall!' cried I, 'my dear Sophy; we will all live for each other!'

THE conversation with Sophy heightened the illusions of my mind; and the manner in which she had treated my day-dream, identified it with facts and persons, and gave it still more the stamp of reality. I walked about as one in a trance, heedless of the world around, and lapped in an elysium of the fancy.

In this mood I met, one morning, with Glencoe. He accosted me with his usual smile, and was proceeding with some general observations, but paused and fixed on me an inquiring eye.

'What is the matter with you?' said he; 'you seem agitated; has any thing in particular happened?'

'Nothing,' said I, hesitating; 'at least nothing worth communicating to you.'

'Nay, my dear young friend,' said he, 'whatever is of sufficient importance to agitate you, is worthy of being communicated to me.'

'Well; but my thoughts are running on what you would think a frivolous subject.'

'No subject is frivolous, that has the power to awaken strong feelings.'

‘What think you,’ said I, hesitating, ‘what think you of love?’

Glencoe almost started at the question. ‘Do you call that a frivolous subject?’ replied he. Believe me, there is none fraught with such deep, such vital interest. If you talk, indeed, of the capricious inclination awakened by the mere charm of perishable beauty, I grant it to be idle in the extreme; but that love which springs from the concordant sympathies of virtuous hearts; that love which is awakened by the perception of moral excellence, and fed by meditation on intellectual as well as personal beauty; that is a passion which refines and ennobles the human heart. Oh, where is there a sight more nearly approaching to the intercourse of angels, than that of two young beings, free from the sins and follies of the world, mingling pure thoughts, and looks, and feelings, and becoming as it were soul of one soul, and heart of one heart! How exquisite the silent converse that they hold; the soft devotion of the eye, that needs no words to make it eloquent! Yes, my friend, if there be any thing in this weary world worthy of heaven, it is the pure bliss of such a mutual affection!’

The words of my worthy tutor overcame all farther reserve. ‘Mr. Glencoe,’ cried I, blushing still deeper, ‘I am in love!’

And is that what you were ashamed to tell me? Oh never seek to conceal from your friend so important a secret. If your passion be unworthy, it is for the steady hand of friendship to pluck it forth; if honorable, none but an enemy would seek to stifle it. On nothing does the character and happiness so much depend, as on the first affection of the heart. Were you caught by some fleeting and superficial charm—a bright eye, a blooming cheek, a soft voice, or a voluptuous form—I would warn you to beware; I would tell you that beauty is but a passing gleam of the morning, a perishable flower; that accident may becloud and blight it, and that at best it must soon pass away. But were you in love with such a one as I could describe; young in years, but still younger in feelings; lovely in person, but as a type of the mind’s beauty; soft in voice, in token of gentleness of spirit; blooming in countenance, like the rosy tints of morning kindling with the promise of a genial day; an eye beaming with the benignity of a happy heart; a cheerful temper, alive to all kind impulses, and frankly diffusing its own felicity; a self-poised mind, that needs not lean on others for support; an elegant taste, that can embellish solitude, and furnish out its own enjoyments’——

‘My dear Sir,’ cried I, for I could contain myself no longer, ‘you have described the very person!’

‘Why then, my dear young friend,’ said he, affectionately pressing my hand, ‘in God’s name, love on!’

For the remainder of the day, I was in some such state of dreamy beatitude as a Turk is said to enjoy, when under the influence of opium. It must be already manifest, how prone I was to bewilder myself with picturings of the fancy, so as to confound them with existing realities. In the present instance, Sophy and Glencoe had contributed to promote the transient delusion. Sophy, dear girl, had as usual joined with me in my castle-building, and indulged in the same train

of imaginings, while Glencoe, duped by my enthusiasm, firmly believed that I spoke of a being I had seen and known. By their sympathy with my feelings, they in a manner became associated with the Unknown in my mind, and thus linked her with the circle of my intimacy.

In the evening, our family party was assembled in the hall, to enjoy the refreshing breeze. Sophy was playing some favorite Scotch airs on the piano, while Glencoe, seated apart, with his forehead resting on his hand, was buried in one of those pensive reveries, that made him so interesting to me.

'What a fortunate being I am!' thought I, 'blessed with such a sister and such a friend! I have only to find out this amiable Unknown, to wed her, and be happy! What a paradise will be my home, graced with a partner of such exquisite refinement! It will be a perfect fairy bower, buried among sweets and roses. Sophy shall live with us, and be the companion of all our enjoyments. Glencoe, too, shall no more be the solitary being that he now appears. He shall have a home with us. He shall have his study, where, when he pleases, he may shut himself up from the world, and bury himself in his own reflections. His retreat shall be sacred; no one shall intrude there; no one but myself, who will visit him now and then, in his seclusion, where we will devise grand schemes together for the improvement of mankind. How delightfully our days will pass, in a round of rational pleasures and elegant employments! Sometimes we will have music; sometimes we will read; sometimes we will wander through the flower-garden, when I will smile with complacency on every flower my wife has planted; while, in the long winter evenings, the ladies will sit at their work, and listen, with hushed attention, to Glencoe and myself, as we discuss the abstruse doctrines of metaphysics.'

From this delectable reverie, I was startled by my father's slapping me on the shoulder: 'What possesses the lad?' cried he; 'here have I been speaking to you half a dozen times, without receiving an answer.'

'Pardon me, Sir,' replied I; 'I was so completely lost in thought, that I did not hear you.'

'Lost in thought! And pray what were you thinking of? Some of your philosophy, I suppose.'

'Upon my word,' said my sister Charlotte, with an arch laugh, 'I suspect Harry's in love again.'

'And if I were in love, Charlotte,' said I, somewhat nettled, and recollecting Glencoe's enthusiastic eulogy of the passion, 'if I were in love, is that a matter of jest and laughter? Is the tenderest and most fervid affection that can animate the human breast, to be made a matter of cold-hearted ridicule?'

My sister colored. 'Certainly not, brother!—nor did I mean to make it so, or to say any thing that should wound your feelings. Had I really suspected you had formed some genuine attachment, it would have been sacred in my eyes; but—' said she, smiling, as if at some whimsical recollection, 'I thought that you—you might be indulging in another little freak of the imagination.'

'I'll wager any money,' cried my father, 'he has fallen in love again with some old lady at a window!'

'Oh no!' cried my dear sister Sophy, with the most gracious warmth; 'she is young and beautiful.'

'From what I understand,' said Glencoe, rousing himself, 'she must be lovely in mind as in person.'

I found my friends were getting me into a fine scrape. I began to perspire at every pore, and felt my ears tingle.

'Well, but,' cried my father, 'who is she? — what is she? Let us hear something about her.'

This was no time to explain so delicate a matter. I caught up my hat, and vanished out of the house.

The moment I was in the open air, and alone, my heart upbraided me. Was this respectful treatment to my father — to *such* a father, too — who had always regarded me as the pride of his age — the staff of his hopes? It is true, he was apt, sometimes, to laugh at my enthusiastic flights, and did not treat my philosophy with due respect; but when had he ever thwarted a wish of my heart? Was I then to act with reserve toward him, in a matter which might affect the whole current of my future life? 'I have done wrong,' thought I; 'but it is not too late to remedy it. I will hasten back, and open my whole heart to my father!'

I returned accordingly, and was just on the point of entering the house, with my heart full of filial piety, and a contrite speech upon my lips, when I heard a burst of obstreperous laughter from my father, and a loud titter from my two elder sisters.

'A footstep! shouted he, as soon as he could recover himself; 'in love with a footstep! Why, this beats the old lady at the window!' And then there was another appalling burst of laughter. Had it been a clap of thunder, it could hardly have astounded me more completely. Sophy, in the simplicity of her heart, had told all, and had set my father's risible propensities in full action.

Never was poor mortal so thoroughly crest-fallen as myself. The whole delusion was at an end. I drew off silently from the house, shrinking smaller and smaller at every fresh peal of laughter; and wandering about until the family had retired, stole quietly to my bed. Scarce any sleep, however, visited my eyes that night! I lay overwhelmed with mortification, and meditating how I might meet the family in the morning. The idea of ridicule was always intolerable to me; but to endure it on a subject by which my feelings had been so much excited, seemed worse than death. I almost determined, at one time, to get up, saddle my horse, and ride off, I knew not whither.

At length, I came to a resolution. Before going down to breakfast, I sent for Sophy, and employed her as ambassador to treat formally in the matter. I insisted that the subject should be buried in oblivion; otherwise, I would not show my face at table. It was readily agreed to; for not one of the family would have given me pain for the world. They faithfully kept their promise. Not a word was said of the matter; but there were wry faces, and suppressed titters, that went to my soul; and whenever my father looked me in the face, it was with such a tragi-comical leer — such an attempt to pull down a serious brow upon a whimsical mouth — that I had a thousand times rather he had laughed outright.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE IRON HORSE.

There were noble steeds in the days of old,
 They were fierce in battle, in danger bold;
 They clanked in armor, and shone in gold,
 And they bore their riders with lordly pride;
 But the Iron Horse, there were none like him!
 He whirle you along till your eye is dim,
 Till your brain is crazed, and your senses swim,
 With the dizzy landscape on either side!

He springs away with a sudden bound,
 His hoof, unshodden, spurns the ground,
 His nostril dashes its foam around,
 Like the first faint clouds of a thunder shower:
 And a stated moment he ever hath,
 When he rushes forth on his iron path,
 And wo to him who shall rouse his wrath,
 By curbing him in, beyond the hour!

While other steeds must be champing hay,
 Must repose by night, and be fed by day,
 Let the Iron Horse have his level way,
 And he asks for no more than his fire and water.
 He wears no bridle, nor curbing-chain,
 He brooks no spur, and he needs no rein;
 Only set him forth on the open plain,
 And he'll be the last horse to weary or loiter!

All seasons and times he will fearless brave,
 Whether hot shines the sun, or th' north winds rave;
 He flies o'er the earth, and he rides the waves,
 Like a shadowy cloud o'er the harvest fields:
 He neighs aloud, as he dashes by,
 And the fire-sparks flash from his gleaming eye,
 And vales resound, and the hills reply,
 To the rapid rush of the flashing wheels.

His breath is hot as the siroc's blast,
 As it hisses forth through his iron teeth,
 And it rolls up slow, when he hurries past,
 Like the morning mist, in a snowy wreath.
 And you'd better stand in the van of war,
 Where the vollied death-shots fly free and far,
 And thousands fall, ere the fight is done,
 Than to cross the path that he flies upon,
 Whenever the hurled and loud-rattling car,
 Like a thunder-gust, comes roaring on!

But not alone for his matchless speed,
 Do we sing the praise of this noble steed.
 'Such a fellow for business,' the Yankees say,
 Can no where be found, in the old world or new;
 He will toil all night, he will toil all day,
 And it's hard to tell what he cannot do.
 With the old-fashioned method of working with tools,
 Our mechanics and artists have nearly all done;
 For they find it much easier to sit on their stools,
 While the work of twenty is done by one.

Not only the speed of this Iron Horse
 Is such, that he leaves far behind in the course
 All the fleetest racers that ever were shod;
 He's the fastest workman that ever you saw;
 He'll set more card-teeth, and braid more straw,
 Than all the fair maids from New-York to Cape Cod.
 To be sure he wont work alone, but then
 Not a fig would he give for his choice in men;

Only let him have one, howe'er loose his wits,
And he'll spin you a yarn, or knit you a stocking,
With all the grave matrons that ever came flocking
To a gossiping party in old Massachusetts.

They say, beside, to raise cabbage and beets
In an hour, is but one of his many feats;
He will warm your room, and cook your dinner,
And when it is ready, he will tell you so;
And to this, you must add, he's a mere beginner,
Who learned his trade scarce a year ago:
The western men have taught him to mow,
To plough the field, and grind their wheat,
And he's all the same, in rain or snow,
In the winter's cold, or the summer's heat.

In the land of stern habits, he turns off clocks,
With such a fearful rapidity, it shocks
All the sober bounds of a man's belief;
Give him but rags, and lo! once or twice round,
He'll hand out a book, all printed and bound,
And paged off, in order, from leaf to leaf!
If he learns for the future as fast
As he has for a few years past,
And acquires, by the way, the habit of meddling,
The Yankees will certainly send him out peddling!

Had the animal lived in old Homer's day,
When Jupiter used such a store of thunder,
The forges of Vulcan, where deep they lay,
Half rending the crater of Ætna asunder
With their ceaseless roar, and thundering shocks,
Would have proved to be built for a useless trade;
And Vulcan, ruined by th' fall of stocks,
Would have turned the Cyclops off unpaid;
For a thunder-bolt, forged by the Iron Horse,
And hurled by him on its flaming course,
Would have proved to mortals a hotter curse,
Would have bellowed louder, and blasted worse,
Than all that the king of the gods ever hurled
From his starry throne o'er a frighten'd world.

It is human nature to make or mar;
So in modern times they have taught him war;
And he throws a ball, they say, moreover,
With perfect ease, from Calais to Dover.
A common cannon, when once exploded,
Will fire not another shot, till loaded;
He stops not to murder by such a dull scheme,
For he pours his balls in a ceaseless stream.
Had he stood in the straits of Thermopylæ,
With only one of the three hundred men,
Who fought their last in the narrow glen,
To turn his front on that tossing sea
Of Persian plumes, as they onward came,
He had stolen the fame of the Spartan name,
And Xerxes' ranks had been widely strown,
In a sea of gore, that was all their own.

Would you know still more of this noble steed?
The voice of the tempest is roaring loud,
And the howling blasts, in their viewless speed,
O'er the ocean are hurrying the darkening cloud.
The Storm-Spirit rides on the foam-crested wave,
And the Deep is roused to his fiercest wrath;
Oh! whose is the arm that hath power to save
The vessel that flies on his stormy path?
The wrecks are whelmed in old ocean's caves,
And the sailors sink to their unknown graves,
While their dirge is sung by the sounding waves.

But see! there's a ship! yet it hath no sail;
 Perchance it is strown on the rushing gale,
 But it hath no mast! still onward it comes,
 All bright and beautiful, alone,
 When the tempest howls, and the roused deep foams.
 She sends up a cloud, that is wreathed in fire!
 Ah! her hapless fate must full soon be known!
 The lightnings of heaven have smote her in ire:
 But no! those wreaths are too bright for smoke:
 'Tis the rolling breath of the *Iron Horse*!
 In vain the winds from their caves have broke,
 He drags the ship on her foaming course;
 With convulsive heaving, he paws the wave,
 And the ship hath no need of mast or sail,
 For his alone is the power to save
 From the gathered rage of the sea and gale!

But not alone on the stormy sea,
 Not alone through the vales of the northern clime,
 Where he travels now so gloriously,
 Shall his destined path in the future be;
 He shall cross the Alp and the Appenine,
 His voice shall be heard by the winding Rhine;
 By the fallen fanes of the olden time;
 He shall send the roar of his rolling car,
 Through the wide domains of the northern Czar;
 Through Sarmatia's wilds, and the Switzer's snows,
 And along the vales where the Danube flows;
 Where the Moslem hears the Muezzin's cry,
 'To prayer! to prayer!' he shall hurtle by;
 Where the deep blue heaven of Asia smiles,
 O'er her storied plains and countless isles,
 And the flowers that breathe in the balmy air,
 Are bright as the pearls that are shining there;
 Where the Afric sun pours his scorching beams
 On the thirsty sands and the wasted streams;
 Where the Pharaohs, in their kingly pride,
 Were rolled by night in the Red Sea's tide,
 'Neath the palm-trees' boughs, the banyan's shade,
 His iron path-way shall yet be laid.

On our mountain ridges his chariots gleam,
 He follows the track of the winding stream;
 He will carry us forth from our early homes,
 To the fairy scenes of the glowing West,
 Where the Father of Waters in grandeur roams,
 Through broad savannahs in verdure drest.
 Away! away! with his ceaseless roar,
 The valley and stream he will hasten o'er;
 Away! away! where the prairie lies,
 Like an emerald sea, 'neath the fair blue skies,
 With naught in view save the waving grass,
 The flowers that bend as his chariots pass,
 And in black and fearful host afar,
 The countless herd of the buffalo,
 That start at the gleam of his shining car,
 And away, loud bellowing and thundering go,
 With a speed that no foot of the deer can surpass.

The prairie-horses shall toss the mane,
 Tear the ground with their hoofs, and neigh aloud,
 When this stranger-steed o'er their free domain,
 Comes rushing on, like a flying cloud;
 But he heeds them not, as he onward speeds,
 With a tread as loud as a thousand steeds.
 A sound shall be heard through the mountain caves,
 A sound, through the gloom of the pathless glen,
 Like the hollow murmur of breaking waves,
 Or the measured tramping of mail-clad men;
 'Tis the *Iron Horse*; he hath passed the bound
 Of the wild sierras that fenced him round;
 He hath no more on the land to gain,
 His path is free to the western main!

THE WISEACRES.

NUMBER ONE.

'Wise above that which is written.' — THE BIBLE.

THERE is, Mr. EDITOR, a class of subjects, various to an extreme in the detail, yet in their general bearings closely related, on which, with your approval, I am inclined to figure a little in your journal; writing at intervals, as I can find time; smiling occasionally, and perhaps inducing others to smile; aiming at the great interests of truth and virtue, and using all frankness and simplicity, with as much good nature as I can bring into play, in the pursuit of my object.

Like Halleck's FANNY, I have been younger once than I am now, and like almost every body else, I have had my share of disappointments and vexations. Still, if I know my own heart, I am neither so old, nor so soured by misfortune, as to cherish any unnatural resentment toward the world I live in. Let it pass. The time will soon be over; and the world, even while it lasts, is well enough, if those who inhabit it would allow it to be what God, in his benevolence, intended it — his name be praised! It is the follies and vices of mankind that spoil every thing.

All vice is folly; but all follies are not of the same type. There is a folly of mere weakness, of imbecility of mind, the extreme of which is idiocy. This, though often culpable, as resulting more or less from ignorance of what ought to be known, is yet so frequently allied to irretrievable calamity, and so generally associated in our contemplation with a notion of that kind, that we are scarce at liberty to laugh at its blunders, much less to assail it with severe reproof. Another sort of folly shows itself, not in weakness, but phrenzy; not in want of intellectual power, but in some perversion of its aim, or action. The mental machinery is strong, and perhaps of brilliant polish; but a wheel displaced, or a band loosened, has thrown its movements into hopeless perplexity. Here, too, reproach is silent; and in place of ridicule, we are struck with consternation; looking at the spectacle as at a wreck in the same sea where we are sailing, and brought about by an inscrutable visitation, which, for aught we know, may next come upon ourselves.

But there is a folly, and a most prevalent one, not within these limits, nor at all entitled to the forbearance they claim. It is a folly of affectation, of pretension, of ambitious eccentricity; a vain folly, that plays the fool on purpose to be seen; a strenuous folly, that presses forward in pure love of itself and its doings; a folly of conceited opinion, holding common example, not to say common sense, in scorn, just because it is common; a folly that piques itself upon all manner of singularities for their own sake; eager for distinction in any form, however trivial, and upon any terms of purchase, however silly or contemptible. Here is a source of living caricature, out of which the world is filled with curiosities, fit in every respect to be laughed at; the legitimate diversion of that strange faculty of our nature called, for lack of a better name, the love of the ludicrous.

Here Wit may let fly his arrows, without the guilt of murder, and Fun exhaust his risibilities in a field, if such there be on earth, of lawful merriment.

Go where we will, there are beings of this kind to be met with. The chance is, that the very critic who remarks upon them, is himself among the number, and liable to be laughed at in turn. The poison is insidious. Its victim is often the last to notice its influence. Some men are total fools, some partial. How they came so, is generally a secret to themselves. With most, folly is an exception, not a rule. There are persons of infinite merit, who have yet a vein of indiscretion, on some fatal topic, which their wisdom never approaches, but at the hazard of being completely upset. This topic is sometimes one of science, sometimes of philosophy, sometimes of religion or morals; sometimes of art, taste, manners. As there are monomaniacs, so there are fools of a single subject. If a person lose the just conception of a fact of every-day occurrence, and which is of course necessary to the integrity of his common sense — take for instance the fact of his own identity, or his relationship in society, or the condition he is of — he is so far a deranged man; his intellects have, in that point, lost their moorings. In like manner, let him have the wisdom of Solomon, in general affairs, with a besetting sin of vanity, or other distorting misjudgment, in one solitary matter, and he may as well deserve to be the subject of a jest, as any that ever wore cap and bells.

Indeed, great men are apt to be the most remarkable for their foibles. Dr. Johnson affected the bear; General Hamilton is said to have been vain of his personal appearance; the late venerable Doctor Mason piqued himself too much on intellectual energy, a thing he really had a great deal of. Doctor Channing, a living author of much merit, dives and strains after excessive depth and refinement; while Mr. Van Buren, our people-kissing Absalom, looks rather to the surface of things, and finds the secret of his 'great strength' in smiles and placidity of face.

There is no end to these oddities. Miss Martineau is a clever writer; but let her mount her hobby of the political rights of women, and she is crazy at once. Even Reid, the philosopher, a professed follower of common sense, became blear-eyed and way-lost in the pursuit. Nor have the labors of Stuart, Cousin, and Company, availed to mitigate in the least the general ophthalmia of his school. Scarce a man, who has any thing positive in his character, but he may be followed into some nook of thought or sentiment, where he is beside himself. Hear the French economists prate of possible immortality in this world. Hear Bentham upon codification. Hear Tooke on etymology. Hear the sectarian doctors, of all time, on what 'he that runs may read' and understand, in the sunshine of revelation. Hear Wordsworth rave about poetical diction, while his muse, in illustration, sings:

'Suck, little babe; oh, suck again!'

Hear, finally, Jackson on the law of the constitution; Calhoun and McDuffie on state-rights; Noah Webster on lexicography; and Sir Jonathan Oldbuck on 'castrametation' and the 'Kaim of Kinprunes.'

Alas, that it should be so! And yet the cause is often apparent.

What a person is reputed, or imagines himself to excel in, he is sure to regard with a degree of favor dangerous to the balance of his character. A story told successfully, is likely to be told again, and to be followed up with others, till the performer becomes a story-teller by trade. Poets, painters, orators, are currently made in the same way. The first attempt, in every kind of enterprise, is an adventure. Success, or the near hope of it, leads to repetition. Habit ensues, and the character is stamped. Adepts, especially those of the first grade, in particular arts and sciences, are commonly fancied to be born such. Here is the process of their birth. So long as just bounds of reason are kept, the process is a happy one. Unfortunately, those bounds are too often over-passed, and some ridiculous peculiarity or extravagance mistaken for high attainment.

A person turns critic, perhaps. Practice improves him in his work, till he becomes self-confident and imperious; a man of strong sentences and weak conceits — the coxcomb of the reviews. Another takes to grammar or rhetoric, and becomes a man of rules; putting usage, and idiom, and nature, to the rack, for his rules' sake. Hence the fool-pedagogue, and the bar or pulpit fool of eloquence. Under like influence, some lady-birds are all 'accomplishment,' as it is called; all music, drawing, French, Italian, dress; just as some of the male-puppets of Broadway are of late all beard, ear-locks, and moustaches. That which, from any cause, engrosses the attention of individuals, grows imperceptibly to an undue importance in their eyes, and makes a gradual conquest of their discretion concerning it. Say what we will of the advantages arising from what is termed the 'division of labor,' in modern life, it has its disadvantages also. Like the one-sided policy of fashionable education, it gains a point or two, at the expense, perhaps, of many others. A character, to be perfect, must be largely and equally developed. To run it out in one direction or another, beyond due proportion, is to distort it. And to this all partial studies and employments have an unavoidable tendency. What is a mere mathematician in science? — a mere musician in art? a mere dandy among gentlemen?

Necessity and duty lay us, it is true, under many constraints. We cannot be in all things what we would, nor do exactly our pleasure. But there is one thing we can at least avoid. We can avoid *studious error*. A fool by choice, and on deliberate purpose, is a fool indeed. And whether he be a fool total or partial, it is fair, and may be useful, to chide him. If he have great merits, so much the worse the example of his follies. If his follies prevail, and have few or no merits to contrast with, reproof has a less hopeful, but not a less exigent task. In either case, the public must be appealed to. There are no civil law penalties applicable. Folly is a subject for the justice of public opinion only; a dread tribunal, often imposed upon, but whose decisions are commonly right in the end. Let us bring our griefs into this court; and if we take care that our object be that of all just penal administrations, namely, not to inflict pain, but to prevent the repetition of offences, good may come of it. z.

A VETERAN SMOKER.

HERE fast asleep, full six feet deep, and seventy summers ripe,
GEORGE THOMAS lies, in hopes to rise, and smoke another pipe.

STANZAS.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE MOSHASSUCK.

'Now to the sessions of sweet, silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past.'

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

I.

AGAIN September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umbered hills away,
And melts into the coming night :
Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tasselled wreath and tangling vine,
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

II.

And standing on its velvet shore,
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more,
Far winding on through vale and wood ;
Now glimmering through yon golden mist,
By the last, glinting sunbeams kissed,
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel-copse and moss-fringed wall.

III.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn,
The loffely gentian blossoms stull,
Still wave the star-flower and the fern,
O'er the soft outline of the hill ;
While far aloft, where pine trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapors cloud the illumined air,
And parting day-light lingers there.

IV.

But ah ! no longer thou art near,
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here,
To-night can only think on thee.
The flowers which late thy hand caressed,
Still lie unwithered on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore,
Where thou and I may rove no more !

V.

Again I hear the flute-like fall
Of water from yon distant dell,
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell ;
Again, again those sounds I hear,
Yet oh, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night ; how like a knell
The music of that evening bell !

VI.

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,
Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest,
With one pale planet burning nigh ;
And beautiful her pearly light,
As when we blessed its beams last night ;
But thou art o'er the far blue sea,
And I can only think on thee.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE are not among those who are very anxious to see an American school of painting. Schools of all kinds are apt to be wedded to particular styles, and are only really excellent in that which they have adopted as their own. We wish to perceive an endeavor on the part of our artists to arrive at the greatest perfection in every department of the art, whether it be after the Roman, Flemish, English, or French schools. Our painters are too apt to think, and the public are too apt to require, that every work produced on this side of the Atlantic should be peculiarly American, in character and execution. This, we think, is carrying national feelings and prejudices a little too far; it is, in fact, too democratic for our notions, and if persisted in, will narrow down the efforts of our artists to a very small compass. The space we cover, in the history of the world, is as yet very limited; and to confine our painters or sculptors to subjects drawn from this source alone, would produce a monotony, that would be as tedious and chilling, as at length it would be painful and disgusting. Already Indian scenes and Indian subjects have almost surfeited us. Tawny complexions, uncouth drapery, and unvaried expression of figure and countenance, may offer novelty for a while, but a refined mind will soon become wearied with them.

Those who advocate an American school, are constantly crying out to our artists, '*Paint from Nature.*' In this sentiment they seem to imagine that all true excellence consists. We certainly would not condemn the notion of always keeping nature before our eyes, when we attempt to do any thing truly great and original. But there are two ways of looking at Nature. There are those who look at her with a cultivated, and those who look at her with an uncultivated eye. To illustrate this, in a familiar manner, we would instance the landscapes recently published in England, of American scenery, and the views of the same scenery, published by some of our artists in this country. In both we find the same attention bestowed upon the drawing, outline, and perspective, but as unlike each other as possible in tone, color, and effect. One draws it as he would a map, with square and compass; the other, preserving the same fidelity, so arranges the light and shade, as to produce a fascinating and glowing picture. The one gives us Nature in her everyday dress, unvarnished, unadorned, and unattractive; the other seizes her in her happiest moments, when sunshine and gladness clothe her in her richest and most enticing apparel. The power of thus placing nature before us in her happiest moments, is the peculiar prerogative of genius; but of genius cultivated and refined by long study, and an intimate acquaintance with the principles of the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful. Intense application to the leading principles of taste, we know is repugnant to the great majority of mankind; and it is on this account that a superficial manner is so universal and alluring. But a superficial manner cannot earn a substantial reputation; and he who aims at popularity by courting momentary applause, will sooner or later find that he has been pursuing a phantom that has led him onward to his ruins. The idea, therefore, of establishing an American school of painting, by an exclusive study of

nature, without first acquiring a knowledge of the great principles of the art, is as idle as it is pernicious and deceptive.

A painter, to become really great, should be familiar with every thing that appertains to human character, as well as with every thing that has form, color, or expression. He must paint for all ages, all times, and all countries. Like Shakspeare, he must address himself to the human heart, be the fashions, language, and notions what they may. To do this, he must be familiar with the works of those who have preceded him in the great race for fame, and whom the world has pronounced as masters in their professions. He must understand clearly and distinctly the principles that have guided them in their career, and never rest satisfied, until he has mastered their most difficult and trying efforts. When this is accomplished, we have no fear of his wedding himself to any particular manner, or identifying himself with any particular school. His field will be the world, and the world will award him the praise, then so justly his due.

Next to having our artists familiar with the principles of taste, the public that patronise and sustain them should not be behind hand in possessing the same knowledge. In England, France, and Italy, the patrons of the arts are, generally speaking, almost as well acquainted with what constitutes a fine painting, as the artists themselves; and this offers to the man of genius a real incentive to redouble his exertions in his efforts to produce great works. To such an extent is this observable to travellers in those countries, that it is an every-day matter to encounter spectators in an exhibition-room, discoursing upon the merits of a work with all the judgment and good taste of the most profound connoisseur. But this is not the case here. If a picture strikes the eye, by its violent contrast of color, or awakens some association of childhood, or is novel in the manner of its execution, we are at once enraptured with its author, and forthwith pronounce him a second Michael Angelo or Raphael. The walls of private dwellings, instead of being enriched with a few works of a choice and rare character, are crowded with wretched portraits, and vile copies of old paintings, that have been purchased merely because they are *cheap*!

To correct public taste, we know, is a difficult task; but to *lead it*, is more practicable; and on the part of the artists and the public press, imperative. The system of puffing, so prevalent among us, should be discountenanced at once. It should be understood that no *individual*, no matter how splendid his genius, can produce works truly great, without years of intense labor and study. In the language of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it should be understood that the life of man is too short to enable any one to arrive at perfection, and that nothing but constant practice, great experience, and a powerful mind, can earn an enduring reputation. When the public once understand this, their decision will be more tardy, but more permanent. And so many young aspirants will not appear before us, to pass away like a meteor, leaving not even a trace of their existence behind them.

For some fifteen years past, the writer has been a close and attentive observer of the progress of the fine arts in this country; and during this period has been repeatedly struck with the appearance of new candidates for fame, who, after exhibiting every sign of future

greatness, have in a little time passed away, and been lost to us forever. On examining into the cause of this sudden extinguishment of promising talents, it has invariably been found that it is attributable to the extraordinary applause which has been bestowed upon their first efforts. They have been led to suppose that their knowledge of the art was complete, when in fact they were but in its very rudiments. They have reposed upon their fancied perfection, and never discovered their error, until they found themselves supplanted in public opinion by other candidates equally brilliant in their career, for the moment, but doomed to the same short-lived and shadowy reputation.

The press is certainly answerable for much of this disappointment in early genius. We can scarcely take up a journal of the day, but we find in it some extravagant article upon the work of some young tyro in the arts. Whether this is owing to the good nature of our editors, in wishing well to every young aspirant, or whether it arises from ignorance in judging of their works, we will leave it for others to determine. Certain we are, that the effect is most pernicious to public taste, and destructive to the future prospects of the objects of their notice. Articles should be written only by those who are fully competent to judge well and truly; and articles of this character will always carry upon their face an evidence of their value, by the thorough acquaintance they will exhibit of every part of the works they criticize. Instead of applying the general terms, that this is 'beautiful,' or that is 'bad,' they will point out *why* they are beautiful or bad; and thus enable their readers to judge for themselves, and be improved by the examination.

Next to the public press, the artists themselves, who have earned a substantial reputation, should be responsible, in some measure, for the low standard of taste among us. If they will administer to the groveling fancy of the ignorant and pedantic, by painting pictures suited only to inferior imaginations, on their heads must rest the consequences of a superficial taste in the community. The plea that works of this kind will alone find a purchaser, is no excuse, with any reasonable man. Painting then becomes a trade, and those who are compelled to give it this character, had better seek employment in the other walks of life, where a more lucrative, if a less honorable, destiny awaits them. Portraits and unmeaning fancy-pieces may find buyers, but elevated subjects alone will enable Painting to hold her station by the side of her sister arts, Poetry and Music.

There is an indolence among a large portion of our established artists, that is inexcusable. It undoubtedly arises from absence of competition, and the want of those great works of the old masters, both of which are essential to awaken a proper ambition among them. But it strikes us that they do not avail themselves of the means of study and improvement within their reach. Those who have visited the life and antique schools of the English and French academies, must have remarked the singular sensations produced by noticing men grown gray with age still drawing from the studies before them, with all the industry and zeal of the youngest students. But this is not so with us. Even the occasional visitation imposed upon the older members, by nearly all our academies, to instruct and guide the

student, is dispensed with, of late. The consequence is, that the little knowledge obtained in early years, is allowed to rust and become useless, through mere indolence and inattention.

It may be a question of some doubt, whether the fine arts will ever receive the same encouragement in this country that they have received in other countries. Wealth changes hands too frequently, to permit the same outlay in the establishment of private galleries; and unfortunately, the few that do possess the means, want the taste so necessary to make them appreciate or collect valuable works. In other countries, a real good picture, or piece of statuary, passes like an heir-loom through many generations, and is venerated and prized, not more for its real merits as a work of art, than for the kindred associations it awakens in the bosom of its possessor. With us, the rich man dies, and his goods and chattels vanish before the wand of the auctioneer.

In saying that the fine arts may never receive the same encouragement here as in other countries, let us not be misunderstood. There will undoubtedly be great sums of money expended, annually, by the American people, in the purchase of paintings, but the amount will be scattered over a wide surface, and be spent generally in small sums on very indifferent works. Public institutions formed for the express purpose of encouraging the arts, may remedy the evil: but we know of only one of the kind in the country, and the praise of originating this work belongs to our friends in Boston. *They* have begun to form a collection of pictures, which is thus far highly creditable to them; and this leads us to the suggestions we wish to make, for the establishment of a similar gallery in this city, and with which we will close our remarks on this subject, for the present.

The establishment of a public gallery, that shall be open at all seasons, and accessible to all, consisting of some of the best works of ancient and modern masters, would tend more to the improvement of public taste, and a correct style in our artists, than all the schools, public lectures, and annual exhibitions, that have ever appeared among us. Here our artists would be able to compare their works with a standard that would not vary with every change of public opinion; and here the public would be able to gather information, that would make them ashamed of their readiness to appreciate the gaudy, the superficial, and the extravagant, at the expense of the chaste, the elevated, and the beautiful.

That such a gallery could be established here, we can hardly doubt, when we reflect upon the large amounts annually expended upon other institutions for instruction and amusement. To divide the burden of raising the necessary means, by making each share of a small amount, could scarcely fail of insuring success to the undertaking. Will not some of our public spirited and influential men undertake it? It will certainly redound to their credit, as much as it will to the city at large. We would not have it originate with the artists, but with their patrons, and the lovers of the arts generally. We would allow them every privilege, to use it for their improvement and instruction; but we would have them disconnected with it, that all heart-burnings and jealousies might be avoided at the commencement.

We hope those who honor us with a perusal of this article, will think of it seriously, and if they view it as we do, let them set about the task of starting it with the ardor and good feeling that have characterized the commencement of other works for the public good.

THE GUARDIAN MIMOSA.

'A species of the Mimosa drops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retired under its shade : this mute hospitality has so endeared this tree to the Arabians, that the injuring or cutting it down is strictly prohibited.'

NIEBUHR'S TRAVELS IN ARABIA.

A GUARDIAN angel art thou, bless'd tree,
Outspreading thy sheltering arms o'er me ;
A kindly spirit I know thou art,
Of a cheerful faith, and a loving heart ;
I gaze through thy leaves on the midnight skies,
And fancy glimpses of Paradise
Shine through those vistas, dark and bright,
As they glisten and gleam in the fair moonlight !

Have I not shielded thee, beautiful tree,
From the pitiless rage of the Osmanli ?
And the reckless Frank, with unsparing blow,
Would have laid thy fragile branches low.
'T is an idle dream, but I fain would deem,
As quiver thy leaves in the bright sunbeam,
As thy branches wave in the tranquil air,
That my Leila's spirit is lingering there ;
Those pensile boughs by the soft wind fanned,
Seem fraught with the light of the spirit land.

In the roseate flush of her sweet spring tide,
Azrael claimed my fawn-eyed bride ;
When the sunlight fell on her early grave,
A pitying welcome thy branches gave ;
Heart-broken, I shrunk from each human eye,
And fled to thy silent sympathy ;
I marked thy flexile sprays uncurl,
Thy branches droop, and thy leaves unfurl ;
My arms around thy trunk I wreathed,
And 'Allah's will be done !' I breathed.

A hallowed calmness o'er me stole,
Thy mute caresses soothed my soul ;
My spirit would no longer wear
The hopelessness of dark despair ;
A fountain in the waste, wert thou,
One star upon the misty brow
Of heaven ; one line of light, one gleam
Of splendor on the moonlit stream.

At early dawn, thy branches spread
Their arching tendrils o'er my head ;
Ever at eventide I strayed,
And revelled in thy grateful shade ;
A fitting shrine, a temple fair,
To echo forth my vesper prayer ;
My guardian angel thou, blessed tree,
A simple song I proffer thee ;
A kindly spirit I know thou art,
Of cheerful faith, and a loving heart !

Gimcrack the Fourth.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

TIME'S TRACKS.

GENTLE READER: I would not willingly lead you into error, and therefore I will honestly confess, that the title which I have given to this Gimcrack has no more connexion with its subject than the name of a boy has with his character. But essays must have names, as well as men and towns; and if any of my ingenious readers should feel dissatisfied with the title of this article, he may address me on the subject through the post-office, and when I collect my 'works' for publication in another form, I will adopt any other name that may be suggested to me.

Lord Brougham has very justly defined true greatness to consist of being in advance of one's time; and the poets and philosophers who have found most favor with the world, are those who have been mindful of this plain truth; and taking heed to the injunction of Saint Paul, have left the things that were behind, and have reached forward to those things which are before; while we have lately seen an instance of the ill effects of neglecting this wise course, in the failure of a great poet in a neighboring city, who, in the choice of his subject, went back to the days of the antediluvians. With such a melancholy instance of misapplied genius before my eyes, it would be little less than literary suicide, were I to seek in history for the materials wherewith to season the *entremets* that I have undertaken to serve up for the guests who sit at OLD KNICK's table. I shall therefore make a long arm, and reach forward into the dominions of posterity, and gather up such crumbs as come within the reach of my fingers.

So—what is this? Nothing short of a newspaper. That was a lucky grab. We will now see what our descendants are doing.

That *was* a long arm that I put forth, beyond dispute. It appears I have reached into that distant period when the friends of human rights have carried their plans beyond the wildest dreams of the present day. Women enjoy the same privileges as men; servants are unknown, and all government at an end; and such is the perfect equality of mankind, that the strong tyrannize over the weak with impunity, since there are no legal restraints to hinder, and the hardest fends off. But still the world is improving, and the inmates of the nursery are contending for their rights. The paper that I have grasped in my hand is the 'MINORS' MIRROR,' and is edited by an association of infants. It differs but little from many of the papers of the present day, except that the paper is of a finer texture, and the typography is greatly superior to any thing seen in this generation. The first article on the outside page is headed 'WALL-STREET,' and is of course devoted to that endless subject, the currency. The next is headed 'TRADE,' and as there appears to be some novelty in the editor's remarks, I will indulge the reader with a quotation:

'Trade, during the past week, has been unusually dull; shop-

keepers make great complaints of a falling off in the demand for some articles which are usually, at this season, in request. A dealer in marbles states, that since the annual meeting of the juveniles, his sales have fallen off one third; cocoa-nut cakes, however, are in some request, and we have heard of a sale as high as twelve for a shilling; pea-nut candy is freely offered at a penny, and holders appear extremely desirous of sales; hard boiled eggs remain as they were, but ginger beer is decidedly lively; crullers and dough-nuts are firm at quotations; molasses candy has experienced a still farther decline. The old lady who keeps a stand in Broadway, near what was once Maiden-lane, effected a considerable sale yesterday afternoon of mint-sticks, but the terms have not yet transpired. As the holidays are approaching, we may confidently look for a return of former prices; and as the quarterly allowances to boys under twelve years will then become due, a considerable amount of pennies will be thrown into circulation, which cannot but have a favorable influence on the dealers in tin trumpets, a branch of industry which, we are sorry to learn, is laboring under great depression.'

Next follows a column of miscellaneous items, from which the following are selected:

'ANCIENT SPORTS.— We are always happy to remark any thing like a return to the simple habits and tastes of our ancestors; for although we are strenuous advocates for improvement, it must be allowed that our progenitors excelled in certain acts of *bon hommie*, of which we are miserably deficient. Considerable excitement was yesterday occasioned, and no small amusement, by a revival of the ancient custom of dancing for eels in Catharine Market. The performers were two black gentlemen, and the prize was a large bunch of splits: the winner's name was Jinquez, a descendant of that famous prince who landed on our shores above two centuries since. After the dance was over, the spectators adjourned to the Spread Eagle Tavern, where they were regaled with oyster-soup, served up in the old style, with pepper-corns and alsprice.'

'A deputation of boys waited upon the mayor last evening, to demand satisfaction for an affront put upon a child by the name of Epenetus Eglintoun, by one of the aldermen of the forty-eighth ward. The facts of the case, as we gather from the chairman of the deputation, are these: as Master Epenetus was trundling his hoop down the Eighty-fourth Avenue, in the quiet enjoyment of his rights, he chanced to run butt against the legs of Alderman Sopht Soap, doing no other damage to the city dignitary, than slightly lacerating one of his rather exuberant calves; and for this trifling offence, he had the unparalleled audacity to pull the boy's ears. As soon as the matter became known, a tremendous excitement was the consequence; a meeting was called, at which the most enthusiastic speeches were made, and several very severe resolutions were passed, without a dissenting voice. A committee was immediately appointed, who waited upon the mayor, and demanded the instant removal of the offender. One of the committee was the alderman's youngest son, who was very loud in his denunciations of his father. We have not yet heard the nature of the mayor's reply, but as soon as it is received, an extra will be issued from this office.'

'HIGHLY INTERESTING.—A very full meeting of young gentlemen under the age of ten years, took place last night in Young Lion's Hall, to receive the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of abolishing leading-strings from the nursery. The fifth resolution was offered by Washington Adams, and seconded by Jenkins Thomson, in a speech of great power; the thrillingness of the interest excited, was of the most intense kind. The resolution was to this effect:

'RESOLVED, That in the opinion of this meeting, leading-strings are a relic of the barbarous customs of our barbarous ancestors, and that we are bound by every principle of honor and liberty to wage an exterminating war against them, and that we will do so.'

'Thir,' said Mr. Adams, 'Mither Prethident, in rithing to thecund thith motion, I feel my bothom thwelling, with thoze pecooliar emotionhs which gwate men have all felt on gwate occathions. Thir, when I look abroad into that animated nature tho beautifully desthwibed by the immortal Goldthmith, I look in wain for leading-strings. Which of the animals in all kweation leadth ith young by stwings? Do birds? do fisheth? do therpenth? No, Mither Prethident, no. It ith man alone that pwesumes to lead ith young with stwingth! Thir, thoethiety has much to unlearn, ath well ath to learn, before mankind can be resthored to ith owiginal wights. I wepeat onth more, it ith time that thith odioth awithtocwatic obthervance wath abolished.'

'Mr. Adams, after enchaining his auditory for the space of an hour, with the soundest views, expressed in the most thrilling words, sat down amid tremendous cheering. But silence was no sooner restored, than it was immediately broken by a great overgrown man, with a pair of bushy whiskers, and a gruff voice, who had the audacity to address the president in the following manner: 'It strikes me, Mr. President, that the little gentleman who last spoke, is suffering very severely from that juvenile complaint called *the lispth*.' It is needless to add, that the intruder was answered by the most scornful silence.'

On the last page of the paper, the editor delivers himself of the following curious observations in his notices to correspondents:

'An opinion appears to be current in society, that the publisher of a newspaper is bound to print all the communications that he may receive on any subject, whether the sentiments that they contain be congenial with his own, or not; but such is not the view that we take of the matter. Although we live in an age when a man has a right to do wrong, so free is human will, yet we are not so far advanced in freedom, that a man can be compelled to do wrong to himself, to oblige another. That day may arrive, but it has not yet. We wish that these remarks may be considered by the writers of poetry, of all kinds, as intended expressly for them; and in an especial manner, for the translators of German doggerel. These latter gentlemen seem to think that as the art of printing is of German origin, the whole force of the press should be devoted to villanous translations of incomprehensible verses out of that language. We have now on hand several large baskets, full of Germanic verses, besides an innumerable number of essays on the genius of Goethe. The worst of it is, that these things are written by children, whose time and talents might be devoted to better purposes.'

' From the above remarks, 'G. B.,' 'Philo Novalis,' 'P. T.,' and a score of others, will learn the reason why their effusions have not been printed in our columns. But to show our willingness to yield to the spirit of the age, we will print one of these communications; and that we may not be accused of partiality, we dip our hand into a basket, and here is the first paper that we caught; but it shall be the last :

TO A BROKEN PIPE.

TRANSLATED OUT OF THE GERMAN OF KRUNTZ, FOR THE MINORS' MIRROR.

BY SIMPFEL SIMPSON.

ALL nature obeys all nature's laws,
Because,
Whatever is perfect, as all must see,
With its own perfections must agree,
'Tis simple as simple rule of three.

Straws
Are borne on the breast of the terrible blast,
Which makes the world stand all aghast,
Which wakes the deep,
From its quiet sleep,
And shivers the towering mast.

Then castles are overthrown,
With churches hoary grown,
And all over the town,
Houses come tumbling down,
The breaking, shaking, dashing, smashing blast
All things to earth will cast;
And all things brittle must be broken
By the tempest's stroken !
And when all things give way,
So must pipe of clay.

Ah ! pipe of clay ! once through thy slender stem,
Thou fair tobacco-gem !
Did smoke-imbibing scholar placid draw,
As boy sucks cider through an oaten straw,
When stuck within his jaw,
Like transcendental German, or a squaw,
That vegetable essence, blue and thin,
Smelling enough to make old Sathan grin;
Offspring of Time and Earth, light-pinioned daughter,
More palpable than air, but less than water.

But now thy day is done,
Poor blighted, banished, brittle, broken one !
Thy stem cannot be mended,
Thy days are ended,
And he who smoked thee, can, if he is willing,
Purchase a dozen like thee, for a shilling.

Ah ! pipe of clay ! when I have done my do, and said my say,
Penned my last penning, and my last speech spoken,
I too shall be cast out, contemned and broken ;
The fire of life put out, and that this vapor
Life's smoke, the soul, extinguished like a taper ;
Oh soul ! less palpable than air, th' ideal
Hath nought so slight as thou, nor yet as real :
The smallest mite that microscopic power
E'er gave a being, is a mighty tower,
Oh ! reason's wonder, when compared with thee,
And Egypt's pyramid the slightest flower
Blooming and dying all within an hour,
Enduring essence, when compared with thee !

One department of the 'Minors' Mirror' is devoted to reviews of new books ; and, judging from the number under notice, authors must have increased at a fearful rate. Indeed, the editors express an opinion, that were it not contrary to the spirit of the age, they should propose a law making it a capital offence for any publisher to issue a work written by a child under ten years of age. The art of criticism appears to have attained to great perfection with our descendants, as will appear from the following remarks :

' We have this week received sixteen hundred and eighty-five new books, of which :

' Three hundred and ten are theological, and consequently either above or below criticism.

' Ten hundred and ninety are tales and novels, and are all without exception most atrociously vile ; but notwithstanding their utter want of merit, we should notice them at greater length, did not each one of them contain that immaculate word, GLORIOUS. We have long since given notice, that we will not review a work in which it appears.

' One hundred and forty are historical works, and being as usual full of lies, are not of a character to merit a more particular notice.

' Forty-five are essays on the characters in SHAKESPEARE'S plays, and are calculated to excite some astonishment in the minds of readers, as they furnish abundant proof that there are forty-five persons in this enlightened age, incapable of appreciating the great genius of the only dramatic poet that the world has yet known.

' Seventy-five are essays on the genius of GOETHE ; but as we are among those who deny that the libidinous old scribbler had any particular genius, it cannot be expected that we should waste our time in noticing the rigmarole of those who maintain a contrary opinion.

' Twenty are on the subject of an International Copy-right. As a celebrated philosopher has predicted that the millennium is near at hand, perhaps there is a possibility of the claims of authors receiving some attention from those who are most indebted to them.

' Three are metaphysical ; and all that we have to remark in reference to them, is, that we perceive balderdash has not yet had its day.

' One is on chemical affinities ; but as the author has filled the greater part of his book with a preface, in which he traduces a score or two of most excellent names, we shall say nothing more in relation to it.

' One is an essay on architecture, and right welcome would it be, if it contained one new idea, or even one just old one, on the subject of which it professes to treat ; but as it does not, we pass it by.

' We have also a monstrous heap of new periodicals at our elbow, but as we do not find any thing in them commendatory of ourselves, we have nothing favorable to say of them.'

Some of the advertisements are very curious. A bookseller in Nassau-street announces a work in press, under the superintendence of the Antiquarian Society, giving a faithful account of the rise and overthrow of the sect of STRIPED FIGS ; but by far the largest number of advertisements are of confectionary articles, paper kites, colored marbles, tee-to-tums, and other articles suited to the wants of the readers of the paper.

A premonitory symptom of approaching dinner, warns me to leave posterity to take care of itself. So, gentle reader, let us leave OLD KNICK., and take some refreshments. H. F.

THE LOST CHURCH.

THIS poem, so imaginative and beautiful in the original, is from the German of UNLAND; a writer who, although inferior in fire and strength to SCHILLER, has, according to Professor WILSON, more pretensions than any other German poet, to lead as the Coryphæus of modern minstrels.

Off in yon drear and lonely wood,
A hollow sound is heard on high,
Far echoing through the solitude,
Though none its hidden source descri;—
'Tis said that once a chapel stood
Within the forest's darkest gloom,
That many a pilgrim trod those paths,
Now lone and silent as the tomb.

Once wandering in that lonely wood,
Where not a foot-mark prints the sod,
From all the woes and wrongs of earth,
My soul ascended to its God;
When lo! in that hushed wilderness,
I heard a loud and pealing knell;
The higher my devotion soared,
The louder boomed that pealing bell.

While thus in heavenly musings rapt,
My mind from outward sights withdrawn,
Some power had caught me from the earth,
And far into the heavens upborne;
Methought a hundred years had passed,
While thus entranced I lay,
When a bright vista through the clouds
Seemed opening far away.

The silent heavens were softly blue,
The sun was full and bright,
And a proud minster shone in view,
All in the golden light;
Among the radiant clouds it seemed,
On mighty wings, to rise,
Till all its pointed turrets gleamed,
Far-flaming through the skies!

The bell with clear resounding peal
Rang through the rocking tower;
No human hand had touched the string,
It felt the storm-wind's power.
My bosom trembling like a bark
Dashed by the ocean's foam,
I trod with faltering, fearful joy,
Beneath the mighty dome.

A light, soft as the golden gloom,
Of summer moonlight, threw
From the stained windows, broad and high,
A dim unearthly hue;
There forms of all the sainted dead,
With mystic meaning rife,
On storied pane and sculptured stone,
Seemed kindling into life.

Low at the altar's foot I kneeled,
 Pierced through with awe and dread,
 For, traced upon the vaulted roof,
 Were heavenly glories spread:
 Yet when I raised my eyes once more,
 The vaulted roof was gone;
 Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
 And every veil withdrawn.

What wondrous visions I beheld,
 What sounds were in the air,
 Sweet as the wind-harp's thrilling tone,
 Loud as the trumpet's blare —
 These mortal tongue may never tell;
 Let him who fain would prove,
 Pause when he hears that pealing bell,
 In yonder twilight grove.

A. M. W.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

In the early ages of Christianity, when the mild doctrines of Jesus, and his pure and upright morality, shed a light over the world, unknown before, and softened the hardened heart of reason to the holy voice of truth; in that fair dawn of virtue and of peace, when the powers of evil trembled, and shrank cowering into the shades below; their great commander, the arch-enemy of man, summoned them around his ebon throne, and thus bespoke them:

'Friends and fellow-laborers! faithful coadjutors in the cause of evil! — our power on earth is on the wane. A fatal star has arisen in the east, which tells of peace and fellowship, and all the good and perfect things that descend to man from heaven, in the train of true religion. And ye have forsaken the pleasant paths of earth; have fled abashed to hide your unsightly forms in this my grim domain. Yet dream not that here ye shall abide in idleness; that while there are souls for the winning, yon fair orb shall hold them unmolested, till heaven's wide portals open to receive their own. No, no! — not so shall the great fight be abandoned. Rouse yourselves, powers of evil! Fly forth at night, and hang on the wings of the morning, and even at noon-day defy the holy messengers who, in their Master's name, are laboring to secure fallen man from my legitimate sway. Ye answer not! Ye hang your wan visages, and roll your distorted eyes in helpless infamy. Oh! that I could make you look less hideous! — but I am fallen, fallen!' sighed the archangel ruined, 'and your master's fate is on you;' and strange to say, tears, scalding tears, rolled heavily, like molten lead, over his cheeks, and left deep furrows there — everlasting traces of his grief, when the Redeemer came. And there was grief among his followers, and mad excitement. Murder 'bared her arm;' Revenge gnashed his teeth; and Discord tore her hair; but Lucifer shook his head, and bade them be quiet. He knew full well that against Christianity, in its original beauty and purity, violence was of no avail. 'Warily, warily must we resume our efforts,' said he; and as he spoke,

glaring his blood-shot eyes over the unseemly throng, two imps stepped forward, and kneeling at his footstool, vowed thenceforward to devote themselves to his service, and do his bidding, provided he gave them permission to disguise themselves as they pleased, and make their permanent dwelling on the earth.

Satan knew them well. They had done him great service already, and he looked upon them as such powerful enemies of Christianity, his mortal foe, that he hesitated not to acquiesce in their wishes, and promised moreover to admit them from that time forward to his counsels and his friendship. Yet when they turned their backs and stole away, he could not forbear reviling them as mean, double-faced villains, and shouted after them that they never need enter his dominions in their base disguises.

'It is very well,' murmured he, to some of his more brazen, thorough-going courtiers, 'it is very well to make use of such beings; but the wretches would never have knelt at my footstool, if they could have maintained their standing upon earth without my countenance. However, the bargain is made, and we are friends, and I leave it to your discretion to aid them as far as is consistent with your less artful natures.'

While Lucifer and his prime ministers remained assembled in gloomy debate, the two evil spirits glided from the infernals, and appeared upon earth in the disguise they had planned; one putting on the mask of religion, the other of virtue.

Alas! for religion and virtue! — they have suffered ever since, for they have been confounded with these arch-deceivers, who are abroad in the great thoroughfares of life, in such goodly seeming. Intolerance, superstition, ignorance, and deceit, mark their footsteps; and blinded and sorrowing humanity endeavors in vain to distinguish between the false and the real; between the blessed messengers sent to guide them to heaven, and the dark ministers bound to mislead their steps.

Ages after this compact was made between Satan and his creatures, when, except for its fruits, the affair might have been forgotten, three evil spirits met upon earth — the two imps and he they had engaged to serve. Men called them Bigotry and Hypocrisy; but Satan knew them not in their disguise, and marvelled at finding himself in such company, at such an hour.

They stood beneath a clump of gloomy cypress trees, in the corner of a grave-yard, under the shadow of night. They had been hovering there to see the remains of one of their victims deposited beneath the sward, as the sun went down. She, the new occupant of this last asylum of the wretched, had been favored with the best gifts of earth, and in the midst of worldly joys, bethought her of heaven; but mistaking the false for the true religion, her brain became entangled, till wild imaginings usurped the place of reason, and vague, unholy dread the room of faith. She was a maniac, when the kind tomb opened to receive her. Many a dark tale circulated touching the fair fame of those by whom she had been surrounded; of those who had been thought to stand high in the ranks of religion and virtue; and the evil spirits rejoiced when they saw faith decline, and good fellowship decay, as they had often done at their approach.

And now they met apart, and Satan said, 'Ye are mine, ye are mine ! and yet I know you not. Oh ! admirable counterfeits ! throw off your disguises, and face to face let me acknowledge you as my friends !' — when Bigotry and Hypocrisy unmasked, and in all their native deformity, stood confronting the Prince of Evil. Satan glared on them in astonishment, which kindled into rage, as he thought of their littleness, and remembered how often they had deceived even him ; but they then averted his wrath by a stroke of humor, which was pardonable under the circumstances. Bigotry resumed his disguise, and under the mask of Religion, called to Hypocrisy, in a severe voice to bid the Evil One avaunt, while Hypocrisy, in a canting tone, begged him to turn from his evil ways, and repent, ere it was too late. This was too much for the gravity of Lucifer. He gave a loud, shrill laugh, that, sounding from under the cypress, and echoing among the tombs, made the villagers tremble, and whisper that the screech-owl was singing poor Susan's requiem ; and some declared that it was the very sound of one of her insane peals of laughter.

Meanwhile these enemies of man shook hands and parted, after renewing the compact which bound them to coöperate for evil — over the fairest portions of the earth to scatter poison — through the brightest circles of society to send distrust and disunion.

GROTON HILL: AN ELEGY.

ON Groton Hill, the monumental tower,
That tells the glory of a patriot band,
Allures my footsteps in the twilight hour,
To muse on memories of my native land.

Rude, gray, and melancholy, o'er their graves,
Fit emblem of stern hearts that sleep below,
It courts on high free winds from chainless waves,
To hymn their requiem who were chainless too !

One brave companion of that Spartan band,
With frame that totters, but with heart that glows,
Guides, while his locks he parts with trembling hand,
And tells the touching story of their woes.

'T was morn : the sun had set on many a hill
The signal lights, earth's busy throng that wake,
When o'er the river's waveless bosom still,
An hundred oars the quivering shadows break.

The alarm is spread, and in the abandoned field,
The idle plough is bound as by a spell,
And every hand that can a weapon wield,
Is armed, the proud invader to repel.

In every lowly cot, in quiet vale,
Hushed is the busy hum of rustic wheel,
While sinking hearts, and cheeks all deadly pale,
The mother's, sister's, lover's fear reveal.

Ye noble peasant band ! — ye left your homes,
Where for her own Peace claimed each valley free ;
Ye asked of Fame no record in her tomes,
Ye asked of War no boon but liberty.

The sacred flame that in your bosoms burned,
 Dissolved the chains that human thought confined,
 Illuming, as each old abuse it spurned,
 New world of matter with new light of mind.

Man cannot be a slave in such a land;
 He looks on nature, and his fetters fall;
 Her mountains their own eagles would command,
 To lend him wings to burst oppression's thrall;

And Mississippi's far, resistless flow,
 Would teach his soul to know its power to soar,
 And breasts with lofty purposes that glow,
 Would dare more nobly mid Niagara's roar!

Else why should Liberty, on weary wing,
 Bearing the olive leaf, for ever roam,
 Rejected in her cheerless wandering,
 Till your bright country gave her rest and home!

Else why the Senate, that your valor led,
 Dared Tyranny upon his icy throne,
 And pledged life, fortune, honor, while they spread
 Their flag of stars round Freedom like a zone;

And with unblenching eye, and thought sublime,
 Their fate upon their glorious charter cast,
 While the grim monster, hoar with ancient crime,
 Shrank back upon his sinking throne aghast!

What though no pomp around your burial shone,
 And but an humble stone marks where ye lie;
 Ye gained far more than Norman conquerors won,
 For Freedom is your children's legacy!

Oh foulest stain in fratricidal war!
 Ye fell the victims of a traitor's ire;
 His own good sword surrendered could not spare
 The gallant LEONARD in the conflict dire!

Ye lay in ghastly masses, in your blood,
 Most foully murdered by a treacherous foe;
 But the free soil that drank the crimson flood,
 Spurns both the traitor and the tyrant too!

The dark reluctant Thames, at dead of night,
 Your mangled forms with sullen moan receives;
 Its wounded bosom, in the moon's pale light,
 Gapes darkly red, and closing, sadly heaves.

The hoarse north wind, that to these Vineland plains,
 From Greenland once the bold free Northmen bore,
 Howls your sad dirge in wild indignant strains,
 With clouds from rude, unconquered Labrador!

But from your funeral pyre a spirit springs,
 On wings of light, and bears men's souls away;
 Thenceforth their thoughts dwell on sublimer things,
 And thrones and sceptres lose their magic sway.

First o'er the vales of sunny France it scours,
 And frowning Bastiles crumble to the dust;
 And feudal barons' moss-grown, falling towers,
 Shield them no longer from the world's disgust.

What though, when dungeons cease to hamper thought,
And millions seize its wildly flashing torch,
That with the new delight to frenzy wrought,
Their brands should threaten Virtue's hallowed porch ?

Still shall this spirit hold its high career,
Softening its rigor, as it feels its power,
Till serfs from Russian steppes shall disappear,
And Ganges' flood shall overwhelm no victims more !

Before its march, the anarchs of the North,
That from their frosty hive of nations sent
The Goth and Vandal, Hun and Norman forth,
To enslave and desolate where'er they went ;

Shall yield their sceptres in their halls of ice,
And curb their bloody satraps' fierce desires,
And seek no more grim Odin's dark device,
His crimsoned battle-axe and wasting fires !

Then rest in peace beneath your humble sod,
And ask no blazon for your mournful story ;
For while your spirits shine before their God,
Their light is filling all the earth with glory !

S. D. D.

PASSAGES

FROM THE PUBLIC CHRONICLES OF LITTLE DINGLETON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EASTERN LANDS,' 'COBBLER OF BAGDAD,' ETC.

THERE is an extremely novel proverb extant, that 'tall oaks from little acorns grow.' Never was this sage apothegm more fully exemplified, than in the rise and progress of Little Dingleton, an ancient and celebrated emporium of New-England. The curious will search in vain, in any published map, to find its exact latitude and longitude. It never was put down on map or chart. Years ago, its inhabitants, by some means or other, so affronted the geography and chart-makers, that they, with one accord, entered into a league to banish it for ever from their professional returns. But I will supply the desideratum. Little Dingleton, then, is a thriving specimen of a New-England village. The inhabitants, generally speaking, are an aristocratical set. Not content with the plain name of Dingletown, bestowed upon it by its founders, the family of the venerable Jeremiah Dingle, they sent in petition after petition to the General Court for leave to change it to Great Dingleton ; until that honorable body, wearied with continual solicitations, finally granted them leave to assume the title of Dingleton, justly considering the addition of 'Great' as altogether superfluous. The story got wind ; and in a short time the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages prefixed the adjective of 'little,' in derision, until at last the high-feeling town's-people, who had been secretly congratulating themselves that they would soon be allowed to date their epistles and proceedings from Great Dingleton, found, to their great dismay, that they had overshot the mark, and fallen into the opposite extreme.

The town is rapidly increasing in population and wealth. The last census numbered twenty additional names, and it can now boast of a population exceeding three hundred. There are something like a hundred dwelling-houses in the place, beside shops, a market-house, a tavern, called by its lordly proprietor, Jobed Smith, the 'Wellington Hotel'; a post-office, and a church, from whose neat white-washed belfry, every seventh day, the sweet New-England church-going bell sends forth its joyful clang, its peaceful echoes gladdening the wearied soul, and calling upon high and low to meet together, in sweet communion. The principal street in the village is called Broadway; it measures, however, but twenty feet from gutter to gutter, at its widest parts. Here lies the principal portion of the business. The post-office, hotel, and market-house front upon it; added to which, the various shops and stores, on both sides, all filled with enterprising mechanics and tradesmen, present a lively, bustling appearance. This is their Wall-street, Exchange, and grand rendezvous. Here their merchants congregate, between twelve and two, to transact business, talk over the affairs of the nation, shave one another, and discuss the merits of the sub-treasury scheme.

Over the door of an office, about the middle of Broadway, a gilt-lettered sign glittered in the rays of the sun: 'PETER SCROUNCH, Exchange Broker: Flash-Lightning Rail-road Stock; Texas Scrip, Moonshine Bank, and other stocks, for sale.' Business hours had just commenced; and before a glowing coal fire sat the broker, waiting for customers, and leisurely toasting his feet, at the expense of a merchant, whom he had shaved out of five dollars the previous day, as a bonus for the use of fifty for twenty-four hours. Spenser has painted his portrait, in a single dash of the pen:

'And eke of wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold;
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal balance weigh'd.'

The manner in which Mr. Scrounch held his head, and the pompous air with which he addressed the applicants for his favor, showed him a person of consequence. He was a man of wealth, too; his superfine broadcloth coat and massy gold watch-chain told that; though whether he paid for them, honestly, or not, I cannot say. I have heard it hinted that the watch-chain was an unredeemed pledge, and the broadcloth coat one which he had attached, to indemnify himself for a loan of five dollars to a distressed tailor. Although the poor fellow promised to pay him the next day, he seized the clothes, and thus putting it entirely out of the power of the unfortunate man to raise the money, the promise was never made good. He waited the whole of the next day, and as the money was not forthcoming, denounced the tailor as an impostor and swindler to boot. Thus he quieted his conscience, and confiscated the coat.

It was evident enough that the broker did not restrict himself in the good things of this world. His sleek and glossy limbs, and fat, plump cheeks, behind which his little sharp black eyes twinkled like meteors, showed that among his antipathies was the 'science of starvation.' His office was a low, dark room, some twenty feet square,

with a formidable-looking old-fashioned desk in one corner, having a tall, broad counter immediately in front. A large mysterious-looking safe stood opposite, and by its side was placed one of the only two chairs which the office afforded, the other being occupied by the broker. There was nevertheless an air of business about the place; for upon a shelf, which extended along the entire length of one side of the room, were ranged several small, dust-covered boxes and parcels, labelled, for twenty successive years back, 'P. S. Books and papers;' although every one knew that he had been in the village scarcely two years. He maintained, however, that he had done a heavy business in the place he came from; and as he never told where that place was, no one could contradict him, and his assertions, though disbelieved, were allowed to pass unchallenged.

But there was another object in the office, which, if omitted, would leave the picture incomplete. Perched upon a high stool, at the desk, bending his straining eyes upon his task, and scribbling away with his pen until his little fingers seemed almost dead and stiff with fatigue, sat an interesting little boy, hardly twelve years of age. His form was wan and emaciated; and as he bent steadily down upon the desk, pausing not for an instant, he seemed the very image of sickness and distress. His clothes were threadbare, and his thin garments ill accorded with the chilly season; while his patched and worn-out shoes, exposing, through yawning crevices, his shrunken feet, told that poverty had done its work. But in spite of these outward signs of distress, he was not sad. While he plied his pen, until his fingers seemed insensible to feeling, his eyes shone clear and happy; his face was lighted up with an expression of contentment; and every few minutes, a sweet and cheerful smile would play about his lips, lingering for a time, as if loth to leave them.

'John,' said the broker, rising from his chair, and turning his back to the fire.

'Sir,' responded the boy, with a clear, musical voice.

'Somehow or other — I do n't know but it is your clothes — ahem! I say your clothes, appear a *little* too shabby for a merchant's counting-room.'

The boy made no reply, but a tear trembled for a second between his eyelids, and then dropped upon the paper upon which he had been writing.

'No matter!' he whispered to himself; 'by Christmas I shall have earned enough to get me a new suit, and help my dear mother, beside; and then when Mr. Scrounch sees that my clothes won't disgrace his counting-room any more, perhaps he won't turn me away, but let me stay with him all winter; and that will be such joy to my poor mother, that I won't mind what he says to me, now; although it does hurt my feelings, when he talks to me about my clothes, when I can't help it.'

'Don't be a baby, John!' interrupted the harsh voice of the broker: 'Here, take this hod, and get some coal.'

'Please Sir,' replied the boy, 'it's got down so low in the hog-head, that I can't reach it, and it's too heavy for me to tip over.'

'Nonsense!' I guess you can, if you try.'

'I can't, Sir. I tried very hard this morning.'

'Well, call a laborer in to help you,' said Scrounch, resuming his seat.

The boy called a laborer, and with his assistance the hogshead was soon laid upon its side, when the man demanded payment for his services.

'Pay!' ejaculated Scrounch, starting up in actual surprise, 'pay, for such a little job as that! How much do you intend to charge?'

'Well, I do n't know; 'bout four-pence, I guess.'

'Four-pence!' repeated the broker; 'four humbugs! Here, John, give the extortionate fellow two cents out of the safe; and d'you hear? charge it to yourself; for if you had done the job, as I directed, I should n't have been put to the expense of hiring a man.'

Day after day had some petty tax been laid upon the boy, until the poor fellow saw with dread these trifling sums accumulating, till they threatened to make a vast hole in his little salary. Many a Mr. Scrounch still lives, to disgrace the earth by his abuse of the power of wealth, which God has lavished upon him.

As you pass down the narrow side-walk of 'Broadway,' your attention is arrested by an uncouth sign, of extraordinary dimensions, projecting over the porch of an old-fashioned, Dutch-built dwelling, the oldest edifice in the place. The sign is undoubtedly after an original of the old school; a black ground, laid on with no sparing hand, upon which is daubed a figure habited in the full costume of a military officer, booted and spurred, while immediately beneath, some bungling artist has endeavored to inform the world, in letters of various colors, and rambling proportions, that here is the 'Wellington Hotel: JOSEPH SMITH.' The door of the tavern opened, and a miserable wretch staggered out, clutching, as he passed on, at the feeding-trough, which alone saved him from falling, and muttering a hearty curse against the hotel and its inmates. The landlord had probably refused to trust him for grog, and considering him a nuisance, had unceremoniously ejected him from the premises.

'Hoorah! here's fun!' shouts a stable boy; and forthwith a miscellaneous gang of men and boys, jeering and shouting, gathered round the unfortunate toper. One would knock his hat off, and then pick it up again, and place it upon his head in such a ridiculous position, that the mere sight of it brought on a shout so loud, that the very echoes rang through the village; while the object of this unseemly mirth gazed with staring eyes, and a vacant, lack-lustre countenance, upon his tormentors, half unconscious of what was passing around him.

'Crack! crack! crack!' Stand out of the way! The mail-stage comes rolling and rattling from off the turnpike, and instantly the scene is changed. The landlord appears at the door, with a scowl upon his face, and in an angry voice, to use a technical term, 'blows up' the stable-boys, who sneak away behind carts, out-houses, and carriages, and by the noise and confusion, appear to be wonderfully busy about every thing save what they ought to be. The drunkard staggers off, and the gaping vagabonds gather around the coach,

which has now stopped in front of the 'Wellington;' making their remarks upon the passengers, and officiously offering their services.

'Stand out of the way, boys!' shouts the driver, bringing his whip around, with a flourish and a snap, as he gathers up his reins, and resumes his seat upon the box, after having deposited his freight, and received an exchange of horses. 'Hold on, Bill! — all ready there?'

'Yes — go it!' responds the hostler.

A snap and a chirrup; the mettlesome beasts, fresh from the oat-crib, toss their heads proudly, and for a moment snuff the keen, piercing air; a shout from the boys, and away dashes the coach to the post-office; and having delivered the mail, the vehicle rattles through the village, and in a few minutes is upon the road again.

But what is the matter in the stable yard? A group is collected around a couple of boys, who are dealing out blows, right and left, while the crowd, in great glee, are encouraging them, by repeated exclamations, to 'fight on!'

'Hit him ag'in, Blue-jacket!' shouts the partisans of one who chances to be clad in a sky-blue jacket, as, by a lucky blow, he fells his opponent to the ground. 'Go it, Torn-breeches!' echoes the other side, as their favorite, nothing daunted, rises from the ground, his face streaming with blood, and his unwhisperables rent in every direction, and repays the blow with interest.

'Snuffles is coming!' whisper twenty voices.

At the sound of this hated and dreaded name, the crowd drew back, the combatants ceased hostilities, and all waited, in dire suspense, to see what notice the head constable would take of the affair.

'Here, here! — what's to pay?' exclaimed Snuffles, perceiving, by their looks, that something was wrong; 'what's the matter?' One or two muttered, 'fighting,' in hardly audible voices.

'Eh? — what!' interrupted the functionary; 'fighting! Riot! rebellion! defiance of the laws! I command you all, as good citizens, in the name of the commonwealth, instantly to disperse, or else, as sure as I am constable of Dingleton, the military shall be called out, and martial law proclaimed!'

Jobed Smith now appeared at the door, in season to hear the conclusion of Snuffles' declaration, and to explain that it was only two boys fighting; 'but the little rascals!' said he, 'if they do it again, in my yard, I'll thrash 'em within an inch of their lives! Clear out, every one of you!'

'Mr. Smith,' said Snuffles, as the crowd dispersed, 'please to remember what has just transpired, and the stand I took, in case any one should endeavor to deprive me of the credit of having nipped this conspiracy in the bud. It will be heard of in Washington!'

'Nonsense!' replied Boniface; 'come in and get something to drink.'

'No!' replied the officer, very emphatically, but looking as though he wished it was consistent with his duty to say 'yes.'

'You had better come,' continued Smith, holding the door temptingly ajar, and affording a perspective of the bar-room, tastefully set off with bottles and decanters, of various colored liquids; 'some of the real stuff just received.'

'Ahem! Is n't it unusually cold for the season, Mr. Smith?' said Snuffles, his appetite gaining the ascendancy. He entered the bar-room.

As Mr. Snuffles, in his own opinion, considered himself the most important man in the village, a short sketch of him, as he stood in front of Smith's generous fire, with his 'Tom-and-Jerry,' unbuttoned, preparing to swallow a mixture of the real 'Yankee distilled,' may not prove uninteresting. He was a true disciple of the John Doe and Richard Roe school; and although it was pretty well known that a small present, judiciously administered, had the effect so to relax his watchfulness, that an escape of a 'vagrom man' from his charge was not impossible, still it was astonishing to remark how his nice sense of duty carried it almost to a fault, when any one who was nothing more than a 'miserable vagabond' fell into his clutches. Wo to such, when the writ was put into his hands! Nothing short of a flight across the Atlantic could throw the indefatigable officer off the trail. He would follow up the chase, night and day, giving neither sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eye-lids, until the persecuted one, from sheer weariness in dodging the officer, gladly surrendered himself. Then was Snuffles in his glory! He had accomplished his ends; and, as he frequently asserted, the first gripe upon his prisoner's collar amply compensated him for all his pains. Trouble, toil, danger, all were forgotten, in the pleasure of the moment; the delightful satisfaction of knowing that he 'had him safe,' as he often said, 'for Justice.' He invariably carried a formidable cane; and when upon any dangerous errand, was usually accompanied by a large mastiff, styled by his master, to terrify the evil-doers, 'a real Spanish blood-hound, that had throttled three murderers in his own country,' after having been loosed upon their scent. This dog, although perfectly innocent of all the honors conferred upon him, was ugly enough to pass for any thing; and being of somewhat of a savage turn, like his master, had become so identified with writs and police courts, that the trio of man, dog, and cane, were known throughout the village as 'Snuffles and Company.'

Messrs. Snuffles and Smith, as they stood side by side at the bar, presented a marked contrast. The first was a tall, stout man, larger than three like his companion, who was exceedingly diminutive; and as he stooped to receive the can of whiskey at the landlord's hands, he seemed a second Gulliver about to put a Lilliputian into his pocket. But there was a vast difference in the faces of the two. Snuffles' countenance always wore, toward his inferiors, a sinister expression, plainly showing the devil lurking underneath, striking terror to the hearts of all who had laid themselves open to the law; but in the presence of those of whom he stood in fear, or with whom it was his interest to keep in favor, this 'deadly aspect' was exchanged for a leer of fawning flattery and servitude. But the face of the landlord was the 'mirror of the heart' of an honest man. He knew no guile, beyond the allowable tricks of trade, and frequently boasted, that he never committed an action in his life that he was ashamed of, save on one occasion, when his father gave him a 'basting,' for playing truant from school, and robbing, in the interim, an old woman's orchard of the best apples it contained.

SONG

OF THE HUMBLE FLOWER TO THE STAR.

I AM but a simple woodland flower,
 The traveller heeds me not ;
 My dwelling the foot of an old oak tree,
 In a wild, sequestered spot :
 Yet happy am I, in my humble nook,
 From the bustling world afar,
 I peer through the leaves of my old oak's eaves,
 And worship a glorious star !

Though sunlight dims thee, peerless star,
 Though fleecy piles enshroud,
 Thy pure soft light is glistening bright,
 Beyond the envious cloud ;
 Thy radiant face, with changeless grace,
 Is ever shining there ;
 Yet a simple flower may offer up
 Its humble, heart-felt prayer.

This fragile frame must perish soon,
 Each rainbow tint must fade,
 And under the root of my ancient oak,
 This senseless corse be laid ;
 Yet a priceless joy has been mine to taste,
 To worship thee, thus afar,
 And the latest glance of my glazing eyes
 Shall rest on my glorious star !

A. E.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON.

NUMBER FIVE.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVENTURES.

TUESDAY MORNING. — I was faithful to my engagement with my French Baron, to meet him at his lodgings in the Quadrant at twelve ; and we passed the *dejeuné*, which was badly served by a cross-grained and ill-looking maid, in abusing English coffee, English omelettes, English books, in a word, every thing English ; and we agreed it was apropos to quote the old line of Juvenal, which must have been made in a spirit of prophecy :

'Miserum est aliena vivere Quadra.'

The truth is, that the entertainment of ordinary boarding-houses and eating-houses, which first offer themselves in London to strangers wishing to practice the inexpensive virtues, is mean in comparison with the French. Mutton and beef are excellent, but the sore evil is the want of variety in the preparation, and neatness in the service. The children of Israel were tired of *manna*, though it fell from the heavens, and longed for 'the leeks, the onions, and the garlicks.' Always manna ! always mutton ! If condemned to eat alone, which is one of the traveller's miseries, in a French café, you have a lively,

well-furnished room, and the spectacle of an animated company about you. A London eating-house is darkened and deformed by stalls, and you are set in your niche, and the curtain is drawn, and you wait there unseen, until a grave personage in sables, and having the air of an undertaker, brings you your mutton chops. '*L'Angleterre a produit de grands hommes dans les sciences ! mais hélas !*' 'Mary ! I entreat you,' said the Baron—'you are a pretty girl—bear this steak, with my compliments to the cook, and bid him submit it once more to the process of roasting.'

'Why, we don't never roast it no more, Sir ; the juices'——

'Mary, we had a cook once in France, who, for having served a dish underdone, ran himself through the body. His name was Vatel ; he was unwilling to outlive the disgrace. Do have his picture hung up in your kitchen, and never mind the juices.'

Here Mary took the dish, with much surliness, muttering something about 'done.'

'Well dressed ! — done ! *Sacra menteuse !* You have nothing done or well dressed upon your island. The pork squeals when you put the fork into it, and the mutton cries '*bah !*'

This last monosyllable, pronounced in its native Scotch accent, sent Mary into the kitchen, to return no more. So Monsieur le Baron passed an uncomfortable breakfast, smelling and tasting every thing with the degustatory fastidiousness of Lafontaine's town mouse. As for the Burgundy, he wished it in the king of England's——, or was going to ; but recollecting, I presume, that just such a wish had brought one of Sir Francis Burdett's ancestors to the block, he suppressed the word. I have often drunk worse wine with him in Paris, without a remark. A man who lives by his wit, does not, even in the French capital, often dine upon partridges, or drink Burgundy of the first vintage.

We now walked to the concert, in the Queen's Rooms, Hanover-Square. These rooms are handsomely furnished, and attended, at half a guinea each, chiefly by the fashionable world. Here was his grace, the Duke of Cambridge, and I don't know how many other graces ; and here, with all the soul of music in her face, sang Malibran ; also Rubini, and the other Italian warblers. I knew a most amiable and pretty girl in Paris, Miss Fanny Woodham, who often cheered our lonely hours in the Rue Montabor, and chased sorrow from the heart, by her sweet songs ; a delightful singer, and singing the least part of her merits. She was brought out, in unmerciful contrast with Malibran, on this occasion. It was to me a surprise, not having known her destination, and not expecting to see her here. She was oppressed by her English diffidence, which checked the natural operation of her charming voice. I felt myself trembling as she faltered, and forgot to applaud till it was too late.

The lady part of the assembly was beautiful. There are faces in England to die for. But after all, a morning concert is a rather stupid affair. There is a certain *air distrait*, a certain expression of fatigue and ennui, unless during the immediate song of Rubini ; unless when Malibran, who sets all hearts to the tune she pleases, sings. In a word, it wants the musical hour, the festive lamps, and the mind

at leisure for the enjoyment. All things theatrical are better at night. Female beauty, a large part of such entertainments, even English beauty, appears to better advantage under lamps, than the bare sun. Then the unavoidable accidents and *contre-temps* are worse by day; as much screwing and scraping to get the catgut on the same key, as members of parliament unanimous in the same vote; and a continual coming in and banging of doors. One tumbles over a bench; another, with a jolt of the knee against his pocket, spills the little pounds sterling, which run about the house, laying his majesty's face under the ladies' feet, to the great confusion of the proprietor; another takes up his coat tail deliberately, and sits down in your hat. There was a virtuous in front of me, just blossoming into manhood, and fresh from the academy, making sentences to a pretty woman; something about the 'anticipated heaven' of Malibran's song. Her loud notes are a hurricane of harmony; of the low, soft ones, the sweetness is inconceivable. The silver accents expire so insensibly, you scarce know where the melody ends, and vacuity begins; you listen still, doubtful whether it is she or silence; and then'—— He would have said more, but took a fit of sneezing. And then comes news. Grisi cannot return from Liverpool, and recommends some one in her place; as you recommend a hand-saw for a razor, and Signor Ivanoff is 'a little horse at de trot,' and can't possibly sing this morning. A buzz through the house; then knock! knock! knock! upon the end of a fiddle, proclaims the overture. The fingers of the amateurs are up in front of their noses with a *hush!* And now a general crash of the instruments, and all the strains of harmony are broken loose. One of the ridiculous objects of this world, is the man at the bass-fiddle; pouncing as if mad upon his instrument, now and then, according to the verve or impetus of the melody, during the fit taking the whole concert to himself. At length it ends, and is followed by a general applause; and if one is a foreigner, and enjoys the hospitality of the country, and protection of its laws, he applauds also.

The colloseum, in which we spent an hour, is worthy a longer visit. It is one of the prettiest buildings of the West End, and overlooks the Regent's Park. The Panorama of London, for which it was built expressly, is, I believe, the largest painting of the world, covering near an acre of canvass; presenting, from circular galleries over each other, the entire metropolis, in its most agreeable perspective, as viewed from the top of St. Paul's. You ascend through this succession of galleries, and become totally engaged in admiring the infinity of beautiful objects, which are natural as life, but without motion, and at length the whole picture, as if by enchantment, becomes animated. The splendid equipages are rolling along Regent-street. There goes the Queen, with ever so much lace on her cap; and there goes the sweetest little girl of all England, looking out from under the wing of her sweet mother, the Duchess! . . . But who the d—l is that walking through the park in such a confidential way with my wife! In short, the view is so excellent you can hear a man underneath whistling Yankee Doodle; you would swear it was London itself—and so it is! You are on top of the house.

Other parts of the building also have their merits. In the theatre we

had songs and a *ballet*, and ballettines, with aspiring *soles*, and matchless legs, and the Bedouin Arabs, whom I had left in Paris, with the hope they would stay there always, were climbing steeple high upon each other's heads. I thought Herr Werner's zoological concerts curious. He imitates the noise of several animals, to the nicest perfection; the chirping of birds, barking of dogs, mewing of cats: he crows more naturally than most cocks, and brays. . . You would swear it was a real ass! 'Child's Dissolvent Views,' also, are entertaining; fine prospects fading away, and melting into invisible air. Such are the visions; such, too, the realities. . . . I was going on with reflections, when I found myself where all relection is transferred to inanimate things, in the 'Hall of the Mirrors.' I fancied here the wicked and pretty Izz—, stepping about, perusing her prettiest little image imaginable, on all its sides and positions, inverse and direct, and studying their most formidable graces. I fancied, too, the smile that so tortures the sense, become rayless of its nature, and the frown that freezes one to zero, losing its coldness, and the moonlight its heat, by reflection, and the sweet dimples, repeated through an infinite series of dimpling faces, propagating, as it were, a posterity of dimples.

We walked next, being peripatetics both, to Primrose Hill, a beautiful eminence in the suburbs. The environs are delightful, if you could only ascertain when you are out of town. This hill has a splendid view of the metropolis from the north-west. It is a little classic, too. The three Greenberries, supposed to have murdered Sir Edmonbury Godfrey, were hung here. Mr. Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, was killed here, fifteen years ago, in a duel; also Colonel Montgomery, by Captain Macnamara, O'Connell's second, in a similar exploit. The ladies here have little asses, (more genteelly donkeys) upon which fashion sets them up for exercise, or to make their first essays in equestration; and many have begun in this way, who afterward have leaped five-barred gates, and been in at the death. Two of these donkies were at a pic-nic upon the lawn under a tree; and Miss Straddilla was riding full tilt upon another. We had a little adventure here, of no great dignity, but as this letter has no special pretensions, I will relate it. The sky looked grim and frowning, like an angry demon, over our heads, so we took refuge in a low shop from the storm, and to enjoy (as my companion called it,) a little magnificent small beer, being invited by the sign; and we found ourselves in the midst of a family circle. Several little children, who had apparently not contributed greatly to the tax upon soap, stood round to have their heads stroked; and there was an old dame, who said, 'J'mima, bring the gen'lemen some beer;' and Jemima, who was sitting in an idyllic attitude, nursing a tabby, having sat still awhile, to show she was not at every body's bidding, wiped her nose with the cat, and then went into a back room, and having produced two pewter mugs, as we perceived through the glass of the intervening door, taking off her cap and dusting them out carefully, poured in the foaming nectar, which with gingerbread made up our ambrosial repast. We refused the proffered hospitality, at which she looked vexed, and her face 'rosy'd' over with the virgin crimson of modesty; we told her the beer was too new, and it was all froth, and paying the use of

her time and night cap, and giving the giugerbread to the urchins, we went right off; having agreed together that the English were a very filthy nation. However, in returning, we dined in Albemarle-street, in a room in very good style; tables marble, liveried servants, towels figured, and the knife, beside its own legitimate consort, having two little sweet-hearts of the same metal in the neighborhood, outdoing Paris by two forks; and then we had rather favorable impressions of English cleanliness.

As we ascended Regent street, after dinner and a cup of coffee at Very's, my companion asked if I would be introduced to the Duchess of —; and he led me down the sleepy end of Oxford-street to the west, and then to the north, in quest of her ladyship's dwelling. I am studying diligently every day and night this huge volume, London, but there are some of its pages which we common-school readers and spellers are not allowed to turn over. To strangers, and even to their own untitled countrymen, the English nobles are rather unpropitious. I know several persons of merit, and even of that most considerable merit which a gentleman can aspire to, money; who, without ascending into the proud elevation of those lords, have lived here half a life time; and I reasonably presumed that to me, without any recommendation of cash, and born without father or mother, upon the lonely Juniatta, the penetralia of these noble creatures would be as inaccessible as the shrine of Bona Dea. I do not say such exclusion is unwise or impolitic. We admire less what is handled by every body, than what is 'dimly seen' in its works. Our Indians get off a piece of shapeless wood for a god, by only keeping it in the dark. The English lords do well, then, for aught I know, to create a world of their own, and live in it apart, and not to appear before this common and irreverent world of ours, but with the pomp of circumstance. All I mean is, that I had no hope of being acquainted with the sublimities of high life, or of gaining any thing else than a few glimmerings of information from a distance, as astronomers of the firmament, and I was unwilling to lose the opportunity.

I fell dead with modesty in ascending the staircase of the duchess, and was glad that a long attendance upon her ladyship in the saloon, gave me time to recall my reflection. This was the first time in my life I had ever spoken to a lady of such exalted rank, and I felt I had need of all the indulgence due to innocence in distress. However, every thing, even to the furniture, breathed of hospitality, and inspired confidence. Two empty chairs, plump with seats and cushions, stretched out their arms each side the chimney, seeming ready to embrace one with kindness; and the sofas and couches were almost bursting with anxiety to be sat upon: several of the things, too, showed a degree of classical refinement. On the screen was a Cupid, with his quiver, emblematic of kindling a fire; and a youth, intent upon his first optical experiments, looked But the door opened, and the duchess entered; a woman in the pride of youth, and the perfection of her beauty, and of charms needing not the illusion of rank to recommend them — in the full splendor of the toilet. After my introduction, and some general remarks, my conductor, alleging an engagement, but unwilling to deprive me so soon of her ladyship's company, retired and left me alone under the knife. The duchess

now beckoned me to sit by her on the sofa. We conversed of America. She asked me if General Washington was dead. 'Yes ma'am, ... he is ... I found my knees close together, and the hat twirling about with rather a circumgyratory movement. And then she inquired if the roads to America were bad. I said they were occasionally a little rough. And next the news from Paris. 'They were much interested ma'am, when I left, in a battle just fought by the army in Africa.' This was a sentence of a suffocating length. 'Oh, dear,' said she, apparently a good deal frightened, 'I hope there has been nobody killed' And then setting one leg to ride upon the knee of the other — she has a beautiful, aristocratic little foot — she complained of having sprained the ankle, in alighting from the coach; there is always such a crowd about the opera door; and then asked me if my parents were English. 'Yes, ma'am, said I, they came over to Pennsylvania, with William the Conqueror' — William Penn having miscarried altogether in the confusion. But by degrees I began to be relieved from my embarrassment, so great was her affability. Indeed it is a characteristic of the higher English nobility, to be exceedingly plain and familiar in their intercourse with persons of inferior rank; and when one knows them awhile, one feels as easy in their company as an old shoe. She referred again to the sprained ankle, removed the slipper, and bewailed the pain. I felt it gently between finger and thumb, and manifested such sympathy as in the flutter of interrupted respiration I could express; and having recovered at last my reflection, sufficiently to ask the favor of repeating the visit, which she kindly granted, in a few minutes I breathed again the free and ventilated air of Regent-street.

On meeting my Gallic friend, whom I already half-suspected of a cheat, he informed me that this woman, so pretty and ignorant, was the Duke of B——'s mistress!

My advice to all persons born in Schuylkill county, is, that they stay among the lambs and turtle doves of their native hills, and not come hither to expose their innocence to the abominable men and women of these European towns. The entire night I passed out in gambling houses, and other houses, and in curious rencounters and adventures, designed for this letter, but postponed for want of room. Affectionately yours. Good night!

THE FIRST SNOW.

THE mantle white is on the senseless earth,
 Spirit of Winter! — Old Æolus rude,
 Pipes from his northern home, in fiercest mood,
 And o'er the crisp'd wreaths, with shouts of mirth,
 And chiming bells, and laughter ringing free,
 Glide the swift sleighs, while merry urchins play,
 Tossing the frozen balls in heartfelt glee,
 Or forming uncouth shapes of monsters grim,
 To melt, like youthful hopes, when next the ray
 Of noontide streams on each misshapen limb.
 The naked branches wear a spotless vest,
 And through the window, infant faces peep
 Lured from their downy beds, and early sleep,
 Wondering to mark the earth, in wintry garments drest.

New-York, November.

M. M. M.

INVOCATIONS.

'Oh! le voir, entendre sa voix une fois ; une dernière fois encore.'

i.

STILL voiceless! — and the flame consumes the shrine!
In the deep midnight, when no eye but mine
Looked on the burning stars, with awe intense,
Beloved, I called on thee to speak from thence,
If thou wert in that heaven on which we gazed,
At hours like this ; but calm each glory blazed:
Thou spakest not!

ii.

Alone I've sat in the sweet twilight haze,
Buried in memories of those blessed days,
When with clasped hands, and low, half-uttered sighs,
We poured our heart-thoughts in each other's eyes,
Till joy from very fulness turned to pain;
Conjuring thee to look thus, once again:
Thou lookedst not!

iii.

I've stood upon the spot where I was pressed,
In agony of madness, to thy breast;
In that last moment when fate bade us part,
And I lay lifeless on thy breaking heart;
I've stood, and stretched my arms, and called on thee
To come — e'en for one moment — could it be:
Thou camest not!

iv.

I've started from my slumber, at the sound
Of strange, sweet music, which my senses bound,
And, half-upraised, asked if thy voice I heard,
Like the sweet warbling of a heaven-winged bird;
Coming to call me to those blessed isles,
Where deathless love in summer beauty smiles:
Thou answeredst not!

v.

I've wandered through the paths where we have strayed,
When melancholy winds a murmur made,
And where we paused to mark the moonbeams quiver
Through the long branches on the tranquil river,
And asked if thou wouldst let the waters bear
One tone of thine, on the soft whispering air:
Thou wouldest not!

vi.

I've asked thee, by the memory of those days,
When at the sunset thou didst pour the lays
Of our own fatherland, in one wild gush
Of soft flute echoes, till the strain would rush
In thrilling sweetness through my heart and brain,
I've asked one echo of the wildering strain:
It echoed not!

vii.

And yet I know that thou art ever near;
A voice which others hear not, I can hear:
A gleam amid the darkness, and a form
Which other eyes behold not, yet all warm
With hues of light and beauty, comes between
My sorrowing spirit, and the world unseen:
And it is thou!

SCHOOL DAYS: FROM 'A JOURNAL IN FLOWERS.'

BY L'ABEILLE.

THERE are some faded rose leaves on the first page of my journal, so much changed from their original beauty, that it would puzzle the herbalist to arrange their petals, or even to dignify them by name. Their bright color has long since faded, and the odorous spirit has vanished from its beautiful resting place. I have used them as characters to *italicize* a line in the dull history of a school girl's hours; and they are such faithful chroniclers, that if I were better read in the mysteries of the Pythagorean philosophy, and its ideal world, I would crave for them the same indulgence that the believer in the sublime theory of the metempsychosis has awarded to souls. Flowers are among the bright things of paradise; and why may not the fragrant spirit of these leaves, in its transmigratory state, be yet wandering over the rich gardens of 'the Fountain of Roses,' or sparkling in the drop of ottar which the bright-eyed Persian consigns to the Haidees of her golden Sachet?

'There is some rust about every one at the beginning.' Mackenzie has given it to his 'Man of Feeling;' and if we understand the sentiment, it is that yielding sensibility which corrodes and darkens under the ordinary influences of life; clings to us in youth, but which a few hard rubs with fortune is known to dissipate. I well remember when the gloomy oxyde first stole over my sensibilities, from a little cloud in the atmosphere of feeling, that shadowed anticipation for a moment. I was a school-girl, and as such still occupied that obscure and unregarded nook of life, which attracts but little attention, and from which we are permitted the glorious privilege of the poet, to view society in the distance; 'to peep at such a world,' and to invest it with all the pageantry of imagination. I had not climbed the rocky 'hill of science,' yet I stood quite high enough in my own good opinion. Friendship, sincerity, lasting attachments, and all the diversified scenery of the affections, were spread like a universe around me; and though it is true, in some of my friendly fields, thorns were already planted, and some of my 'eternal' attachments had already proclaimed their evanescence, yet the love I bore to my pen and paper, hung like an unclouded firmament over a rough and treacherous world. I never shone there a star, and my flashes were as harmless and unnoticed as those of a midsummer's night; looked upon for an instant, and as instantly forgotten. Oh! how often have I wandered from my playmates, during the hour of intermission, to some lonely corner of our play-grounds, where, with my pencil and the leaf of some neglected writing-book, I have poured my whole soul, as I thought, on its blue-ruled page; unmindful, while wandering through the long and sober avenue, that the bell had rung, and all was order and quiet again in our school-room, and I a mere adjective belonging to school-books and my instructor.

Yet, in spite of all the abstractions and mischances it drew around me, it once redeemed me from the anathema of stupidity. Few can imagine the utter scorn with which that 'mingled yarn of good

and evil,' a school-class, regards the hapless individual emphasized a dunce. I had always a strong antipathy to the name. Active faults have some redeeming colors, but the neutral tint of stupidity even now appals me. I remember the day well; and a better day could not have been chosen, to cloud one's hopes, and give the heart a little of that rust with which I commenced this chapter; capricious and showery; half sunshine, half gloom; just such a day as will frolic with the nerves of the hypochondriac, and hang them, like Shakespeare's sailor boy, 'on the slippery clouds,' or toss them in a gale to 'teter' on a sunbeam. It was such a day, when I had gathered all the paraphernalia of rhetoric, belles-lettres, etc., that crowd the requisitions of a boarding-school prospectus. I closed the front door, and went 'unwillingly to school.' Oh! how presentiment flitted over my bosom with the clouds above me! A mist hovered over nature, and wrapped me in its shroud. It seemed as if a universal sympathy bound me, for an instant, to all creation; yet envy clung to the assimilation, like a worm to a rose-leaf; for every thing seemed happier than I. The little milliner girls passed me: they were *free*, and I envied them, with their band-boxes on their arms, and their cares all bound up in their ribbons. Trouble seemed to have left them, and to have ran to me like a pet kitten: and I saw a sweep perched like a black-bird on the chimney top, and I even envied him. And why not? He had risen by 'hook and by crook,' but then he had reached the height of his ambition, and could laugh at the trammels that at first impeded his progress.

But I had reached my school. The long rows of bonnets and shawls that were slumbering on their pegs, and the perfect quietude that reigned among them, convinced me it was long past the hour that tolled the death of freedom. Every thing looked reproachful. The dark green wall frowned, the bonnets pouted, and the very knob of the door turned snappingly, as I entered. While making my congee, the buzz of an hundred voices rushed upon me: French rigmarole and orthography floated through the atmosphere, or fluttered over the *limbs* of erudition, like so many wounded songsters. Large benches, painted green, that ominous color, were ranged around the room; and many a languid living thought rested inert and unemployed on its mathematical line. In one corner, tall, gaunt, and toothless, sat the vicegerent, a second officer in our republic. Oh, what 'a mighty little mind,' as they say in Richmond, was hers! Its highest aspirations were bounded by a button-hole, and all she knew of ambition, nestled in a work-basket. She always occupied one corner in our school-room; and her chair seemed to have belonged to it. When I left her presence in the afternoon, and found her again in the same place in the morning, in the same costume, and with the same unaltered physiognomy, I used to wonder if she had been there ever since I left the room. Her favorites were generally her carrier pigeons. But I, alas! no darling, was never sent to the sanctum of her bed-room for her spectacles, or the envious distinction of adjusting her cushion. Sometimes, when entering the room with a most peculiar shuffle, (poor soul! it was her own,) I have been stigmatized as the author of all the mischief that agitated our commonwealth. It was I who turned the blinds so often, to admit the air, and acquired so rapidly a movement she had taught my com-

peers, in an English quadrille, that it ever after affected my retreating footsteps. Although this reckless mirth made me enemies, there were a few laughter-loving spirits that clung closer to me, and liked me better for these very reproaches.

But on this eventful morning, neither her prejudices nor her predilections disturbed or entered once into my speculations for the day. My anxieties were alone dependant on the master spirit, the genius of our little world; and now, even from the distance of years, would I waft a blessing on that gentle one, whose kindness fell alike on the understanding and the heart; who, by the influence of example, and the discipline of herself, trained each heart in 'the way it should go,' without any harsher appeal than to its own reason and affection. She was standing, when I entered, in the recess of a folding door, and my class, like the twelve signs of the Zodiac, were ranged around her. But the sign was in Libra, and the scales were poised, when I entered to be weighed and found wanting. A new theory had been started. When will theorists let the world alone? It was urged on Mrs. —, and she adopted it experimentally. Some *judicious* parent had suggested it, and begged the trial. Violent exercise of the memory, it was maintained, would increase its power. This might apply where correspondent strength of mind required great exertion to develop a weight of intellect, that called for a mighty grasp; but as such is not the every day character of the human mind, the rule of course can only apply partially. A pigmy, in mind or body, can never be stretched beyond its altitude. Mrs. — turned to me, in her affectionate manner: 'I will ask you a number of questions, my dear girl; and without waiting a reply to each, I will require an answer to *all*, when I have finished, in the same order in which they were asked. Make the effort; if you succeed, I shall be gratified, and you will be amply compensated by the improvement of your memory.'

'By what names are the secular kings of Hindostan known? To whom do the Hindoos render homage? Where are the purest pearls found? Where the richest diamonds?—and what curiosity do the Tartars boast of?'

I was overwhelmed. Either question I could have answered singly; but to remember the question to fit the answer—and well I knew it must appear in no homespun dress—required a mind like Napoleon's. The girls looked to me with an appealing expression. They had in vain essayed it. Mrs. — fixed her dark eye on me, but I was silent. Again were the queries repeated, but all in vain. I could have answered the first and the last; but the others were skipping around my mind, forgetting their places, like so many city belles in a contra danco. Again other questions were put, with like numerical disappointment; and now I refused even the effort, and dispirited and offended, we sought our seats. My place in our class had often vacillated, and I in its opinion perhaps as often; but if I had ever queened it, my transit from a throne to a very common place in their heraldry, was as sudden as any despot's on record. One of the sweetest girls in the whole world—the only one I could see above me in the class, and yet feel reconciled—was deputed to ask the text for our next day's composition. It was asked, and answered: 'What is the use of acquiring lessons, if you do not understand them?' No

kind good-bye from Mrs. — ; and sad and spiritless, we returned to our homes.

The old proser may talk of school-day happiness, and the few anxieties that hover over that green spot of existence. He has been so long a wanderer over the rough paths of life, tossed by its vicissitudes, and buffeted by its sorrows, that he has forgotten the sensitiveness of his earlier nature. It is not that pilgrim grief that walks unsandalled over the burning desert of affliction; but childhood with its shoes off will show less philosophy, and feel more acutely, the pebbles of its play-ground. Was it strange, then, that I passed a sleepless night, or strange that I penned the next morning, at daylight, the following commentary on her text? I think the oft-quoted line of Pope must have had some influence with my Muse, as I perceive she has introduced her remonstrance by a similar commencement. Perhaps I was thinking that 'twigs' should not be crushed by superabundant weight, no matter how the 'tree' is inclined:

'T is education polishes the mind,
And intellect's rude ore is thus refined;
Ere gems are found, their sepulchre is riv'n,
And mind is delved, ere thought can flash to heaven.
If it be sweet through science' path to stray,
To gather fragrance for life's wintry day,
Then why enclose with thorns each hallow'd flower,
And grasping blossoms, bid us feel their power?
Oh who would win a wreath so dearly bought,
And wound the spirit for a brighter thought?
Our wearied nature suppliant would ask
Thy kindly aid to smooth our thorny task,
And beg of reason but this little boon,
Ask each one question — let each answer one;
The brain tumultuous, in confusion tossed,
Thought leaves the helm, and Reason's self is lost;
And Memory flutters o'er the questioning wave,
And mourns the wreck she strove in vain to save.

Can we Golconda's diamond mines explore?
Then search for pearls near India's smiling shore?
Then fancied homage to a Llama pay?
Kneel to a Boodh, or tremble 'neath 'Transfa'
Or view the Bootern hills, with verdure drest?
Compare them with chill Thibet's snowy vest?
See nature's table spread stupendous round,
As if for giants reared, on Tartar ground?
Thought travels fast, but education's loom
Must weave its vesture, and it finds a doom;
Let Memory bring again thy youthful days,
When application gained its meed of praise;
When no entangling question stamp'd thee dunce,
Nor brain nor tongue could answer ten at once;
And recollection will restore the smile,
That cheers the languor of our mental toil.
When that is hidden, clouds obscure our sky,
And trembling showers are seen in every eye:
The brightest star within our little sphere,
This morning veil'd its brilliance in a tear;
Oh then in reason grant this little boon,
Ask each one question — let each answer one!

Homer won for himself a brilliant wreath, and left his poetry in the hearts of his hearers. For years it had no other resting place, and all we enjoy of it was gathered from the bosoms of those who cherished it. Mine perished in a day; but I, too, had my reward; the renewal of our school liberties, and a kiss that was worth all the Olympic wreaths that ever were bestowed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A NEW HOME: WHO'LL FOLLOW? OR GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE. By **Mrs. MARY CLAYTON**, an Actual Settler. In one volume. pp. 317. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS.

UNHESITATINGLY, with the impressions derived from its perusal fresh upon us, do we pronounce this unpretending volume one of the most natural, pleasant, and entertaining books that we have read for a twelvemonth. The writer is an accomplished lady, evidently of high literary, and even scholastic, attainments, who, after enjoying from childhood the advantages and refinements of polished life, removes with her husband and small family, to the wilds of Michigan. With a hearty perception of the beauties of nature and power to depict them; with a keen eye for the ridiculous, and a ready appreciation of the burlesque; and with a remarkable knowledge of character, it is not perhaps surprising that our author should have written an amusing volume. But she has accomplished more. She has done good service to the public, 'at the East,' in guarding emigrants to the western wilds against the extravagant stories of interested speculators, touching the untold advantages to be derived from a removal to that wooden region. While she renders full justice to the exuberant fertility of the soil, the beauty of the scenery, etc., she does not disguise from the reader that the comforts of life are not always easy of attainment, and that a moderate portion of its luxuries is rather a thing to be hoped for, than expected. The annexed is an exposition of the manner in which 'lots' were disposed of, in Michigan, when the mania pointed thitherward:

"When lots were to be sold, the whole fair dream was splendidly emblazoned on a sheet of super-royal size; things which only floated before the mind's eye of the most sanguine, were portrayed with bewitching minuteness for the delectation of the ordinary observer. Majestic steamers plied their paddles to and fro upon the river; ladies crowding their decks and steamers floating on the wind. Sloops dotted the harbors, while noble ships were seen in the offing. Mills, factories, and light-houses—canals, rail-roads and bridges, all took their appropriate positions. Then came the advertisements, choicely worded and carefully vague, never setting forth any thing which might not come true at some time or other; yet leaving the buyer without excuse if he chose to be taken in.

"An auctioneer was now to be procured (for lots usually went rather heavily at private sale,) and this auctioneer must not be such a one as any executive can make, but a man of genius, or ready invention, of fluent speech; one who had seen something of the world, and above all, one who must be so thoroughly acquainted with the property, and so entirely convinced of its value, that he could vouch on his own personal *respectability*, for the truth of every statement. He must be able to exhibit certificates from—no matter whom—Tom-a-Nokes perhaps—but 'residing on the spot'—and he must find men of straw to lead the first bids. And when all this had been attended to, it must have required some nerve to carry the matter through; to stand by, while the poor artisan, the journeyman mechanic, the stranger who had brought his little all to buy government land to bring up his young family upon, staked their poor means on strips of land which were at that moment a foot under water. I think many of these gentlemen earned their money."

We quote the following, partly to show the 'rates of exchange' sometimes adopted in sales of western village lots, and to impress upon the reader the particular beauty of the duplicate '*New*,' against which Mr. Ivinco lately entered his protest:

"I must not omit to record the friendly offer of one of the gentlemen whose adven-

tures I have recapitulated, to take 'two Montacute lots at five hundred dollars each.' As this was rather beyond the price which the owner had thought fit to affix to his ordinary lots, he felt exceedingly obliged, and somewhat at a loss to account for the proposition, till his friend whispered, 'and you shall have in payment a lot at New-New-York at a thousand; and we have not sold one at that, I can assure you.'

"The obliged party chanced to meet the agent for New-New-York about a year after, and inquired the fortunes of the future emporium—the number of inhabitants, etc. "There's nobody there," said he, 'but those we hire to come.'"

We were greatly entertained with the history of the journey of the CLAVES family, the adventure in 'the *mash*,' *Anglice* marsh, and the first night passed in Montacute, at which place, afterward a village, our author takes up her final abode. Passing these, however, with the diverting sketch of western 'helps,' and the erection and furnishing of a residence, we come to the annexed characteristic picture of a visit made to our author, by one of the more *recherché* females of the neighborhood, a tall damsel, of twenty eight or thirty:

"She was tastefully attired in a blue gingham dress, with broad cuffs of black morocco, and a black cambric apron edged with orange worsted lace. Her oily black locks were cut quite short round the ears, and confined close to her head by a black ribbon, from one side of which depended, almost in her eye, two very long tassels of black silk, intended to do duty as curls. Prunelle slippers with high heels, and a cotton handkerchief tied under the chin, finished the costume, which I have been thus particular in describing, because I have observed so many that were nearly similar.

"The lady greeted me in the usual style, with a familiar nod, and seated herself at once in a chair near the door.

"Well, how do like Michigan?"

"This question received the most polite answer which my conscience afforded; and I asked the lady in my turn, if she was one of my neighbors?"

"Why, massy, yes!" she replied; 'do n't you know me? I tho't every body know'd me. Why, I'm the school ma'am, Simeon Jenkins' sister, Cleory Jenkins.'

"Thus introduced, I put all my civility in requisition to entertain my guest, but she seemed quite independent, finding amusement for herself, and asking questions on every possible theme.

"You're doing your own work now, a'nt ye?"

"This might not be denied; and I asked if she did not know of a girl whom I might be likely to get

"Well, I do n't know; I'm looking for a place where I can board and do chores myself. I have a good deal of time before school, and after I get back; and I did n't know but I might suit ye for a while.'

"I was pondering on this proffer, when the fallow damsel arose from her seat, took a short pipe from her bosom, (not 'Pan's reedy pipe,' reader) filled it with tobacco, which she carried in her 'work-pocket,' and re-seating herself, began to smoke with the greatest gusto, turning ever and anon to spit at the hearth.

"Incredible again—alas, would it were not true! I have since known a girl of seventeen, who was attending a neighbor's sick infant, smoke the live-long day, and take snuff besides; and I can vouch for it, that a large proportion of the married women in the interior of Michigan use tobacco in some form, usually that of the odious pipe.

"I took the earliest decent opportunity to decline the offered help, telling the school-ma'am plainly, that an inmate who smoked would make the house uncomfortable to me.

"Why, law!" said she, laughing; 'that's nothing but pride now: folks is often too proud to take comfort. For my part, I could n't do without my pipe to please nobody.'

"Mr. Simeon Jenkins, the brother of this independent young lady, now made his appearance on some trifling errand; and his sister repeated to him what I had said.

"Mr. Jenkins took his inch of cigar from his mouth, and asked if I really disliked tobacco-smoke, seeming to think it scarcely possible.

"Do n't your old man smoke?" said he.

"No, indeed," said I, with more than my usual energy; 'I should hope he never would.'

"Well," said neighbor Jenkins, 'I tell you what, I'm boss at home; and if my old woman was to stick up that fashion, I'd keep the house so blue she could n't see to snuff the candle.'

"His sister laughed long and loud at this sally, which was uttered rather angrily, and with an air of most manful bravery; and, Mr. Jenkins, picking up his end of cigar from the floor, walked off with an air evidently intended to be as expressive as the celebrated and oft-quoted nod of Lord Burleigh in the Critic."

The 'gospel privileges' in Michigan, at the period of which Mrs. CLAYERS speaks, were not of the highest order. The subjoined is given as a specimen of the illustrative style adopted by the itinerant ministers, in their appeals to unlettered congregations :

"It is not long since I heard a good man preach from the text 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' He began by saying that it could not be necessary to show the literal truth of this observation of the Apostle; 'For you yourselves know, my friends, especially at this time of year, when most of you have had to fight fire more or less, how easy it is to kindle what is so difficult to put out. You know that what fire a man can carry in his hand, applied to the dry grass on the marshes, will grow so, that in ten minutes a hundred men could not put it out, and, if you do n't take care, it will burn up your haystacks and your barns too, ay, and your houses, if the wind happens to be pretty strong. And if you get a cannon loaded up with powder, it won't take but a leetle grain of fire to produce a great explosion, and may be kill somebody. And I dare say that some of you have seen the way they get along in making rail-roads in the winter, when the ground's froze so hard that they can't dig a bit: they blast off great bodies of the hard ground, just as they blast rocks. And it do n't take any more than a spark to set it a-going. Even so, a woman's tongue, can set a whole neighborhood together by the ears, and do more mischief in a minute, than she can undo in a month.' At this all the young folks looked at each other and smiled, and as the preacher went on in a similar strain, the smile was frequently repeated; and such scenes are not very uncommon."

The *locale* is 'a bare, cold school-house, the wind whistling through a thousand crevices in the unplastered walls, and pouring down through as many more in the shrunken roof, seats formed by laying rough boards on rougher blocks,' etc. The meetings are conducted in a very unceremonious manner :

"It takes one a long while to become accustomed to the unceremonious manner in which the meetings of all sorts are conducted. Many people go in and out whenever they feel disposed; and the young men, who soon tire, give unequivocal symptoms of their weariness, and generally walk off with a *nonchalant* air, at any time during the exercises. Women usually carry their babies, and sometimes two or three who can scarcely walk: and the restlessness of these youthful members, together with an occasional display of their musical talents, sometimes interrupts in no small measure the progress of the speaker. The stove is always in the centre of the room, with benches arranged in a hollow square around it; and the area thus formed is the scene of infantile operations. I have seen a dozen people kept on a stretch during a whole long sermon, by a little, tottering, rosy-checked urchin, who chose to approach within a few inches of the stove every minute or two, and to fall at every third step, at the imminent danger of lodging against the hot iron. And the mamma sat looking on with an air of entire complacency, picking up the chubby rogue occasionally, and varying the scene by the performance of the maternal office. I fancy it would somewhat disconcert a city clergyman, on ascending his sumptuous pulpit, to find it already occupied by a deaf old man, with his tin ear-trumpet ready to catch every word. This I have seen again and again; and however embarrassing to the preacher, an objection or remonstrance on the subject would be very ill received. And after all, I must confess, I have heard sermons preached in such circumstances, which would have reflected no disgrace on certain gorgeous draperies of velvet and gold."

The manual-labor meeting of the 'Female Benevolent Sewing Society' at Mrs. CLAYERS' is capitally described. A querulous, mischief-making widow, Mrs. Nippers, is served up with *sauce piquante* :

"Mrs. Nippers took her work and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnet. Very soon I heard, 'I declare it's a shame!' 'I don't know what'll be done about it;' 'She told me so with her own mouth;' 'Oh but I was there myself!' etc. etc., in many different voices; the interstices well filled with undistinguishable whispers 'not loud but deep.'"

"It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner. The whispers and the exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work."

"Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?"

"Mrs. Nippers colored, said 'No,' and sewed four stitches. At length 'the storm grew loud apace.' 'It will break up the society——'"

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Doubleday, in her sharp treble. 'What is it, Mrs. Nippers? You know all about it.'

"Mrs. Nippers replied that she only knew what she had heard, etc. etc., but, after a little urging, consented to inform the company in general, that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighborhood; that those who lived in *log houses* at a little distance from the village, had not been invited to join the society; and also that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high, for a yearly subscription.

"Many looked aghast at this. Public opinion is no where so strongly felt as in this country, among new settlers. And as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched.

"At length, an old lady who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woollen sock she was knitting:

"'Well now! that's queer!' said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers with an air of simplicity simplified. 'Miss Turner told me you went round her neighborhood last Friday, and told how that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised every body that lived in log-houses; and you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much; did n't she, Miss Briggs?' Miss Briggs nodded.

"The widow blushed to the very centre of her pale eyes, but, 'e'en though vanquished,' she lost not her assurance. 'Why, I'm sure I only said that we only paid twelve-and-a-half cents at the East; and as to log-houses, I do n't know, I can't just recollect, but I did n't say more than others did.'

"But human nature could not bear up against the mortification; and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her colors at half-mast for the remainder of the afternoon.

"At tea each lady took one or more of her babies into her lap and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite, for green tea at least, but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables, looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk and water which ought to have gone quietly down sundry juvenile throats, was spirted without mercy into various wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon almost all Montacutian themes.

"'Do you have any butter now?' 'When are you going to raise your barn?' 'Is your man a going to kill, this week?' 'I ha' n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks.' 'Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?' 'Has Miss White got any wool to sell?' 'Do tell if you've been to Detroit!' 'Are you out o' candles?' 'Well I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!' 'I hope we shall have milk in a week or two,' and so on; for, be it known, that in a state of society like ours, the bare necessities of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation. More than one truly respectable woman of our neighborhood has told me, that it is not very many years since a moderate allowance of Indian meal and potatoes, was literally all that fell to their share of this rich world for weeks together."

We should be pleased to advert particularly to one or two delightful stories, involving the fortunes of some of the more refined of the settlers, near Montacute, but our limits will not permit. Our remaining space must be devoted to the following irresistible sketch of a small beer politician:

"Mr. Simeon Jenkins entered at an early stage of his career upon the arena of public life, having been employed by his honored mother to dispose of a basket full of hard-boiled eggs, on election day, before he was eight years old. He often dwells with much unctious upon this his debut; and declares that even at that dawning period, he had cut his eye-teeth.

"'There was n't a feller there,' Mr. Jenkins often says, 'that could find out which side I was on, for all they tried hard enough. They thought I was soft, but I let 'em know I was as much baked as any on 'em. 'Be you a democrat?' says one. 'Buy some eggs and I'll tell ye, says I; and by the time he'd bought his eggs, I could tell well enough which side he belonged to, and I'd hand him out a ticket according, for I had blue ones in one end o' my basket, and white ones in the other, and when night come, and I got off the stump to go home, I had eighteen shillin' and four-pence in my pocket.'

"From this auspicious commencement may be dated Mr. Jenkins' glowing desire to serve the public. Each successive election day saw him at his post. From eggs he advanced to pies, from pies to almanacs, whiskey, powder and shot, foot-balls, playing-cards, and at length, for ambition ever 'did grow with what it fed on,' he brought into the field a large turkey, which was tied to a post and stoned to death at twenty five cents a throw. By this time the still youthful aspirant had become quite the man of the world; could smoke twenty-four cigars per diem, if any body else would pay for them; play cards, in old Hurler's shop, from noon till day-break, and rise winner; and all this with suitable trimmings of gin and hard words. But he never lost sight of the main chance. He had made up his mind to serve his country, and he was all this time convincing his fellow-citizens of the disinterested purity of his sentiments.

"'Patriotism,' he would say, 'patriotism is the thing! Any man that's too proud to serve his country, aint fit to live. Some thinks so much o' themselves, that if they can have jist what they think they're fit for, they wont take nothing; but for my part, I call myself an American citizen; and any office that 's in the gift o' the people will suit me. I'm up to any thing. And as there aint no other man about here — no suitable man, I mean — that's got a horse, why I'd be willing to be constable, if the people's a mind to, though it would be a dead loss to me in my business, to be sure; but I could do any thing for my country. Hurra for patriotism! them 's my sentiments.'

"It can scarcely be doubted that Mr. Jenkins became a very popular citizen, or that he usually played a conspicuous part at the polls. Offices began to fall to his share, and though they were generally such as brought more honor than profit, office is office, and Mr. Jenkins did not grumble. Things were going on admirably.

'The spoils of office glitter in his eyes,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ;

Or thought he was just going to grasp them, when, presto! he found himself in the minority; the wheel of fortune turned, and Mr. Jenkins and his party were left undermost. Here was a dilemma! His zeal in the public service was ardent as ever, but how could he get a chance to show it unless his party was in power? His resolution was soon taken. He called his friends together, mounted a stump, which had fortunately been left standing not far from the door of his shop, and then and there gave 'reasons for my rattling' in terms sublime enough for any meridian.

"My friends and feller-citizens,' said this self-sacrificing patriot, 'I find myself conglomerated in such a way, that my feelin's suffers severely. I'm sitivated in a peculiar situation. O' one side, I see my dear friends, pussional friends — friends, that 's stuck to me like wax, through thick and thin, never shinnyin' off and on, but up to the scratch, and no mistake. O' t' other side I behold my country, my bleedin' country, the land that fetch'd me into this world o' trouble. Now, sence things be as they be, and can't be no otherways as I see, I feel kind o' screwed into an auger-hole to know what to do. If I hunt over the history of the universal world from the creation of man to the present day, I see that men has always had difficulties; and that some has took one way to get shut of 'em, and some another. My candid and unrefragable opinion is, that rather than remain useless, buckled down to the shop, and indulging in selfishness, it is my solemn dooty to change my ticket. It is severe, my friends, but dooty is dooty. And now, if any man calls me a turn-coat,' continued the orator, gently spitting in his hands, rubbing them together, and rolling his eyes round the assembly, 'all I say is, let him say it so that I can hear him.'

"The last argument was irresistible, if even the others might have brooked discussion, for Mr. Jenkins stands six feet two in his stockings, when he wears any, and gesticulates with a pair of arms as long and muscular as Rob Roy's. So, though the audience did not cheer him, they contented themselves with dropping off one by one, without calling in question the patriotism of the rising statesman.

"The very next election saw Mr. Jenkins justice of the peace, and it was in this honorable capacity that I have made most of my acquaintance with him, though we began with threatenings of a storm. He called to take the acknowledgment of a deed, and I, anxious for my country's honor, for I too am something of a patriot in my own way, took the liberty o' pointing out to his notice a trifling slip of the pen; videlicet, 'Justas of Piece,' which manner of writing those words I informed him had gone out of fashion.

"He reddened, looked at me very sharp for a moment, and then said he thanked me; but subjoined:

"Book-learning is a good thing enough where there aint too much of it. For my part, I've seen a good many that know'd books that didn't know much else. The proper cultivation and edication of the human intellect, has been the comprehensive study of the human understanding from the original creation of the universal world to the present day, and there has been a good many ways tried besides book-learning. Not but what that 's very well in its place.

"And the justice took his leave with somewhat of a swelling air. But we are excellent friends, notwithstanding this hard rub; and Mr. Jenkins favors me now and then with half an hour's conversation, when he has had leisure to read up for the occasion in an odd volume of the Cyclopaedia, which holds an honored place in a corner of his shop. He ought, in fairness, to give me previous notice, that I might study the dictionary a little, for the hard words with which he arms himself for these 'keen encounters,' often push me to the very limits of my English."

The liberal extracts which we have presented, are a sufficient evidence of the entertaining character of the various and lively volume from which they are taken; and we cannot but hope that one who holds so facile a pen as the fair author, will not permit her talents to lie dormant in the woods.

THE DAMSEL OF DARIEN. By the Author of 'The Yemassee,' etc. In two vols. 12m. pp. 539. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD: New-York: CARVILLE AND COMPANY.

THE more novel reader seeks for amusement, to beguile the evening hour. An exciting tale, told with spirit and directness of narrative, is all he desires; the more romantic, the more interesting; the more pain and peril the hero and heroine suffer and endure, the more his feelings are roused, and his imagination pleased. He eschews all books that tax his judgment, or compel him to think. He prefers to gratify a certain proneness to morbid feeling, rather than to improve his mind. But he whose aim is instruction only, seldom searches for it in the pages of a novel. It appears to us, that the author of the 'Damsel of Darien' has endeavored to win the applause of both classes; but we fear, like the old man in the fable, he has in a measure displeased both. VASCO NUNEZ, the greatest of all the followers of Columbus, is the hero of the tale. We first find him in Saint Domingo, seeking means to fit out his vessel, in search of the great southern sea; and we follow his career, real and fancied, until the great object of his ambition is attained, and finally to his unjust and cruel death. We will not attempt an analysis of the plot; neither our time nor limits will permit. We will, however, briefly express our admiration of the gentle, loving, suffering Damsel of Darien. She is a beautiful creation; more of air than earth; one we may rather hope to see, than ever expect to meet. She does not appear until the opening of the second volume, and then, Pocahontas-like, she beams upon us at once, in loveliness and grace.

The following extract—it is her final meeting with Nunez—is a picture so flesh-and-blood like, that it will commend itself to every reader; with the single exception, of the thrice three thousand times told simile of the 'raven's wing.'

"At the same moment, while the yet uplifted sword of the cavalier hung threatening above the head of the prostrate warrior, a girl, scarcely more than fifteen, darted between the combatants, and throwing herself upon the body of the cassique, clung to his neck with the fondest devotion, seeking with her own slender and sylph-like form to cover and shield it from the impending weapon. Vasco Nunez was charmed by this unexpected apparition. Never had so bright and ethereal a creature descended before his eyes. Matchless in grace, as she lay before him, one arm around the cassique, one lifted imploringly to the conqueror, while her tearful eyes pleaded with the more eloquence that her lips were silent, he thought her one of those heavenly visions which sometimes hallow and delight even the dreams of the unrelenting soldier, and move him to momentary feelings of gentleness and love. Her face was girlish, almost childish, as, indeed, belonged to her years; but there was the expanded soul of the woman in her eye, and in her conduct the affections which belong to all ages, and lift any into nobleness and beauty. Fairer than her people, her cheek bloomed with an olive luster, such as the Spaniards loved to applaud in the beauties of their own nation. Her forehead was high and narrow—her mouth small; and while it quivered with the nameless terrors which were struggling in her heart, the tips of the white teeth gleamed at intervals through the parted lips, from which the natural red had taken flight, though to return again, the moment after, with accumulated richness. Voluminous and of a glossy black like that of the raven, her hair covered not only her own shoulders but the bosom of her father—for such was the cassique whom she strove to shield from the rage of his conqueror. But the rage of the conqueror was already subdued. He looked on her pleading and tearful eyes, and his heart melted within him. He commanded his followers to stay the sword; and lifting the damsel herself from the form of him whom she had so opportunely rescued from the fatal stroke, he bade the cassique, in tones of mercy and forbearance, arise from the earth."

As a contrast to this lovely Indian damsel, we have the portrait of a Spanish beauty, cold, heartless, proud, selfish, and cruel. While we love Careta, and deeply sympathize with all her sufferings, we despise Terésa, and at the same time hope, for the sake of her sex, that the portrait is over-colored.

The interest in this novel is not as a whole, but in parts, only. It comes in glimpses, sometimes few and far between, but dazzling when they come. Many characters are described with great minuteness, who have little or no agency in the development of the plot, and win from us little regard. The very exuberance of the author's fancy, his

depth of thought and power of reasoning, Will-o'-the-wisp-like, entice him from his purpose, and beguile him, even in the middle of an interesting incident, to dive into the motive of action, or to draw a full-length picture of the scene. To illustrate this remark, we may quote the following beautiful passage; a passage which any author might be proud to acknowledge, if introduced in the proper place. Vasco Nunez is in prison, uncertain whether his fate is to be life or death. Careta, the damsel whom, soon after their first meeting, he *unceremoniously* takes to wife, and the astrologer, are present. The whole scene is one of deep interest; when it abruptly closes, thus:

"Death is freedom! was the reflection at that moment of the gloomy chief, but he suffered it not to be heard from his lips. The hopefulness of heart which the astrologer had encouraged in the simple Indian, seemed to make her so happy, that Vasco Nunez felt that it would be cruel to impair the impressions which she had received on this subject: and his words were uttered to strengthen her hope, though wearied by his own mental excitements, and that restraint which is the most humiliating of all influences to the restless and impetuous nature, and made somewhat gloomy by the predictions of the astrologer to himself, he had little faith in any of his own promises. Still, she lacked the art of seeing into his. *Her own heart, like the rivulet that runs along the wayside, revealed all its depths at a single glance to every eye*; was it strange that she should be satisfied with the surface of all other hearts? We smile at the guileless and unsuspecting nature, and yet it has always the best chance of happiness, since the enduring jealousies of a distrusting heart are always a greater evil, than the disappointment and sorrow springing up in the betrayed one. Sorrow may be subdued by time, and circumstances may soften even grief into sweetness; but distrust hardens with years, and the heart becomes a mass of petrification, ere the body falls into that corruption which the melting tendernesses of the affections could alone make endurable to life. With the inconsiderateness of a child, the Indian girl forgot all fears for him, and all her own griefs, not to say all concern of the future, while she hung upon his neck in the dungeon. Vasco Nunez was not insensible to her caresses: but though he looked fondly in her face, and spoke in a tone of mournful sweetness to her ears, yet his eyes watched, with an inevitable constancy, the iron bars of the windows; and his ears detected, for ever more mingling with the accents of her love, the heavy tread of the soldier in the court or the prison, and the occasional ring of his arquebus on the rocky earth. The eagle may not heed the scream of his mate, as she proclaims her freedom among the hills without, while he is vainly dashing his wings against the bars of his cage."

With all his power of description, his knowledge of human character, and his felicity of expression, Mr. SIMMS is often careless, and occasionally affected. He sometimes expresses his thoughts in a style peculiarly his own, but notwithstanding, not always either correct or graceful; as witness the following extract;

"The slaves sleep, methinks; but it will need that we look into each. Keep thyself within shadow, and let there be no more *speech*. Hast thou risen?'
'Behind thee—I am close. Go forward, I see as well as thou.'
'Take then thy dagger in thy teeth, while thou crawl'st after me: it will stop thy *speech*—but of that we have no need. The keen steel must be our best *speech* until the business be ended.'"

We have italicized the word '*speech*.' For this word our author has a peculiar fondness: in every dozen pages, we might almost say, we meet with it a dozen times, and not always in a correct sense. For other words, he has a kindred feeling; viz., '*utter*,' '*utterly*,' '*utterance*,' '*no less than*,' etc. We have no doubt that these are used in the heat of composition, and for want of careful revision, remain as originally written. That the '*Damsel of Darien*' was written in a hurried manner, we think the proofs are numerous. In fact, Mr. SIMMS writes so much, and publishes so often, that it is next to impossible, with all his genius, that he can always avoid incorrectness of phrase, and tautology in expression.

We entertain so much respect for the character of Mr. SIMMS, and hold his works in such high esteem, that we may well be pardoned for candidly indicating a few of his defects. They may be easily amended, and we hold it the province of the critic, no less than the duty of a friend, to point them out.

POEMS BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON, AND THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D. In one volume. pp. 174. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

WE have hitherto been more familiar with the prose writings of Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, of Savannah, than with his poetical efforts. Our readers are not ignorant of the affluence of his humor, and the warmth and feeling which pervade his more serious prose compositions. It is no small praise to say, that as a poet, Mr. CHARLTON is scarcely less distinguished. He has a fine ear for the melody of verse, a fertile imagination, and evidently a warm and susceptible heart; and these are important qualities in the formation of a poetical character. Without attempting a notice in detail of the contents of the handsome volume before us, we shall permit the reader to judge of the justice of our encomium, from a perusal of two characteristic extracts:

LIFE AND DEATH.

'What is life, and what is death?'
Have you seen the morning's ray
Drive the mists of night away?
Have you seen the flow'et bloom
O'er the lone and silent tomb?
Have you seen the moon arise,
Shedding lustre through the skies?
Have you marked affection's smile
All the cars of earth beguile?
Have you seen that ray o'er-shaded?
Have you marked that flow'et faded?
Bright Diana's orb grow pale?
Loved affection's favors fail?
Such is mortal's fleeting breath!
Such is life, and such is death!

'What is life, and what is death?'
Life is like that morning ray,
Chasing doubt and gloom away;
Life is like that flower's bloom,
Springing o'er misfortune's tomb;
Life is like that brilliant light,
Shining through affliction's night,
Soothing, like affection's power,
All the pangs of sorrow's hour.

Death's the cloud that comes to shade,
Comes that blooming flower to fade;
Comes to change that scene of light
Into sorrow's darkest night;
Comes o'er human hopes to lower,
Blighting dear affection's power.
Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death!

'What is life, and what is death?'
Can you seize the fleeting shade?
Can you win the fickle maid?
Can you, for a single hour,
Held old Time within your power?
Can you grasp the phantom's form?
Can you quell the raging storm?
Life is like that fleeting shade,
Phantom form and fickle maid;
Like the hour that glideth by,
When the friends we love are high.
Death is like that raging storm,
Blighting hope and beauty's form.
Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death!

The subjoined is of a different description, and will forcibly remind the reader of the light and lively sketches with which Mr. WILLIS was wont to relieve his early scripture pictures:

SPRING.

'O, the Spring, the beautiful Spring!
It shineth and smileth on every thing.'

I love not Spring: I cannot bear
This kind of fickle woman-weather,
This mingling up of smile and tear,
And 'ne'er the same an hour together.'
One moment and its sunny ray
Is shining, bright as hope, before you;
The next, and ere you cross the way,
'T is raining, like the mischief, o'er you!

I love not Spring: its 'blooming flowers'
Are very well for poets' verses;
But he that feels its 'sunny showers,'
Is apt, in prose, to vent his curses.
Give me that season of the year,
When nature, more serene, reposes:
Can man's life's ills more calmly bear,
Because they're felt 'among the roses'?

I love not Spring: though with it come
The swallows from their winter station,
And then is heard the ceaseless hum
Of all the insect generation;
I'd rather have a cheering fire,
A bottle of old wine before me:
Such *swallows* I much more admire,
Than those which now are flying o'er me.

I love not Spring: you search in vain
The market through, to find a dinner,
And scarce are able to obtain
Enough to feast 'a young beginner.'
Let maudlin misers long to see
The charms of this 'delightful season':
Such charms, I must confess, to me,
Are surely any thing but pleasing.

We had marked for insertion a few passages from the poems of the late THOMAS J. CHARLTON, M. D.; who evidently, as his brother informs us, possessed a mind and a genius that would have done credit to any profession; 'and, in a few more years, he would have won for himself a name, that would have descended as a lasting inheritance to his children.' Our narrow limits, however, forbid the gratification, and we are con-

pelled to satisfy ourselves with calling public attention to the volume in question. We should not omit to add, that some of the notes to the poetical text are in the best vein of the 'Georgia Lawyer.'

NIX'S MATE: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF AMERICA. By the Author of 'Athenia of Damascus,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 531. New-York; SAMUEL COLMAN.

WE honor Mr. DAWES, that he has chosen for his maiden novel, scenes and events connected with that struggle for national existence and national liberty, which are dear to the heart of every right-minded American freeman. Throughout the volumes before us, he has kept up the spirit of 'old seventy-six,' in a manner truly striking and life-like. As a novel proper, we have some objections to prefer against 'Nix's Mate.' There are scenes of great vigor, which are imbued with a lively interest; but there is not a regular convergence of events toward a single fixed point, interrupted only by incidents which serve to keep alive and stimulate curiosity, that should characterize a successful fiction. Like Mr. SIMMS, in his latest production, elsewhere noticed, Mr. DAWES excites our admiration in parts only of his work. Some of his portraitures strike us as too highly colored, and certain of his scenes as decidedly over-wrought. As an example of the latter, we would cite the scene with Felton and the enchantress, in her cavern, the description of which, instead of being horrid, simply, is *revolting*. One great fault of our author, is too much description. He does not leave enough to the imagination of the reader; but when he does not err in this regard, he is natural and entertaining. We would rather follow him in his capital limning of a rough truckman, at a tavern-bar, trying to hit a bright nail-head that projects from the sanded floor with his whip-lash, and the incidents which succeed, than to accompany him in sketches which cost him far more labor. The character of the heroine is finely drawn; so is that of Fitzvassal, the pirate, whose fortunes are well traced. Mr. DAWES knows how to paint sea-scenes with as much truth as any landsman-author whom we remember to have read; and stirring action, in any element, does not come amiss from his hand. Some of his episodes are admirable, although many of his 'philosophies,' if not rather fine-spun, are certainly misplaced. With all its defects, however, 'Nix's Mate' is an interesting work, and will command the public favor. Its faults are the natural results of a first attempt at novel-writing, and are overborne by numerous beauties and excellencies, which will not a little enhance the author's reputation.

THE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT, FOR 1840. Edited by Miss LESLIE. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

THIS is a rich annual, both in its embellishments and its literary matter. The first two engravings, by CHENEY, from paintings by SULLY, are exquisite. We have seen nothing finer, or more effective, in any of the English annuals. Nor should we omit to mention the 'Isabella' of the same artists, and DANFORTH's spirited rendering of LESLIE's 'Don Quixote,' as scarcely inferior to these gems of art. BUTLER AND LONG have done as good justice to MOUNT's admirable pictures of 'The Painter's Study,' and 'Bargaining for a Horse,' as their narrow limits would allow; but much of the humor and spirit of the originals are necessarily lost. 'The Ghost Book,' engraved by PHASE, from a painting of COMBEYS, is a well-conceived and effective plate. We have said, generally, that the contents of 'The Gift' were good; but there is one story, of such excellence, that the writer may be said to carry away the palm from all the other contributors. We allude to the sketch of 'Deacon Enos,' by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. This story alone would well repay the price of the volume which it graces. The characters of 'Deacon Enos,' 'Uncle Jaw,' and 'Silence Jones,' are to the life: the true artist is visible in every touch.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ANOTHER GOSSIP WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We resume our 'Drawer,' leaving farther passages from the 'Note-Book' unrecorded, for the present; and shall commence by transferring to this department an original paragraph, from our esteemed friend, the entertaining 'American in Paris,' which was so obscured by an overturned ink-stand, as to be illegible, when wanted in its place, in our last number. Our correspondent has been speaking of smoking, in one of the 'Divans' of London: 'Mrs. Trollope had a strong bias toward lying. I cannot say I like her for this vice, and by all accounts should not like her for any other; but certain it is, that, except among our western cousins, who look upon chewing and spitting upon ladies' frocks in the steamboat as invaluable privileges, not to be abridged, there has been an improvement in the decencies of life since her time. On this subject, the Englishman is entitled *suo jure* to the censorship. He never spits, and indeed, if very well bred, wont perspire, if ladies are present, of a hot day. Here is Latin authority, I believe from Tacitus: '*Nec sputum unquam, nec sudavit, nec fortiter tuitur.*' This was apparently written before the Reform Parliament. 'No Englishman,' says the Edinburgh Review, 'has spat upon the floor since the Heptarchy;' an assertion made, no doubt, from a decent sense of the proprieties which ought to govern civilized life, but in defiance of history. It grieves me to say it of so great a man as Sir Walter Raleigh, but he and others of the glorious reign of Elizabeth were much addicted to this practice. It is true, Miss Linwood and the Gobelins had not yet begun to weave; and putting saw-dust on the floors was somewhat a relief. I could readily prove, too, had I access to the Bodleian Library, that Sir William Temple once spat upon a Dutch woman's floor in Holland — and he ambassador from one of the most refined courts that ever was in England; and a good old writer, Feltham, under James I., the very age of true English gentlemen, and whose master wrote, himself, a treatise against the 'vile weed,' speaking of singular customs in Amsterdam, says: 'You must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the mop brought.' I could, moreover, mention an instance in the present century, but will not, of a British peer, who chewed; a noble lord, and as noble a fellow as ever was a lord, who enjoyed a real quid of tobacco. Indeed, if poets were authority, I could prove against Englishmen even worse practices; but I have no mind to gain a victory at the expense of decency. It is certain that at the present time no English lady would maintain an acquaintance with a man who spits, and that no English gentleman regards the custom without disgust. As regards our genteel classes, the offence is exaggerated by European travellers, taking, no doubt, their examples from steam-boats and taverns, filled from the four corners of the earth, and not considering that all manner of persons in America travel. It is true, that cigars and spitting-boxes are in use, when the women are not present, in our best city houses; but spitting on the floor is to be numbered with the sins of those who made love to our grandmothers.'

THERE is a sort of vague picturesqueness about the accompanying stanzas, which will commend them to many readers. They were written upon the occurrence of an ex-

tensive conflagration, two or three years since, in the forests of New-Jersey, in which an old 'crone' was burned to death:

A SPARK FROM AN OLD CRONE'S PIPE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An aged crone before her door
Was swaying to and fro,
Muttering and mumbling o'er and o'er
The thoughts of long ago;
As some crack'd bell, with fading tone,
Repeating chimes its youth had known.

Far in behind each yawning brow,
An eye was mouldering,
And well its lustre, waning now,
Suited the ruined thing;
Her gray locks floating on the blast,
Like shreds around a shattered mast.

No wonder men seemed cold, to one
So strange and out of date;
Her very shadow in the sun
Seemed mimicking her state:
And moodily she turned away,
And dropped her broken pipe of clay.

What mattered all that aged crone
Could think, or say, or do?
'T was little she had ever known,
And less her dotage knew:
Yet many long shall curse the day,
That dotard dropped her pipe of clay.

A light shone through her window frame;
She started, half afraid;
But knew not 't was her funeral flame,
'That she herself had made:
'The moon is very bright,' she said,
And turned her in her narrow bed.

That sudden gleam of light was thrown
Within the gloomy wood;
And the tall trees appeared to moan,
And tremble, where they stood,
Before the path of that fierce flame,
That glared upon them, as it came.

A horseman on a distant height,
Had staid his steed to gaze;
He wondered at the glaring light,
That burned with fitful blaze,
And could not think what it might be—
Perhaps some fire of jubilee.

But let him ride as he might ride,
That fire came fast behind;
'T was spreading far, 't was spreading wide,
Before the rising wind;
Crackling and creeping up the trees,
And leaping forward on the breeze.

The bird had sung her evening song,
And fed each little one;
'T was all she knew of right and wrong,
That duty she had done:
And with a melancholy cry,
She sheltered them, with them to die.

Like stragglers from a mighty rout,
The cinders seemed to fly,
And frantically to go about
Their errand through the sky.
And the lone cabin's sudden glare
Told of the cruel spoiler there.

A mother in that lonely cot,
Had knelt beside her child;
And lingered, ere she left the spot
To wander in the wild;
As if some spell were round his rest,
In that dear home, which love had blest.

The lingering lessons of the day
Were shadowed still behind,
And in his father's quiet play,
She watched the novice mind:
And now, too late, with thrilling scream,
She waked him from that gentle dream.

A little boy had wandered there,
Within the trackless wood,
And he had said his infant prayer,
And mournfully he stood,
And called upon his mother's name,
And in each rustle, thought she came.

What though the oak, and pine, and fir,
Were crowded dark and grim?
He knew that he had come from her,
Could she not come to him?
Yes! she would come; and as he cried,
He kissed the knot her hands had tied.

The fire revealed, with ghastly light,
The robbers' covert den,
Where quarrelling, in desperate fight,
There lay two outlawed men,
With gasping breath, and glaring eyes—
Neither would yield, though both must die.

Through many a dun and hazy day,
The flames were raging wild;
But now the sun's unclouded ray
On the wide waste had smited;
At length that fearful fire is o'er,
And the fierce meteor frights no more.

The gray smoke wavers in the air,
Where forests lately awayed;
The mother and her child lie there,
And there the boy is laid:
And where yon embers still are bright,
The murderers lay in desperate fight!

The fire burns low, with dying wall,
It's dreadful labor done,
As a tired soldier tells his tale,
When the fierce fight is done.
But many long shall curse the day,
That dotard dropped her pipe of clay! A. T.

The conflagration of a forest is a sublime spectacle. A native 'penciller' has well described the scene. 'I have seen one,' says he, 'that was like the Thousand Columns of Constantinople ignited to a red heat, and covered with carbuncles and tongues of flame.

It was a temple of fire; the floor living coals; the roof a heaving drapery of crimson; the aisles held up by blazing and innumerable pillars, sometimes swept by the wind till they stood in still and naked redness, while the eye could see far into their depths, and again covered and wreathed and laved in ever-changing billows of flame.' We want an American Tempesta, or 'Savage Rosa,' to wreak such pictures on canvass.

WE seldom give place to the remarks of contributors upon the writings of their fellow artists; yet in the following, there is an interesting question involved, as well as deserved praise and querulous good-nature, if the last term be not a paradox: 'The October number of the KNICKERBOCKER, although received rather late, has been devoured most greedily, by our literary gourmands. The German-like solemnity and wildness of Professor LONGFELLOW's 'Fifth Psalm' is incomparable. Could Goëthe or Schiller be privileged to read it *once*, I think they would read it again! However, some few of Mr. LONGFELLOW's admirers are sadly puzzled, or to say the least, suspicious of their knowledge, in relation to the 'wind Euroclydon.' 'The euphony of the stanza is capital,' say they; 'but Euroclydon! what in the name of Boreas does it on the coast of Labrador!' 'Gentlemen, poetry licenses a wind to blow where it listeth.' 'Out on your licenses!' say they; 'the Euroclydon is a bilious Nor'-Easter, and bloweth only in the Mediterranean!' I beg to be enlightened.'

WITH the following lines, from the pen of a literary ex-editor, who honored the editorial profession while he was a member of it, we must close our 'drawer,' leaving numerous articles unnoticed; and some, we are sorry to say, which were promised insertion in the present number:

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

'ACCOMPANIED by her father, she had left her home in feeble health, hoping that a sea voyage and a winter's residence in the genial climate of Italy, would prove beneficial; but all in vain! On the evening of the sixth, when fourteen days out from New-York, she died, and on the following morning, her body was deposited in the great deep.'

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

AFAR from those whose love had made, lost one!
Long hours of silent suffering dear to thee,
Death called thee home, when the broad evening sun
Was resting on the sea!

No more, when summer flowers their sweets are flinging,
Upon the slumbrous air, o'er valleys wide,
Shalt thou sad songs of olden time be singing,
At quiet eventide.

No more, when clear frost in the moonlight gleaming,
When midnight winds, through leafless woods are sighing,
No more of pleasant memories fondly dreaming,
Shalt thou be lying:

Swayed by the motion of the restless deep,
Far down in coral halls, divinely reared,
To amphyonic music, thou dost sleep
In death, by death endeared!

There, in a tomb of nature's proud adorning,
O gentle soul! in thy pure faith unshaken,
Securely sleep, till on a new life's morning,
Thy blue eyes waken!

Will our new contributor, who wrote the capital essay upon 'Boots,' with a quaint motto from old WATTON, favor us with a *second* copy?—the first being mislaid, or

lost -- simply because it was good enough to be a pocket-companion, in manuscript, for the edification of a private reader or two. Apropos to this: a young American friend, who possesses as much modesty as humor, was decoyed into a clever pun upon this theme of tight boots, while in Paris, not long since. He discovered, he says, soon after his arrival, that his English 'fire-buckets' were not '*à la mode de Paris*.' He accordingly stopped at a cordonnier's, and was enticed into buying a pair of excruciators, which placed his extremities in extremity. He hobbled along, repeating to himself the well-known *miserère*, 'Oh, father! what a world of pain lies in the small orb of one particular *corn*,' when he suddenly encountered a friend: 'Where, in the name of Procrustes,' said he, 'did you get so badly shod? You will have a cornucopia in both boots before night!' 'In the *Rue de Taitebout*,' answered the victim, 'where I observed an artist's address conspicuously, and as it seems ominously, displayed. What could one expect, but discomfort, to proceed from the *Rue de Tight-boot*!'

COOLER YET! -- 'BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.' -- In our August number, we animadverted upon the 'coolness' of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' in copying Mr. IRVING's articles from this Magazine, without giving credit to their original source, and with mutilations and interpolations, suited to the meridian of London. In the October number of the excessively interesting and scrupulously honest periodical in question, after some pleasant and complimentary remarks touching the KNICKERBOCKER, the gentlemanly publisher assumes the bully, and pronounces the charge of unacknowledged piracy to be '*false*.' We have, therefore, but to reiterate the charge, and to affirm that it *is true in every particular*. Mr. DICKENS, whose attractive papers in the 'Miscellany' were all that ever made that windy publication readable, was requested by us to exchange the *ms.* of 'Oliver Twist' for those of 'The Crayon Papers,' for simultaneous publication in both countries. He returned for answer, that having retired from the 'Miscellany,' he could not comply with the proposition, (made to, and only known by, himself,) which would otherwise have given him great pleasure; and kindly added, that our readers should have an opportunity of hearing from him *originally*, through these pages. No other proposition than this was authorized to be made by any person; no other ever *was* made. Of this fact we have abundant proof, in a note from Mr. BENTLEY himself, to the London partner of the flourishing house of WILEY AND PUTNAM, written after he had begun to pirate our articles, as well as in one which enclosed it, from the respectable firm in question. Thus much for 'cool impudence,' extenuated by falsehood, and upheld by bravado.

GOOD BREEDING. -- The author of 'The Laws of Etiquette,' heretofore noticed in these pages, has given another volume to the public, of about the same number of leaves, which he entitles 'The Canons of Good Breeding; or the Hand Book of the Man of Fashion.' We have seen the work utterly condemned by those whose opinions we have been accustomed to respect; but we must think, without sufficient discrimination. With a good deal that is useless, to a person of proper sense and feeling, and one or two precepts that are certainly pernicious, there is mingled much wholesome advice, and admirable comments upon manners, and the more refined intercourse of society. Some of the directions for the regulation of your true 'man of the world' are amusing enough. Take, for example, the following:

'If you are driving in company with another who holds the reins, you should most carefully abstain from even the slightest interference, by word or act, with the province of the driver. Any comment, advice, or gesture of control, implies a reproof, which is very offensive. If there be any point of imminent danger, where you think his conduct

wrong, you may suggest a change, but it must be done with great delicacy, and must be prefaced by an apology. During the ordinary course of the drive, you should resign yourself wholly to his control, and be entirely passive. If you do not approve of his manner, or have not confidence in his skill, you need not drive with him again; but while you are with him, you should yield implicitly.'

Now with due deference to the 'Canons of Good Breeding,' we would remind the author, that the 'Almighty has placed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter;' and the forced nonchalance of even a man of fashion, will not be found proof against this authority. The utmost assurance of our friend —, that 'all is right,' could never make us feel safe in his phaeton. 'I know this road like a map,' he is wont to say; and when you are suddenly strown along the avenue, you think of the honest Hibernian, playing pilot for the first time on the coast of Ireland. 'Are you sure you know the coast?' asks the doubting captain. 'Is it sure? I know every rock in this harbor — and there's *one* of 'em!' he adds, with eyes starting from their sockets, as the vessel's keel grinds upon the submarine granite.

MUSIC — SINGING. — We have pleasure in calling the attention of our city readers to the claims of a new *artiste*, upon their favor and patronage. Miss ELLEN BLUNDELL, Number 114, Waverley Place, who has but recently arrived in town from England, brings us letters from the best sources abroad, which speak warmly of her varied excellence, as a composer and teacher of music, and especially of singing. She is a pupil of Signor CAIVELLI; and like all his pupils, whom we have ever encountered, she reflects honor upon his instruction. We speak with the more confidence in this matter, since we have had the pleasure of hearing Miss BLUNDELL accompany herself upon the piano-forte, in two or three beautiful compositions, original both in the music and the verse. Her style is pure, and her execution exceedingly spirited and *artiste-like*. Being familiar with the best German, Italian, and English masters of the art, Miss BLUNDELL can scarcely fail to command ample success as a teacher, in our music-loving community.

PANORAMA OF LIMA. — The panorama of Lima, now exhibiting at the Rotunda, near Broadway, corner of Prince and Mercer streets, is without exception the most effective view, on a large scale, that has ever been exhibited in this city. Our metropolitan readers, who have been familiar with the vast panorama of Jerusalem, will require no farther praise than is contained in the fact, that the present view of Lima is far superior to that fine production, which proved so attractive during the whole period of its exhibition. It is not alone the metropolis of Peru, the once glorious 'land of the Sun,' magnificent as it is, in its architectural monuments, which forms the most striking feature in the picture; but the noble mountain-scenery, thrown into the most picturesque forms, as if by some freak of nature, the distant landscape, landward, the Pacific, sleeping calmly in rosy light, beyond Callao and San Lorenzo; all together compose a panorama of unequalled extent and beauty.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. — The programme of Lectures before this institution, for the coming winter, has been published. It is rich in promise. Among the lecturers, we remark the names of Rev. Mr. DEWEY, Prof. LONGFELLOW, A. H. EVERETT, Esq., Prof. SILLIMAN, SAMUEL WARD, Jr., Dr. FOLLEN, Prof. OLNSTED, of New-Haven, with others equally eminent. We think the Association has erred in the number of lectures upon the same subjects, in two or three instances. The ability of the lecturers, however, may perhaps nullify these objections with the audience.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. — In a notice of this excellent periodical, in our September number, there occurred a slight error of fact, which it may not be amiss to correct. The eloquent article upon the 'Moral Character of CHRIST,' which we attributed to the pen of the editor, as we thought on good internal evidence, was written, we are since informed, by Rev. EPHRAIM PEABODY, of New-Bedford, Mass. We omitted, also, to advert, as was our intention, to an article in the same number, on GOETHE and SCHILLER, from the pen, as we learn, of Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT. For critical analysis, and clearness and vigor of style, we know not when we have seen its superior. The November number of the 'Examiner' is on our table. We have had but time, in a cursory glance through its pages, to perceive that the interest of its papers continues undiminished. One of the most attractive articles is the third of a series, 'Scenes in Judea,' from the pen of the editor, after the manner of the 'Palmyra Letters,' which they bid fair to equal.

THE D R A M A .

THE PARK. — The natural and spirited setting of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, during her engagement, has kept the audiences of this house in a state of good humor and unqualified admiration. Without the assistance of a particularly handsome face, or person, she possesses an irresistible power to win the applause of all who attend her finished personations of character. She possesses more versatility of talent than any of her predecessors, with the exception, perhaps, of VESTRIS; and the great charm of all, is the perfect *bonhomie* which pervades it. She seems to do nothing artificially, or with effort. The characters which she assumes, seem created for her, or rather, with each change of dress, she appears created for them. In the amusing scenes of the 'Widow Wiggins,' she is no more that respectable lady in search of a husband who is fond of music, than she is her 'son Jackey,' who beats his drum, is always hungry, and wants his 'ba-baa.' One moment she is grinding the hand-organ, as the strolling Savoyard, and telling a pathetic story of his wanderings, and warbling his native melodies; in the next, behold her a French ballad-singer, grown a foot in petticoats, smiling, gay, dashing, and bold as a grisette, proud in the acquisition of a new ribband. Then the minute perfection of the style in which the ballad is given; the characteristic rapidity of utterance, and the abominable screech, so bizarre and yet so natural; and then again the venerable spinster, tottering along in the hope of at last finding a Benedict worthy the smiles of a virgin of sixty-two, who, though crowned with years, has neither lost her woman's vanity, her smiles, nor her voice; and the song, too — the 'Si-hi-bixty-too-hoo-hoo' — is among the irresistibles. But it is not alone upon these eccentricities, that Mrs. FITZWILLIAM depends. Her comic acting, in parts where frolic, good nature, and a little coquetry combine, is without a superior. We like, especially, the spirit and soul which she seems to dash into every character she personates. The interesting 'boarding school style,' so much in favor with many pretty actresses that we have seen, finds no consideration with her. She appears natural, without trying to be interesting, and is effective because she is natural. A new piece by BUCKSTONE, entitled 'Single Life,' a sort of counterpart to 'Married Life,' has been produced under the direction of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, and admirably performed by her and the best of the stock company. Mr. PLACIDE, as 'Pinkey,' and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM as 'Kitty Skylark,' Mrs. VERNON and Mr. FISHER, Mrs. WHEATLEY and Mr. CHIPPINDALE, Mr. RICHINGS, and Miss CUSHMAN, were all effective in the personages they assumed. Mr. PLACIDE is certainly the most sleek, bashful, and altogether the nicest young bachelor that we have ever become acquainted with. He is not only a 'pink' in name, a very violet 'neath a mossy stone' in modesty, but a sort of locomotive sensitive plant, shrinking even before it is touched. 'Miss Kitty Skylark,' his very antipodes, his bane and antidote, was equally well supported by Mrs. FITZWILLIAM; and the dreadful situations into which she places poor 'Pinkey,' through his excessive love for her, are among the mirth-movers. But it would be injustice to the rest of the performers, to say that even these two personations were more true to the life, than were those which they represented. Mrs. VERNON had not so much to do as we could have wished; but it is needless to say, that brevity with her is never an excuse for negligence. Mrs. WHEATLEY was the beau ideal of a cross, man-hating, ugly old maid; (would to heaven such a character only existed in idea!) the fit companion for Mr. CHIPPINDALE's crabbed bachelor. There is but one fault to find in Mr. CHIPPINDALE's representation of this character, and this may be, in the judgment of the shilling gallery, no fault at all. For ourselves, we do not like the buffoonery of some of his exits; the clapping his hands under his coat

tails, and trotting off in a hurry-scurry step, like a donkey with a spring halt. Mr. CHIFFENDALE is too sensible an actor, generally, to commit such fooleries often; and it would please his admirers to see him banish them altogether. Mr. RICHINGS was perfect as an exquisite of the sappy, self-admiring order. Mr. FISKE made the best of an indifferent part, and Miss CUSHMAN looked and acted as if she really did want a husband. Indeed, the stock company have showed in this piece, more plainly than we were before willing to admit, that, united, they possess talents, which, in this town at least, defy competition.

MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE has been astonishing multitudes, by his extraordinary ventriloquism, metamorphoses, and imitations of character. He is truly a surprising genius in his way; and unless sundry dark hints touching his connection with old 'Clotie' are true, we cannot imagine where he received his tuition. The Opera, too, has again presented its charms, and more temptingly than during the last engagement of Mrs. MANVERS and company. The whole troop seem in better voice, and more able to do justice to themselves, and the compositions which they execute. Some new operas are spoken of, as about to be produced; with music, we hope, such as we of the *minime eruditis* can understand. We regret that time and space do not permit us to speak of the excellent play of 'The Village Doctor,' lately produced, and especially of the exquisite performance of Mr. PLACIDE therein. We can only say, that it is a story of intense interest, filled with incidents and situations, affecting and truly dramatic. We confess a most agreeable surprise at observing the degree of almost tragic power which Mr. PLACIDE evinced in his performance of 'Doctor Lebon-cour. We hope to revert to this drama again.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. WALLACE may say, with an ancient, that he glories not so much in never falling, as in *rising* every time he falls. No sooner is he destroyed, 'stock and fuku,' by unforeseen disaster, than we find him, with his faithful theatrical troupe around him, directing their energies and talent to a successful issue, both as regards the company, and well-pleased audience. Bright particular stars, also, are continually shining in his firmament. The new opera of 'Gustavus' was brought out with a completeness—a liberality of expenditure, in decorations, scenery, dresses, etc.,—which was only equalled by the charming performances of the principal operatic corps, Miss SHIRREFF, Mr. WILSON, Mrs. H. WALLACE, etc. There is a deep dramatic interest in the incidents, and the choruses are admirable. 'Long live the King!' by the entire company, amid the waving of gay hats, caps, and tarpaulins, is alone worth the price of admission. Mr. CHARLES KEAN has closed a second engagement, with the highest honors. As 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Richard the Third,' and 'Claude Melnotte,' he won the most rapturous applause from large and discriminating audiences. Mr. FORREST succeeded, opening with 'Richelieu,' which is deemed by many of his admirers to be the very best of his personations, not even excepting his 'Lear.' The establishment of a new and spacious metropolitan theatre, to be placed under the charge of Mr. WALLACE, is no longer doubtful. It will occupy the ample square upon which Washington Hall now stands, and being built of granite, in a beautiful style of architecture, will form one of the most striking ornaments of the city.

'THE PERI, OR THE ENCHANTED FOUNTAIN.'—A new opera, under this title, has been produced by the composer, MAEDER, and the author of the libretto, S. J. BURR, Esq. Those who had the pleasure of being present at a private rehearsal of the performance, were much delighted with the entire composition. Without labored 'execution,' interesting only to the ear of a perfect musician, it is a masterly production. The style is particularly well adapted to please, being light, graceful, and elegant. The bill announces that the scenes are connected with enchantment; and although somewhat a threadbare subject, yet the author has treated it so happily, that the tale so often told seems quite new again. In most operas, the plot is either devoid of interest, or without plausibility. Grounds for these objections do not exist in 'The Peri.' We have so few original musical publications, that the announcement of a new opera will create a sensation; and the reader will feel that a treat is in preparation. Mr. WALLACE has decided, as we learn, to produce this opera near the first of next month; and, with that liberality which has secured him troops of friends, he did not require an age to make his decision, or decide to reject it, because it was an American production.

ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION.—We have small room to speak of M. ALEXANDRE VATTENMARE's extensive collection of original paintings and drawings, now exhibiting at the Academy of Design, Clifton Hall. We must say, however, that being of large variety, and proceeding from the first artists in every country of Europe, it were impossible that they should not compose a very attractive exhibition. The album of sketches and eminent autographs, is another popular feature of the collection. We know of no place where an hour or two could be more pleasantly passed.

LITERARY RECORD.

'WILD FLOWERS FROM NEW-ENGLAND.'—We cannot better commend the copious volume of poetry, recently put forth by MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, than by quoting her own graceful preface. The title of the work indicates the variety of its contents; and the reader will need no surer evidence of its excellence, than is indicated in the stanzas which follow:

TO MY BOOK.

FAREWELL! my fragile, flower-filled book!
I fling thee on the stream of time,
With faltering hand and fearful soul,
As in the orient's sunny clime,
The maiden trims her fragrant lamp,
A tiny, faint, but love-fed spark,
And trembling gives to doubtful waves,
Illumed and wreathed, her fairy bark.

My simple flowers! a heaven of love
Was o'er ye when ye budded first,
And Love pronounced the blossoms fair,
His own fond smiles and tears had nursed.
Alas! the garland's light will die
Beneath a colder critic's eye:
His soft wings fanned ye into bloom;
How will ye bear a ruder breath?
Ah! wintry-wind and tempest-gloom
Will chill your light leaves unto death!

Farewell, my bark! yet once again,
I would my wish might guide thee still,
To clear the pirate-critic's den,
Who 'd blight thy tender freight at will;
The syren, Fame, in vain should sing,
Thou 'd'st shun Distinction's lofty sea,
And only pause at friendly ports,
Where partial eyes will look for thee.
There Love, turned pilot for thy sake,

Thy humble helm would proudly take;
And anchor thee secure from storm,
In some true heart, with welcome, warm.

Yet vain the hope—the fear—perchance;
For many a vessel bold and brave,
With richer freight and fairer sail,
And prow that prouder cuts the wave,
Is on the stream; and 'mid them all—
The strong, the lofty, swift and free,
With current coin for merchandise—
Who Love's light gondola will see?
Or, if beheld—the critic stern
May scorn, for prize of richer cost,
The smaller craft; how soon wilt thou
In cold oblivion's wave be lost!

Yet fare thee well! It was not Pride,
That sheeted home thy fluttering sails,
That launched thee on the o'erburdened tide,
And gave thy prow to wayward gales:
A wreath of wild flowers all thy freight!
The tide at ebb!—a scanty crew!
The wind against thee!—ah! too late,
This daring venture I may rue!
It was not Pride—but what it was,
That Pride itself forbids me tell;
Fate! with the plaything work thy will,
'T is thine!—my simple book, farewell!

We quote from the London edition, which is very beautifully printed. The volume reaches us from the establishment of Messrs. WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY, Boston.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY—COMPLETE.—This latest work of the gifted 'Boz' has been brought to a close, and in its complete form, has been published by Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. So far from there being any sign of faltering, or diminution of resource, in the author's career, the reverse may be triumphantly assumed. Mr. DICKENS will mark the era in which he lived and wrote, as distinctly as any writer, of his peculiar class, in the last century. Indeed, we scarcely know his equal, in power of graphic description, pungent satire, and easy humor; while his calm philosophy, his love of nature, and of poor humanity, as warmly commend him to the hearts of his readers. How overflowing with thought and feeling are the following passages, which we quote in illustration of the last mentioned characteristic:

'Although to restless and ardent minds, morning may be the fitting season for exertion and activity, it is not always at that time that hope is strongest, or the spirit most sanguine and buoyant. In trying and doubtful positions, use, custom, a steady contemplation of the difficulties which surround us, and a familiarity with them, imperceptibly diminish our apprehensions and beget comparative indifference, if not a vague and reckless confidence in some relief, the means or nature of which we care not to foresee. But when we come fresh upon such things in the morning, with that dark and silent gap between us and yesterday, with every link in the brittle chain of hope to rivet afresh, our hot enthusiasm subdued, and cool, calm reason substituted in its stead, doubt and misgiving revive. As the traveller sees farthest by day, and becomes aware of rugged mountains and trackless plains which the friendly darkness had shrouded from his sight

and mind together, so the wayfarer in the toilsome path of human life sees with each returning sun some new obstacle to surmount, some new height to be attained; distances stretch out before him, which last night were scarcely taken into account, and the light which gilds all nature with its cheerful beams, seems but to shine upon the weary obstacles which yet lie strewn between him and the grave.'

* * * * *

'And even now as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, every thing appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round — how youth and beauty died, and ugly gripping age lived tottering on — how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad — how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them, or the energies of one single man directed to their aid — how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades — how ignorance was punished and never taught — how jail-door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace — how many died in soul, and had no chance of life — how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill — how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it: — when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.'

We need not commend the volume to the reader. It is already in the hands of eager thousands, in every quarter of the Union.

'THE COURTIER,' ETC.—For a good variety of entertaining fiction, we can commend to the reader two volumes from the ever-going press of the BROTHERS HARPER, entitled 'The Courtier, or the Days of Charles the Second, and Other Tales.' By the author of 'Mrs. Armatye,' etc. There are moral lessons in the first story, which may be fruitful of good, even among a nation of republicans. The 'other tales' are of various merit, but will all repay perusal. Several of them have already appeared among the excellent selections of the 'Albion' literary journal. They are: 'The Lazar-House of Janval'; 'The Household Hospital'; 'Dives and Lazarus, or Ireland'; 'Rigor of the Law in 1657'; 'The Patriot Martyrs of Old England'; 'Married and Single'; 'The Sisters, or Nature and Art'; 'Ursel'; 'Les Enfants Trouves'; 'The Royalists of Peru'; 'The Red Man'; and 'The Christening Cloth.'

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.—We were indebted to the publishers, MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, for a copy of this annual for 1840; but had scarcely acquired an opportunity to glance through its pages, before we missed it from our round table, and it has not since been returned. We can only say of the work, therefore, that if we remember rightly, its pictorial department was attractive, and its literary matter not deficient in interest. The prose articles were from the pen of Mr. BURTON, whose grotesque drolleries, as a low comedian, won so much applause at NISLO's Garden, within the past season. Several of these papers appeared originally in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and have been copied, with commendation, by the journals of the day.

THE STEAM-ENGINE. — A second edition of a 'Treatise on the Steam Engine, by JAMES RENWICK, LL. D,' of Columbia College, has been published by the well-known house of CARVILL AND COMPANY. This work, which soon acquired, in the first edition, a distinguished repute, both here and in England, has been thoroughly revised, and much enlarged, in the edition before us. The improvements, since the first issue, in the manner of using steam, have been carefully noted; so that the work now embodies the discoveries and practical facts of the most distinguished writers upon steam in Europe, as well as those of the best engineers in America; the whole illustrated by numerous good engravings. The volume is neatly printed, upon a large clear type.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE. — This excellent annual, from the press of Messrs. MARSHALL AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, increases in repute as it advances in age. The volume for 1840, ably edited by Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, and now before us, is enriched with contributions from the most eminent writers among the clergy and laity of this country, with one or two from England and Scotland. There are nine 'embellishments,' worthy the name, among which is a fine portrait of Bishop MOORE, of Virginia, from a painting by HENRY INMAN. The CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE commends itself to a wide sale.

'THE TRUE AIMS OF LIFE,' is the title of an 'Address delivered before the Alumni of the New-York University; by CORNELIUS MATHEWS,' author of 'The Motley Book.' The reader is aware that we have no very exalted opinion of the vague humor which has been deemed, by some commentators of the press, to be the especial forte of Mr. MATHEWS. The performance before us justifies us in the opinion, that in a different vein of composition, our author may hope to acquire a different and more sterling species of literary repute, than he has heretofore enjoyed. 'The True Aims of Life' contains unexceptionable principles and sentiments, well enforced.

GERMAN LITERATURE. — We shall embrace another opportunity to do justice to the 'Address to the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, on the Character and Influence of German Literature,' delivered at Hanover, (N. H.), in July last, by A. H. EVERETT, Esq. In the mean time, we commend the pamphlet to the reader, as containing some judicious criticisms upon the more prominent German authors, and sentiments well calculated to exert a beneficial influence upon the youth of our country.

'VOICES OF THE NIGHT.' — Professor LONGFELLOW, of Cambridge, has in press, under the above title, a volume of poems, which is to embrace the several beautiful 'Psalms of Life,' that were written for the KNICKERBOCKER, together with many of the earlier original poems and translations of the author. We would not so far slander the feeling and good taste of the public, as to suppose that the volume will not meet with a large and rapid sale.

GREEK READER. — The Greek 'Reader,' from the pen of Rev. JOHN O. COLTON, New-Haven, has been widely and deservedly commended. In place of a more comprehensive notice, we may say, in limited space, that with the 'First Lessons,' and 'Grammar of SOPHOCLES, it forms a complete series of Greek school-books, which, together with the Gospels of the New Testament, will admit the student to Yale, or any of our other colleges.

XENOPHON. — Messrs. GOULD, NEWMAN AND SAXTON have published XENOPHON'S Memorabilia of Socrates, with English notes, by ALEXANDER PACKARD, of Bowdoin College. The editor believes that it will be found particularly useful to students in theology, or to those who expect to become such, as an exponent of the philosophy and morals of the most enlightened period of the Pagan world.

in his fifteenth year. He had a down-cast air, unassuming deportment, and retiring manners. His temper was cheerful, his conversation animated and enthusiastic, and his disposition gentle and confiding. Although I was two years his senior, in age and in the collegiate course, I enjoyed a kind and courteous intercourse with him, during my residence here. Our friendship was formed in later years. I have found it necessary to say thus much concerning myself, because the materials for this memoir were chiefly supplied by my own recollections, and his letters remaining with me.

He soon gave evidence of intellectual powers, which had been highly improved by study, and habits of reflection. He wrote and spoke with ease and elegance. It is impossible to ascertain at what period he first indulged a desire for literary pursuits. But it was obvious, during his residence here, that all distinctions, other than those attainable in that department, were worthless in his sight. Collegiate honors never excited his emulation. The Adelphic Society then afforded, as I trust it does now, a field for youthful ambition; but he never sought, and I doubt whether he ever held, any of its high places. Yet he was not indolent. On the contrary, he often excelled, but seemed always desirous to avoid praise. He used to be found in the Society's library, taking copious extracts, and he delighted in pursuing the discussions left incomplete in the volumes around him. He was especially happy in the study of the ancient classics, always reading them in the spirit of the original, and his translations were distinguished for their freedom and elegance. He may have failed to rehearse a lecture in Blair's Rhetoric, without pausing for breath, and may have lost many a link in the analysis of Kame's Elements, regularly committed by the students; but neither the learned professor, nor the venerated president, ever detected in his essays a violation of the rules of composition prescribed in those works. He held the sceptre of criticism, but he exercised his authority with gentleness, forbearance, and delicacy. Although not a controversialist, he was occasionally felicitous in debate, mingling philosophical reflections with illustrations derived from classic history and poetry. But his chief superiority was in his essays. He never selected low or common subjects. His style was perspicuous and chaste; and while his exercise, judging from its care and freedom, seemed to have been the amusement of a vacant hour, it abounded in original thoughts, and classical illustrations.

He early manifested a reluctance to engage in active pursuits, and be concerned with the ordinary interests of society. But this reluctance did not assimilate to the disgust which genius sometimes feels and more often affects, for humble and useful occupations; nor did it proceed from that morbid misanthropy, manifested by weak minds embittered by disappointment. On the contrary, he despised nothing but what was vicious; he knew no envy, and affection never dwelt in a breast as humble as his. His aversion to the business of life arose from his devotion to books, and to nature. His mind was contemplative, and his friends were always subdued, by his conversation, from merriment to chastened sentiment and feeling. His correspondence is rich in illustrations of this characteristic. The

following is an extract from a letter written at New-York, when he was in his nineteenth year :

‘Do not,’ says he, ‘your feelings undergo a daily change from the operation of the many circumstances to which you are constantly exposed? What every body else calls trifling, is of some consequence to me, both because there is nothing that I regard with indifference, and consequently nothing but what produces some effect upon me. I should have to write to you every day, to make you acquainted with my feelings. Do not judge, then, if I write despondingly, that I uniformly experience this depression. Judge rather, that it is only a temporary gloom, which will soon be dissipated, and which will perhaps be succeeded by extraordinary exhilaration. I very often find alleviation for the soreness of my troubles, in a walk along the shore. I have there represented my present griefs as of such little consequence in the estimate of human suffering, and in the certainty of their eventual termination, that I enjoyed without bitterness the freshness of the breeze, and looked without anguish on the magnificent river that sent its swelling surges to my feet. I have never indulged any repining, when I have beheld the setting of the sun. All my thoughts are then directed to the Being who created such a luminary, as a proof of his goodness, no less than of his power, and I feel elevated above the petty concerns of earthly occupation. Perhaps the trouble of mind which induced me to take a solitary ramble along the beach, caused me to regard the works of nature with more enthusiasm, because, disgusted with those I had left behind, I felt anxious to lift myself above present calamity, and to cheat myself with visionary anticipations. There is one peculiarity in the effect of these sensations upon me. It arises from their permanency. Such feelings as I experience, are doubtless universal, but they are seldom of long continuance. They scarcely ever endure after a change of scene, or after the first active impression is effaced. I have, on my return from such walks, still experienced that religious tranquillity of spirit which such contemplations will inspire, and have, until again allowed to visit those scenes, preserved, in almost their primitive force, the impressions which were then produced. Does not all this,’ he adds, ‘show that I am unfit for contention with the troubles of society?’

In another letter, he says : ‘I am not of opinion that God is ever arbitrarily controlling our smallest actions, and manifesting his power in every casualty, yet I enjoy an indefinable species of emotion in regarding the grand and sublime productions of the Deity. I look upon the creations of his will. I am affected by their magnitude and beauty ; but I am lost when I attempt to know or comprehend their author. And when I have gazed steadfastly upon the monuments of his power, I have wondered that I should attach so much importance to the diminutive affairs in which I have been engaged. When alone in the forest, or on the mountain, I am constantly indulging this tone of feeling ; and in the swelling of the heart which it creates, I lose sight of all care or anxiety. Both the good and the evil which encumbered me when I came hither, appear removed from my heart, and every low, grovelling desire is subdued. Whenever some por-

tion of the strength of these creations is dissipated, and I look back upon my past life or upon my present situation, I view it under the most favorable colors. I smooth over the rough and mortifying occurrences, and linger upon the few happy hours I have spent in the society of friends, with a tranquil and satisfied pleasure.'

I have spoken of BERDAN's unaffected simplicity and humility. How truly, let another extract show :

'You speak eloquently,' says he, 'of military burial, and your train of thought is elevated. It is different from my own. I had a prejudice in favor of a military life, but my habits and feelings have been so opposite, that they have effected a revolution of opinion. Through all the pomp and circumstance of ceremony, I see the march of corruption, the emptiness of renown. When, as a simple citizen, I stand and view the burial of a soldier, I involuntarily smile at the pageantry with which he is committed to the earth. I turn to the quiet procession, the unadorned pall, to the light yet thrilling sound of the earth that is thrown upon the coffin, with a finer feeling. I leave the grave of the soldier with sensations that do not accord with the ordinary tone of my mind, because I feel that I cannot suppose my burial may be like his; but I quit the spot where an obscure and unknown individual has been consigned to his native dust, with a hallowed feeling, that is exalted by the internal conviction of its correspondence with what is to be my own fate.'

How thrilling is the recurrence of such words, when death has proved them prophetic! Much less ostentatious was his burial, than even that of an obscure and unknown individual in a christian land! There was no 'quiet procession,' no 'unadorned pall,' no thrilling sound of 'earth to earth, and dust to dust,' when his remains were committed to the deep. No humility could wish a more obscure resting place than his ocean grave.

Need it be added that he was generous? His charity knew no prudence, his liberality no bounds. I have known him refrain from the feast, to supply the wants of the beggar that met him at the door. I have known him to suffer the privation of the cloak with which he covered the poor. It was of course that his generosity was often abused. Yet that abuse never shook his credulity concerning the worth or wants of those who applied to him for relief. His keenest sorrow was that which he experienced, when he found poverty he could not relieve, or affliction he could not console. He was distinguished for a chivalrous sense of his obligations to his friends, and those who claimed his protection. Inoffensive and retiring, he never provoked an insult, but he was instantly roused into a generous indignation by wrong committed against his friend, or injuries to the defenceless. He held that true friendship was impossible, where either party indulged a sense of superiority, of dependence, or of obligation. He seldom appealed to his friend for sympathy, and never taxed him for applause; and yet his bosom was full of the precious joys and sorrows of his friends. He shared all their anticipations, consoled and sympathized with them in their disappointments, and exerted his utmost power to relieve their misfortunes.

On leaving college, he became a law student in the office of JOHN

ANTHON, Esq., in New-York. It was there our more intimate acquaintance commenced. He read the elementary treatises of the law with diligence and attention, and the duties devolved upon him as a clerk were discharged with patience and fidelity. But the refinements and subtleties of the law were not congenial to his mind. His surviving parent having devoted him to the law, he struggled continually between his convictions of filial duty, and his repugnance to a profession for which, as he said, he was not born, and could not be qualified. His father's death, which happened in 1820, although it deeply affected him, left him at liberty to follow the inclinations of his genius, without fear that the consequences of the error would fall on any but himself. He not unwisely determined to secure an acquaintance with the practical duties of an attorney, as a contingent resource, and at the same time to qualify himself for literary pursuits. A letter, written in August, 1822, so happily expresses his preference for those pursuits, that I cannot avoid giving an extract from it in this place. 'How would you like,' he says, 'to lead a literary life, that is to say, be in possession of a competency, and instead of attaching yourself to the study of any particular science, range through the whole garden of knowledge? There would be something manly and independent in this mode of occupation. It would allow you perfect liberty to pursue the dictates of your own taste, and would free you from the prospective fear of being cheated in your professional progress, by the envy of contemporaries, the unaptness of your own powers, or the frowns of fortune. This life might be often characterized by indolence, but not always by inutility. It is a manner of passing existence which always captivated my fancy, from its irregularity, and from the refined pleasure it seemed capable of affording. It imposes the fewest restraints upon our inclinations, and those few can be shaken off at pleasure. There is no prospect that appears more dreary to me, than that of spending the spring and summer of my life in the acquisition of points of practice, and technical forms. I would rather earn a subsistence by mere mechanical occupation, in order that when my allotted task should be performed, I might be at liberty to cultivate my taste without restraint. Give me independence of action, and I will not repine at the humble garb it may compel me to wear.'

In October, 1822, he first manifested that desire to visit Europe, which his peculiar studies were sure to create. This desire, and the preparation he made for its accomplishment, were communicated in a letter, from which the following are extracts: 'I am impatient,' he writes, 'personally to communicate to you a project which I have conceived but a few days since, and which bids fair to occasion some alteration in my feelings. It is the intention I have formed of visiting foreign parts. Do not believe I am jesting. I tell you seriously, that I hope, ere long, to walk through part of France, Switzerland, Italy, England, perhaps Scotland, and withal to touch at Gibraltar. The plan is all matured. There will be three of us. We go in the plainest dress, partake of the plainest food. I now think that I shall realize the dream of my earlier years, and indulge myself with a view of those places of which I have read so much, and upon which I have dwelt so deeply. Shall I indeed see Rome, the mistress of

the world ? And who knows but when there, I shall see the face of Lord Byron ? Think seriously of going with us, and that in less than two months. Can you imagine the delight we shall receive, and the information we shall obtain ?

In December following, he writes : ' I will tell you how I am and shall be engaged during the winter. I have begun the study of Italian, and flatter myself that I shall get a very respectable knowledge of the language before Spring. I have commenced a course of French, with a teacher who spends the evenings with me, that I may learn to converse in that language, which will require considerable application. I am reading Cicero with a friend from six to seven in the evening. Beside, I get a weekly talk of elementary law. What with these lessons, reading of course a little, writing in the office, and answering my correspondents, I find myself continually occupied. My French teacher has been a tourist, and the pauses in the lessons are filled up by descriptions by travellers of the countries through which we intend to travel, and occasional reference to the maps which designate our intended route.'

The following letter made known to his friends the earliest indications of that disease which was soon to blight all the cherished hopes of life. ' I am at present enjoying,' says he, ' the most delightful anticipations, but I feel no inconsiderable alarm, occasionally, when I think, from the symptoms I have observed, that I am in the first stage of consumption. The idea of being prevented by weakness from visiting the places which I have always regarded with a poetic feeling, is a painful one, but it is at least a probable one. I shall, however, rely with confidence upon my ability to perform the journey, and if I have strength enough to climb the vessel's side, I will suffer no solicitations to divert me from my purpose. Yesterday I crossed to Brooklyn, and walked over the ruined embankments which were thrown up during the last war. They commanded a fine view of the bay and city, and from thence I could trace our eventual route into the Narrows, until we should be ushered into the ocean, which bounded the prospect. Tears filled my eyes, as I fancied that the moment of departure had arrived. I selected from among the numerous vessels below me, one which I thought would convey me from America. Standing in idea on the vessel's side, I asked myself with poignant regret, ' Shall I be mourned by any, if I lay down my head in death upon a foreign shore ? ' Need I say that your memory came over me like the sweet south, infusing a tranquil satisfaction into my heart, and convincing me that I was not totally unworthy of affection, since I had secured a friend.'

It was not strange, perhaps, that though exulting in anticipations of his visit to Europe, and busily preparing for it, his affection toward the friends and associations endeared to him, increased in strength. A letter written in 1824, thus alludes to his Alma Mater : ' You perhaps do not retain any portion of that yearning toward old Union that I do. Time does not diminish my attachment, nor does it weaken the recollection of the days I passed there. Often my regret at the manner in which I spent many unprofitable hours there, are as bitter and as keen as though I had just gone through the sad experience, and had not seen years roll away since my departure. I look

forward to the period when I shall visit the old spot, with lively interest; and I often feel impatient at the delay I must bear, before I shall be able to go there. With what feelings shall I walk over every foot of the green turf where I used to roam! I fancy myself hurrying, with a step which confesses my trauacy, to the chapel, as the bell ceases to send its vibrations between the colleges, or with friend or book, straying up the rivulet and through the woods, behind the North College; and, I own it, a womanish feeling comes over me. And what has produced this devotion to a particular spot?

'It was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
The purest of crystal and brightest of green;'

for I am surrounded by greater beauties of nature here, and I look with comparative coldness upon them:

'It was not that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near;

for I have now truer friends than I then had, and one of them is at my side; and yet I do not feel any attachment to this spot. It was not the view of river and mountains, nor yet the casual formation of friendship, then, that endeared the recollection. It was the state of my own heart, the bounding sense of being I felt, at the transition from restraint and confinement, to the glorious independence and enfranchisement of mind; the flow of feeling that was quickened by recklessness of the future, and by the many vague and novel sensations which that independence created:

'Life's little world of bliss was newly born:
I knew not, cared not it was born to die.'

BERDAN was admitted as an attorney of the Supreme Court, in May, 1825, and was then ready to set out upon his foreign tour. But it seemed to him absurd to seek knowledge of foreign countries, without having first made acquaintance with whatever was most worthy to be known in his native land. He accordingly traversed on foot portions of the Northern, Middle, and Southern states, renewing his love of country upon battle-fields, and paying the homage of grateful and enthusiastic devotion to nature, among the islands of Lake George, and on the banks of the Niagara. I saw him for the last time, on this romantic excursion. We parted on the shore of the Cayuga Lake. He continued his pedestrian tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia, and returned by the sea-coast to New-York.

Will it be trespassing upon the patience of my audience, to give them, as an illustration of his talent at description, an extract from a letter written on the banks of the Ohio? 'The day after our arrival at Marietta, we all rode out to visit Blennerhassett's Island, thirteen miles down the Ohio. We stopped within a mile of the island, and then took a canoe and paddled down to it. I never saw a place look half so desolate as this spot did when we landed; and yet the noble forest trees spread over it, harmonized with the feelings which a recollection of WIRT's flowery description had inspired. There was an air of savage wildness in the appearance of the immense weeds

which the luxuriance of the soil had produced. They were as lofty as fruit trees, and seemed as if planted there to prevent strangers from intruding upon a spot that had once been cultivated by the hand of Taste. We had to break them down at every step, and they gathered round our feet like ropes, and prevented us from proceeding more than a single step at a time toward the interior of the island. At last we broke through them, and soon discovered traces of an old path, that conducted us to a spot where we could discern traces of a garden, in which peach trees were still standing, although wild plum trees had grown among them. We had been told, at Marietta, that the house had been burned down many years ago, and that very few vestiges were to be seen of its existence; but we were not prepared to encounter such total obliteration of all BLENNERHASSETT's labors. A few foundation-stones, and part of a stone stoop, were all we could discover. The beams of the barn lay at some distance, where they appeared to have once formed a rude fence around the garden, but were now scattered over the ground. The finest fruit trees I ever saw, were growing upon the island. Many of them were of immense size, and their branches laden with fruit, which the people from the opposite shore, as we were informed, regularly appropriate to themselves, as soon as it becomes ripe. We rambled over as much of the island as we could, and on our return to our boat, observing several paths leading toward a spot where a clump of large willows stood, we directed our course toward them, and were fortunate enough to discover the ruins of a large summer-house, erected within the enclosure. The willows drooped over it, as if to conceal its decay from the passing stranger; and while all were loud in their admiration of the taste which had reared this bower, and screened it from intrusion, I was thinking of the beautiful Mrs. Blennerhassett, and imagining in what corner she had there seated herself, when, with select society, she was happy in the careless enjoyment of the passing hour. I fancied that here Colonel Burr had often conversed with the happy pair, and, by the fascination of his talents, here at length had fixed the wavering mind of Blennerhassett in favor of his visionary and daring schemes. I never saw a place so capable of being rendered an Eden. The walks that still remain, were delightful. They were shaded by fine trees, and wound around the island in the most picturesque manner. We wrote our names on a little piece of plaster, that still remained on a part of the arbor, and carried off a small portion of it as a relic.'

The crowning of young Berdan's wishes came at last. He embarked for Gibraltar on the seventeenth of September, 1825. 'What glorious prospects,' says he, in a letter written at sea, 'we daily behold, and what delightful air we breathe! It has a most enervating effect upon us, however, for we are almost incapable of even studying or reading. The captain swears at the calmness of the weather, and wishes for a gale. But we revel in the stillness of the elements, and sigh not at the absence of storms. We occasionally hold forth to each other upon the necessity of brushing up our Italian, and then we make an attack upon the grammar, but the book is soon laid aside, for the view of the passing clouds, seeming to skim along the horizon, and assuming a thousand fantastic forms from the rays of the

sun. The graceful undulations of the waves, the blueness of the water, its sparkling when agitated at night, the long silvery line of light which the moon throws over it, the flapping sails of our gallant vessel, and the consciousness of our solitary situation, all inspire us with new and voluptuous sensations. We experience also the wild delight of children at the arrival of a long-expected holiday. The period has at last arrived, to which we had so long looked forward; and we talk of our abode in the city, as captives talk of their captivity after liberation, with joy at their escape, and with a lively enjoyment of their present freedom. I do not wish you, however, to believe that I was in this mood when I shook hands with my brother and the few who accompanied us to the vessel. In spite of all my efforts to show a composed countenance, I betrayed heaviness of heart. It was not, however, until all had left us, and we were under weigh, that I yielded to the sadness that pressed upon my heart. Tears, and even sobs, were forced from me; and I, who thought that I should leave my native land even with exultation, was surprised into a burst of sorrow at my departure, and found that I looked back upon it with the yearnings of an exile. To you I will not scruple to confess, that then, for the first time, strange misgivings came over me, and chilled my very soul. I felt how hard it was to cut asunder the ties which bound me to my native city, and I almost doubted whether I would not have acted more wisely, and insured to myself greater happiness, by remaining at home, and pursuing the beaten track which you and all I left behind me are pursuing. I then looked forward to Italy as a land of strangers; and my own land looked fairer and brighter, when I thought of its containing hearts that I love, and hearts that love me.'

Berdan traversed considerable portions of Spain and France, not like other tourists, with the speed of the post, but rather after the manner of Goldsmith, conversing with the people in their own language, and lingering wherever monument or legend furnished any tradition worthy to be recorded. He sought materials for history or romance, as 'time or chance' might afterward determine. I was struck with surprise by finding in his letters an elaborate history of the late revolution in Spain, the materials for which he collected at Cadiz, and which he wrote there while our distinguished countryman, *WASHINGTON IRVING*, was collecting at Madrid the facts for his *Life of Columbus*.

He arrived in Paris in the fall of 1826. A letter written in October, addressed to an American friend, then in Italy, combines impressions of passing scenes with endeared recollections, in a manner so felicitous and so characteristic, that I cannot withhold it.

'What do you think of Italy, in comparison with Spain? That is the grand question I want you to answer, as I can determine, by that, my own feelings, were I to visit Italy. Have you experienced at Venice or Florence, or any of the Italian cities, a portion of the enchantment we felt on entering Gibraltar, and more particularly Cadiz? How finely organized we then were for outward impressions! I almost despair of again feeling as we did on entering those two places. Our entrance into Seville, too, and the evening we quitted it with the captain to return to Cadiz. What delightful mo-

ments! I always connect the evening we left Seville, when such a heavenly sunset marked our departure, with the one we witnessed at Judge Garrison's. How different the scene, yet how exquisite the effect of both! At the Judge's, a broad river, high mountains, gorgeous clouds, that with their expiring glories dyed the air and waters in purple, the moon gradually assuming her quiet reign, and silvering over the gray clouds, no longer lighted up by the last splendor of the god of day, and nothing but the ripple of the tide on the shore, to interrupt the stillness. What delicious reveries we indulged in our boat that evening! At Seville, how different the scene! Convents and orange-gardens, the strange boats of the Catalans, the sparkling eyes of the girls, leaning over the balustrade to look at our vessel; their garb, the hum of foreign voices, the Guadalquivir, every thing made us realize our distance from home; and an atmosphere impregnated with love filled us with a thousand voluptuous sensations. I always think of Seville in connection with Union and West Point. I have a portion of the same affection for it that I have for those two spots. You will doubtless see lovely scenery on your route, but you will not have time to engrave its beauties upon your recollection. I often regret that we did not spend more time about Lake George. Our voyage down the lake was glorious, but I felt while gazing upon the hills and islands, as I have felt while looking at the shifting pictures of a panorama; regret at their changing so rapidly, when I wished to examine all at my leisure.'

His ardent desire to visit Italy is thus manifested in another letter from Paris to the same correspondent: 'I wish to heaven I could, by some magician's art, enclose myself in this letter, (as Asmodeus did in a phial,) and resume at once my shape and faculties when you break open the seal! I would seize you and W—— by the collar, before you had time to recover from your astonishment, and make you both guide me to all the grand objects of antiquity. I think I should be in no great haste to see St. Peter's, as one such building as the Coliseum is worth a thousand of it. I recollect what a thrill I experienced, when I believed the fine gate of the Carema at Seville was a Roman one. The belief that a Roman legion had passed through it, perhaps the victor's car of triumph, heated my imagination, and I soon arrayed the eager crowd hailing the approach of the triumphal procession; the maidens distributing crowns and garlands of laurel; the majestic victor in his chariot, the captives in his train, the martial music awaking the conqueror to new life, but increasing the dejection of the conquered. In short, 'my internal spirit cut a caper,'* while I was standing beside you and the captain, with this belief firm in my mind.'

Notwithstanding the buoyancy manifested in these letters, BERDAN was struggling, during the winter he remained in Paris, with that insidious disease which seems to delight in producing premature development of the intellectual powers, that it may signalize its slow but certain triumph. The returning spring brought, as usual, hopes of recovery, but they were destined to a sad disappointment.

Little remains of my friend's history. The narrative, destitute of

the incidents and adventures which protract the stories of useful and honored lives, has its end close upon its beginning. The captain of the *Cameo* wrote, that on the first of July, Berdan took passage in his vessel for Boston, in exuberant spirits, but with an emaciated constitution. He was cheerful and animated, until the day of his death, and made a most favorable impression by his rich and varied conversation, his modest demeanor, and the evident frailty of his hold on life. On the twentieth day of his voyage, he was found in his chair, expiring from an effusion of blood. A book which he had been reading, had fallen from his hand, and he died undoubtedly unconscious of pain or alarm. A lock of his hair was preserved as a relic; the crew were called together, the burial service was read, and his remains were committed to the deep, within two hours after his death. He died on the twentieth of July, 1827, at the age of twenty-four years.

We feel less severely the privation of the solar beams, when the sun sets after a long and cloudless day, than when his rising glories are obscured by storms. We see without emotion the falling leaves of the fading rose, but we refrain from plucking the opening bud. Death admonishes us most forcibly, when he strikes down the young and the gifted.

Young gentlemen, animated, ambitious, and confident; you who have not yet been exposed to the sorrows and the vices of society; you have done well to raise a monument to one, over whose chastened serenity those sorrows cast no gloom, and upon whose heart those vices left no stain. Let us not forget, in discharging this last duty, that the spoils of death will but render more glorious the triumph of our resurrection.

The following are the inscriptions upon the monument of **DAVID BERDAN**:

FIRST SIDE.

M. S.

DAVIDIS BERDAN,

In Collegio Concordiæ
Ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus,
Anno sacro MDCCLXXI,
Lætis auspiciis
Provecti
Curriculo studiorum confecto,
Almæ Matris umbracula
Discedens salutavit,
Et bonarum literarum
Amore incensus,
Externasque regiones visendi
Cupidine inductus,
Patriæ solum, (longum, eheu!) valere jussit.
Europam peragrantem
Infirma valetudo comitata est;
In patriam redeuns
Supremum diem obivit;
Et nunc, sub undis oceanî,
Procul ab amicis,
Immaturâ morte quiescit.

SECOND SIDE.

Natus Neo Eboracopoli Prid. Id. Febr. MDCCCIII.
 Decessit decimo tertio Kal. Aug.
 MDCCCXXVII,
 Ætatis suæ XXIV.

THIRD SIDE.

Juveni optimo atque singularis exempli,
 Cui mores casti et suavissimi,
 Cui judicium naturæ
 Peracre,
 Animusque afflictis aliorum fortuna
 Semper ad misericordiam
 Vocatus,
 Auxiliumque, quâ potuit, semper
 Laturus,
 Pudor, Incorrupta Fides, Nudaque Veritas
 Quando inveniet
 Parem ?

FOURTH SIDE.

Socio dilectissimo,
 Adelporum
 Societas,
 Amici et sodales literarii,
 H. M.
 Ponendum curaverunt.

RESPONSE OF LOVE.

'THE roses of my spirit, as well as of my cheeks, are fled, and I fear, my friend, that the few pale flowers which are still lingering in the garden of my youth, would soon become scentless and tasteless to you.'

I.

THOUGH thy dear words are fraught with solemn truth,
 And the soft light of thy dark eye is waning,
 Though roses, in the garden of thy youth,
 Like mourners, few and frost-bleached, are remaining ;
 My heart, with deep affection to its core,
 Will thrill whenever thy dear name is spoken,
 And love thee till its pulse can throb no more,
 And its frail chords are tuneless, stilled, and broken.

II.

The wild, inconstant bird our northern bowers
 Forsakes, when winds are chill, and leaves are dying,
 In quest of lands where ever blush the flowers,
 Across the blue and briny waters flying ;
 Unlike that bird, from thee I will not fly,
 When the brief summer of thy bloom is ended,
 And with the tints of life, that deadlier dye,
 Which whispers of the winding sheet, is blended.

III.

Think not that maid of more enticing mien,
 Of lip more red, and darker, richer tresses,
 Though in the jewelled drapery of a queen
 Her form of Phidian witchery she dresses,
 Will teach me falsehood by her potent wiles,
 And the fond ties that knit our souls dissever,
 Or with the dazzling radiance of her smiles,
 Dim Ada's image in my bosom ever !

IV.

Though pain and sorrow on thy forehead fair
 Have left their deep and melancholy traces,
 I prize thy pensive mournfulness of air,
 Far more than joys that kindle happier faces.
 I think of thee when Night is on her throne,
 And Dian in her car of pearl is riding;
 And when I wander in the woods alone,
 Thy sylph-like figure in my path seems gliding.

V.

Ah! if it be thy destiny to lie
 In the cold hall of dreamless rest before me,
 My tears, until the fount of grief is dry,
 Will dew the funeral turf that blossoms o'er thee;
 Nor will I worship with adoring gaze
 Some dawning orb of loveliness, forgetting
 The lost, extinguished star, of other days,
 That flung on me its latest beam while setting.

W. H. C. HOOPER.

EARLY HOME RECORDS.

BY F. W. THOMAS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW.'

NUMBER TWO.

THE camp-meeting which we were about to attend, when I left the reader in my last number, was not more than five miles from the residence of Mr. Godfrey. He did not, therefore, pitch a tent there, but, accompanied by the missionary and his daughter, rode over every day; and as it was moonlight, staid until after the evening service. The first day, in consequence of my visit to Bowling, the black-leg, I did not attend the camp, but met the family, together with Adam, who had been with them at night. I communicated to the latter what had occurred between Bowling and myself, at which he was greatly relieved. I never heard a word more on the subject, except from the gamblers themselves, in their anxious inquiries to know whether it would be hushed up. Oh, what a coward is Guilt!

That evening we kept our steps from bedward, until much after the usual hour for retiring, employing the time in agreeable conversation. Adam sat by, an attentive listener. The missionary rehearsed to us many scenes in the far west, in which he had been an actor, of deep interest. He regretted much that he had never heard SUMMERFIELD. It so happened that I was the only one present who had heard him; and notwithstanding I told the venerable minister I was but a child at the time, yet such was his admiration for that most eloquent and apostolic man, that he questioned me over and over again, touching my impressions of him; and I seemed to gain an interest in his eyes, from the fact that I had looked upon and listened to that gentle spirit of his church, now 'inheriting the promises.'

The missionary had known my grandfather, and he spoke of him in terms that greatly gratified me. 'My son,' said he, 'your grandfather was a truly good man. I was with him when he died; and though it is many years ago, the scene lives in my heart and memory more vividly than the events of the hour that has just passed. I

was kneeling by his bed side, and I knew the hour had come, for I have witnessed many such an hour, my children ; and O ! it is a fearful one to him who is not prepared ! He was perfectly conscious, but the lamp of life was flickering fast. As he closed his eyes, apparently in prayer, I said to him, : ' Brother, tell me, at this our earthly parting, are you convinced of the great principles of our faith ? ' He opened his eyes, and looked upward with the calmness and the trust with which a child, when resting in its mother's arms, will look up into her face, as slumber steals over it, and said : ' I know that my Redeemer liveth ! ' It was his last breath that uttered the words, but his spirit passed away so gently, that I was not convinced it had departed, until I felt his hand grow cold in mine. I said, then, my children, to the by-standers, and after long experience of the world, I say now to you, that I would rather have been that humble christian, on his lowly bed of death, than Napoleon at the head of his devoted and victorious legions, the conqueror of the world. The true christian is a greater conqueror ; he conquers himself. Peter the Great was heard often to say, that he had learned to govern a great empire, but not to govern himself. His passions often overmastered him. The greatest eulogy that was ever pronounced on WASHINGTON, was made by his biographer Ramsay, who, in speaking of the strength of his passions, says : ' With them was his first contest, and over them his first victory. ' This, his first victory, saved our country, for it enabled him to curb, like an obedient child, that ambition which in another heart might have gained a giant's strength, and prompted its possessor to grasp at empire. It was this, his first victory, that illustrated, in his last moments, the lines of the poet :

' O ! grave, where is thy victory !
O ! death where is thy sting ! '

It enabled him calmly, on his death bed, to review the great events of his varied existence, and to say to his physician, who stood beside him : ' Doctor, I am not afraid to die. ' How beautiful ! There is in such a scene a philosophy beyond the stoic's, for it expresses a hope beyond the grave. How different the earthly parting of NAPOLEON, chained on his ocean-washed rock, and with a mind as wild as the waves dying in the hour of the storm, and mistaking the war of the elements for the thunders of the battle-field. ' Head the army ! ' he exclaimed, in that mad moment, with his last breath, and his soul took its flight to meet at the dread tribunal the hundreds of thousands whom he had hurried to their long account, unconscious, unrepentant, unredeemed. '

Stirred by the tones of the old man, but not catching his spirit, I exclaimed :

' ' Charge, Chester, charge ! — on, Stanley, on ! '
Were the last words of Marmion ! ' '

He smiled at my enthusiasm, and then said, gravely : ' But what were his *last hopes* ? '

' True,' said I :

' Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever !
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never, O ! never ! '

'God's mercy is boundless,' said the missionary; 'He is merciful not only to his dutiful and lowly child, but to the mightiest, the most rebellious, and the most sinful.'

We had a touching prayer from the missionary, before we separated. I took a seat on the porch, and Adam, after pacing by me for some time, at last paused before me, and said:

'A High-heeled Shoe for a Limping Christian;' 'Hooks and Eyes for Unbelievers' Breeches!' Confound those books! I read them in my boyhood, and they gave me a disrespect for the Methodists, which I never could surmount, until I heard this good old missionary. I ought to have reflected that my father and sister at least try to practice what I believe he both practices and preaches.'

When we left the room, after the missionary, who had gone up stairs, I heard Adam order his horse. I asked him if he was going to town.

'No,' said he; 'a black boy has come over to say that Mr. Jones, who has been ill for some time, is worse. The missionary is going to see him to-night, and I think I ought to accompany him, and not leave him to the guidance of the negro.'

In a few moments, the good old man came out, the horses were brought, and they departed together. It was after midnight, when he and Adam returned. They reported that Jones died about an hour after they arrived.

The next day, we all proceeded together to the camp-meeting. I was surprised when Adam again expressed his determination to attend. We all rode on horse-back. My friend Harry and I by the side of the gentle Jane, and Adam — it was a little singular — on one side of the missionary, and his father on the other. The suspicion crossed my mind more than once, that he was meditating some mad prank or other. 'No,' thought I, 'it cannot be, after such an occurrence as has just happened, and in the presence of his father and the clergyman.'

The morning was beautiful. Not a cloud appeared in the heavens, although the early warmth threatened a noon of sultriness. We rode up the turnpike about a mile, and then struck off into what was called an 'old field,' an unenclosed place, where tobacco had been tilled until the soil was exhausted. This was bounded on one side by a deep ravine, which was bridged over, in which flowed a stream called Mad Run. A comparatively slight rain would swell it to a great depth and wildness, owing to the fact that the country immediately around its source, and for a long way beside it, was very hilly, and fed it, particularly during a rain, with innumerable torrents. As we were crossing the bridge, I could not but observe that it was a very slight one, and I lingered behind my companions, to admire the wild channel, which the perpetual wear of the waters had made through the very hills. About twelve or fifteen feet below the bridge, the waters splashed over a rocky bed, and, chafed, like human beings, by resistance, rushed on like them to the goal.

A pleasant ride, over hill and dale, from this spot, brought us to a place where a hill, covered with the highest and most luxuriant trees, gently sloped down to a crystal brook, that wound round its base, and then meandered along to the Mad Run. On the side of the hill was

the camp-meeting. Curving up from the brook, the tents were pitched in the form of a half-moon, extending about half-way up the side of the hill. Midway between the extreme tents, under a clump of noble trees, a temporary pulpit, or rostrum, was erected, from which the preacher addressed the multitude. The missionary preached, and most movingly. As I glanced at a group of fashionable loiterers, who had been sauntering through the camp, with easy indifference, uttering witless jests upon the scene, listening to him with attention, I thought of the line of the poet :

‘ And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.’

He spoke of the sustained contentment of the good man, amid all the ills of life, because of his heavenward hope, and contrasted his feelings with that of the wrong-doer, who, however well situated, in a worldly point of view, doubts and yet fears the great result beyond the grave. In speaking of the immortality of the soul, and the shrinking which it feels on leaving its earthly tenement, he employed an illustration which I have repeatedly heard since, but then for the first time. He compared the soul, about to take its upward flight, to an eagle, which, after long confinement, finds its prison door open. ‘ How fearfully,’ he said, in a faint voice — and he seemed to fear to raise his hand above the pulpit — ‘ how fearfully it looks forth at first, and then shrinks back ! How, when it ventures forth, it gazes round and round, with a dazzled eye, and casts a wondering glance upon the day-god above.’ Here the speaker looked timidly up at the sun, which, through the trees, threw a tremulous ray upon him. ‘ How feebly it essays a little circle, with wing but half expanded ; then it feels its strength of pinion, and takes a broader sweep, yet casts a longing, lingering look upon its earthly tabernacle. Then,’ continued he, while the wave of his arm waxed eloquent, and his tones heart-stirring, ‘ it circles wider and wider, farther and farther, higher and higher ; its impulses lose their earthliness ; it bathes and gladdens its outstretched wing in the refulgent beam ; it feels the glory more and more, and its strength is renovated beyond the might of its prime ; until, fixing its unblinking eye on the glorious orb, it darts upward to the sources of everlasting light !’ As he said this, he advanced, with upturned hands and eyes, while the rays of the sun, through an opening in the trees, flashed upon his long and silvery locks, and threw a halo round him, that made the man, like the sentiment, sublime. Methought I saw the heavens open, and the winged messenger pass the everlasting gates.

The speaker had scarcely concluded, when the sultriness, which had succeeded the warmth of the morning, became intense. For some minutes, not a breath of air stirred, not a leaf moved. Then the heavens became suddenly overcast ; the clouds floated together, in dark masses, like the gathering of armies ; and now and then a fierce flash broke forth ; but as yet, though through the trees we could see the clouds moving, the leaves were motionless, and not a drop of rain fell.

The missionary came to our little group, for we were all together, and observed : ‘ Brother Godfrey, as I am to officiate at the funeral

of Mr. Jones, and as you mean to attend, had we not better depart? I fear we shall have a storm.'

We accordingly mounted our horses, and left the camp. When we were clear of the woods, and while we were ascending an eminence which commanded the prospect, the missionary asked Mr. Godfrey if we were subject to violent storms in that region. Being informed that we were not, he said that he had known a storm to force its way with such violence through a wood, as not to leave a tree standing in its path. 'If you were subject to such storms here,' he continued, 'I should say, from my experience, that we should have one now. God grant that it comes not over the camp!'

He had scarcely spoken, when the rain began to fall in big drops, and the roar of the winds, afar off, could be distinctly heard, as if they were muttering their wrath, and gathering their strength. He looked round, and said:

'We must ride fast: there is not air enough stirring here to give an indication of the way the storm will sweep; but I believe it will be on this side of the Run. We must hasten on.'

We accordingly put spurs to our horses, and rode rapidly toward the bridge. The dropping of the rain now ceased for awhile, but the heavens grew fearfully dark, and the air began to stir. Our horses threw back their ears, and seemed, like their riders, to observe the sky. At this moment, a bolt that seemed to rend the hills, made our path lurid with light, while our horses trembled, like ourselves, at the awful peal which accompanied it. The rain now burst forth, and in an instant the blast was down upon us, sweeping the valley with resistless violence. We cast our eyes anxiously to the camp. We could see, indistinctly, the white tents through the trees, but nothing more. Yet the fury of the storm seemed to be there, for the air grew thick above it, with leaves and the sundered branches of trees; and presently the horses, having broken from their fastenings, came dashing madly past us.

'We are in the hands of God, children!' said the missionary, calmly; 'we must press for the bridge. The fury of the storm is not here, but *this* is dangerous.'

We urged our steeds at the admonition, and an intervening hill soon hid the camp from our sight; but the frightened horses of the worshippers still came dashing on. A tree not fifty yards to our right, as we turned to the left, was prostrated with a terrible crash. We reached the stream in safety. The storm was not so furious there, but the mad waters came leaping down the ravine, and throwing their waves toward the bridge, as if anxious to sweep it away. Several horses, from the camp, stood by the bridge, evidently desirous to cross, but apparently kept back by an instinctive sense of danger.

'Will it not be hazardous to cross the bridge?' asked Mr. Godfrey.

'I think not,' replied the missionary. 'Let us pass one at a time. I see your horses are frightened — mine is not. I'll lead the way.'

'No,' said Adam, dismounting and giving to Harry the bridle of his horse, 'let me lead yours over. You can walk; it will be safer.' But the missionary said there was no danger, and spurred his horse toward the bridge.

The well-trained animal drew back for a moment, and then passed

on. The bridge was about ten yards long. We held back our horses, that now seemed to have no sense of danger, as their fellow had none. Those from the camp obeyed the same impulse, and being unrestrained, sprang on the bridge, after the missionary's. The frail structure shook from end to end.

'Father in heaven be merciful!' ejaculated Jane, as the missionary, on discovering his peril, dismounted from his horse. His foot had scarcely touched the plank, when, with a tremendous crash, the bridge gave way, and rider and horse were precipitated into the foaming waves. That wild utterance which Cooper has so powerfully described in the 'Last of the Mohicans,' as proceeding from the horse when in distress, and which startled the brave Hawk-eye and the intrepid Indians with a superstitious dread, now broke from the poor animals, and added, if possible, to the horrors of the scene.

'He's lost!' exclaimed Mr. Godfrey, in despair.

'Not if I can save him!' exclaimed Adam, throwing off his coat, and springing to the edge of the stream.

'My brother, he's a good man — God is with him! Die not as *you* are!' exclaimed Jane, in a tone of intense agony.

'My life is worthless, Jane,' said Adam, with a calmness so strange, that it struck me, even at that awful moment. Adam stood watching for the appearance of the missionary. The bridge had caught edge-wise between two rocks, on the other side of the stream. The horses from the camp, that were on the bridge, appeared first above the water, and were all borne down stream, except one that succeeded, by swimming, in gaining the bank near us, which was now not more than two feet above the flood. On the other side, just below the spot where the bridge had rested, part of the rock which held it, projected perpendicularly up several feet. It seemed that the missionary and his horse were both caught by the bridge. In a moment more, his horse, which was a noble animal, arose with its head up stream, and high out of water, while his master was seen clinging to the bridle. On observing this, Adam hurried above us, plunged in, and in spite of the angry element, by his great skill as a swimmer, succeeded in gaining precisely what he aimed at, the bridle of the horse. In an instant, he raised the missionary from the waves. Both were evidently supported by the bridge, as was the horse. Quick as lightning, Adam placed the upper end of the stirrup-strap in the missionary's grasp, and then holding with one hand the horse's head out of the water, with the other he struck out for the shore. The animal seemed to know that a master spirit guided him, for he plunged bravely toward us. Wildly the waves broke over them, and the horse in vain attempted to breast their fury. The steed seemed stationary for a moment, and then yielded to the force of the element. Adam, however, still continued to keep his head in a proper position. When they got below the point where the concentrated rush of the stream, from the obstruction of the bridge, had nearly overwhelmed them, Adam made another effort, a desperate one, to gain the shore. Here we saw the missionary distinctly; his head arose above the back of his horse. I see the holy faith then on his countenance, now; it is a picture on my brain more distinct than that on the wall before me. As Jane said, 'God was with him.' In much less time than I have taken to tell it,

master and horse, with their brave deliverer, stood safely upon the shore. Poor Jane swooned when she saw that her brother was safe.

The storm abated as rapidly as it arose. By a bridge some miles above, which had stood the violence of the waves, we arrived safely at Mr. Godfrey's. As the missionary was preparing, though it was then nearly dark, to go to the house of mourning, to perform the rites of sepulture, a messenger arrived to tell him, that in consequence of the storm having inundated the grave-yard, the funeral would not take place until the next day, as another spot was to be selected for the repose of the dead.

Never shall I forget the holy evening which we spent after that awful storm. Uninjured in health, and with spirits gratefully and religiously calm and pure, the missionary joined the family circle. Jane looked the personification of pious gratitude, in its loveliest form — a religious woman. Harry gazed on her with reverence, while Mr. Godfrey, for the first time in many years, beheld with equal pleasure both his children. But the most remarkable feature of the group was Adam. That expression of desperate recklessness which once possessed his countenance, had fled. I wondered, as I observed with what respectful earnestness he listened to the missionary, if it ever had been there. How kindly he answered his sister, and without a jest upon her piety! His very dog, that used to avoid him, because of the tricks he played him, went wagging his tail to his master, and laid his nose upon his knee, the picture of faithfulness, as Adam placed his hand upon his head.

But the prayer of that 'old man eloquent' that night! I have heard the great ones of our land, in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the senate, in the palmiest moments of their oratorical power; but theirs could no more compare with the heart-touching pathos of this plain servant of God, than would the strut and stare of a fashionable tragedian compare with the simple majesty of Paul before Festus. He prayed for us all — for the father and for the children, and for their friend, and for myself; and I have felt, from that hour unto this, however wayward my mood and my imaginings, that in heaven's high chancery I had a claim and an advocate. Especially he prayed for Adam. 'Let, O Lord!' he said, in tones that left no eye unmoistened, and no heart untouched, 'the blessings of all the good I may hereafter be permitted to do, under thy providence, light upon his head, and be all the evil mine! As thou hast vouchsafed to make him this day the instrument of thy mercy, for the salvation of thy frail and aged servant from the wrath of the devouring elements, vouchsafe also to make him an instrument for the salvation of thy creatures from the wrath to come! And when thy seventh and last angel, in the last war of the elements, shall pour forth the vials of thy wrath, and thy mighty voice shall proclaim unto all the nations of the earth, 'It is done!' forget not this little household! Shadow them under thy brooding and protecting wings! Let there be no wanderer from the flock, but let them all, a family in heaven, rejoice together in the light of thy everlasting love!'

When the prayer was concluded, and we arose from our knees, Adam took a seat by his sister, and unable, iron-nerved as he was, to

control the emotions that had been swelling in his heart for days, he laid his head upon her bosom, and 'wept, and was forgiven.'

AFTER all, there is no love less selfish than a sister's :

'My sister, my sweet sister! if a name
Purer and holier were, it should be thine!'

So spake the wayward Childe to his sister; and when wife and daughter were deaf to his fame, and spoke not his name in their household, and Fanaticism refused his remains a resting place among England's illustrious departed, where there sleeps none worthier, his sister, his 'sweet sister,' gave them consecration, and built over them the monument which now guards them from the desecration of those who should have claimed to be nearer and dearer. And 'she, proud Austria's mournful flower,' where was her mournfulness, when they gave the hero of the world's history and her lord to the 'vulture and the rock?' Cold, selfish, and sensual, she pursued the routine of courtly patrician observances, or hastened from them to common plebeian abandonment; while Pauline, not the less sensual, but the sister, was anxious to forsake, for that lonely rock, the voluptuousness of the soft clime she so loved, to whose glorious statuary her glowing form had given beauty, that she might share the exile, and solace the sorrow, and soothe the loneliness, of that forsaken husband, who was still to her the man of destiny; still to her a beloved brother, whose blood was her blood; who had given her renown, and empire, and to whom, world-forsaken, she could give what is worth the world, a sister's unchanging love!

A DIRGE: 'L. E. L.'

Far away, ah! far away
From her own green isle, she died,
And, for shroud that wraps decay,
Early changed the garb of bride.
Fatal to our northern flower
Was the glare of tropic day;
Wretched was her dying hour,
Far away, far away!

Never more, ah! never more,
Will she glad the festal throng;
Faded is the look she wore,
Voiceless is her lip of song.
Gifted Daughter of the Nine!
Well may friends thy fate deplore,
They will hear a strain like thine,
Never more, never more!

Fare thee well, ah, fare thee well!
Dark thy life grew, near its close;
Mildew on thy spirit fell,
Like wan blight upon the rose.
Ended is thy warbling now,
Mistress of the chorded shell;
Dust is on thy withered brow—
Fare thee well, fare thee well!

W. H. C. R.

THE TEACHING OF THE DEAD.

'I FEEL that the dead have conferred a blessing on me, by helping me to think rightly of the world.'

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

CALL'ST thou the dead, our teachers ?

Must we come,
And sit among the clods, and lay our ear
To the damp crannies of the loathsome tomb,
And listen for their lore ? There breathes no sound
From all those stern and stone-bound sepulchres,
Save that through rustling grass, the low winds sweep,
And stir the branches of yon dark-browed pines,
In sullen undulation.

Yet, thou say'st,
The dead are teachers.

Would they stretch their hands,
And on our tablets write one pencil-trace,
How would we hoard it in our heart of hearts !
All motionless ! All passionless ! All mute !

Oh, Silence, twin with Wisdom ! I would press
My lip upon yon cradled infant's grave,
And drink the murmur of its smitten bloom.
A mother's young pride in her beautiful,
Laid low ! Laid low ! How slight the aspen-stem
Round which her heart's joys twined ! Ours too are frail,
Like hers. The flowret in the reaper's path
Hath as good hope to greet the golden morn.

Read I thy lesson right, my little one ?
Lo, by thy side the strong man sleepeth well,
The tall, proud man, who towered like Israel's king,
With head above the people. Yet, his wail,
Was it not weak, as thine, when Death launched home
The fatal arrow ? 'Dust to dust !' should be
The inournful watch-word of the born of earth,
And the deep teaching of such lonely creed
Best cometh from the dead.

Ah, let me kneel
Here, on this mound, where sleeps my early friend,
And wait her words, in lowliness of soul.
Speakest thou not to me ? — thou, whose loving voice
Gav'st the sweet key-tone to our fond discourse,
When lost in lonely haunts, we wandered long,
Shunning the crowd ?

Dear as thou wert to me,
In that cementing time, when school-day sports
Make lasting sisterhood, even now, it seems
I loved thee not enough. Say, was it so,
My lost companion ? Were there tender words
I might have said to thee, yet said them not ?
Were there not higher flights of glorious thought,
And nobler trophies on life's rugged steep,
To which I might have urged thee ?

Blind ! and weak !
I thought to have thee ever by my side ;
And so the hours swept by, till thou didst spread
A hidden wing, and prove thine angel-birth.
Oh, teach me, with a firmer grasp, to seize
The passing day, nor with omitted deeds,
Nor the defrauded sympathies of love,
Load the uncertain future. So thy tomb
Shall be my blest instructor, and I'll go
Sadder, yet wiser, to my work again,
Amid the changeful ministries of life.

L. H. S.

JACOB JONES.

'Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents: what's your praise,
When Philomell her voyce shall raise?'

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THAT William Shakspeare did not write the tragedy of 'Titus Andronicus,' is a question to many minds so satisfactorily settled, that the admission of the play among the acknowledged jewels of his crown, is considered a positive intrusion. That Jacob Jones, of the Inner Temple, and formerly of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, barrister-at-law, etc., etc., *did* write a play called 'The Gladiator,' is a fact stated in black and white, upon the veritable title-page of a pamphlet, bearing this inscription, now lying and being within four inches of our own pen. Moreover, we are assured, in an advertisement dated December 20, 1836, that this play was written more than ten years since, and is now published for the first time, in consequence of the 'Star of Spartacus' having been familiarized to the British public, through the representation of Dr. Bird's American tragedy of the 'Gladiator.' Ten years! Behold an example of the inherent modesty of true genius! All hallowed be the sanctum, wherein for one hundred and twenty moons reposed this 'gem of purest ray serene,' where, hidden from the vulgar eye of mortals, its divine light was effulgent only to the enraptured contemplation of Jacob Jones.

The genius of our author was precocious. His soul, even when he himself was juvenile, was 'above buttons.' The yearnings of his young ambition overleaped the childish trivialities of hobby-horses and gilt gingerbread, and aspiringly ensconced its possessor in the shilling gallery of Saddler's Wells. At an age when his dental organs were not sufficiently powerful to crush even the mollified crisp of cream candy, he evinced an uncontrollable predilection for pea-nuts! This precocious appetite for dramatic food may be mentioned as *prima facie* evidence of that green propensity for things theatrical, which in after years strengthened to a ripeness sufficient to produce the extraordinary tragedy of 'The Gladiator.' Nor was it only in this particular preponderancy, that his great dramatic taste thus early discovered itself. The infant Jones gave indication, equally decisive, of the peculiar bent of his genius, and in a manner more truly remarkable:

'He lieped in numbers, and the numbers came!'

And astounding as it may seem, the numbers were those of Shakspeare, and the words identical. Far be it from the humble biographer of this greatest of modern dramatists, to attempt an explanation of the causes, either phrenological or pathological, which went to produce this wonderful precocity: but that the juvenile Jones imbibed Shakspeare with his mother's milk, is a fact attested by the most respectable authority. It was our good fortune, some years since, to become acquainted with the venerable lady who had the high honor of watching the infantillage of the poet, in the agreeable and truly

interesting capacity of dry-nurse. This honorable matron delighted exceedingly to dwell upon the early days of her interesting charge. She spoke of Jacob as being, in the years immediately succeeding his paphood, imbued with a strong predilection for Shakspeare, and for which she was, equally with his proud and happy parents, at a loss to account. 'I well remember,' said she, when speaking of his baby pranks, 'I well remember asking him one day whether he would have his bread buttered, or made sweet with honey, and his marvellous reply was in the very words of Shakspeare's Miss Juliet: 'Sweet, honey, nurse.' His brother Hamilton, some years his senior, was once, while they were playing with a pet kid, attacked by the animal, upon which Jacob raised a stone and sent it at the quadruped, exclaiming, in an angry tone, 'Take that, you old goat, you! So much for Bucking Ham!'

 Many other coincidences of thought and expression were related, all proving the existence of faculties equal to, and remarkably congruous with, those which the world had long before declared could never be approached.

The respectable sire of the junior Jones conducted, in a highly creditable manner, a flourishing business in the soap and candle line. The house of Jansen, Jones, and Company, ere the gentle breezes of eighteen summers had kissed the expanding forehead of Jacob, had risen, through the excellence of their sweet-scented white and brown bars, to a palmy state of credit, to which the clear light of their four pound moulds added an effulgence amounting to an enviable illumination. It was the fond hope and constant advice of the doating father, that his son would take kindly to the candle business, and add another Jones to the firm; but Jacob, despising what he somewhat irreverently called the slippery occupation of his father, constantly and stubbornly declined his counsel. His taste was classic; but for him Grease had no inspiration. It was in vain that he was led to look back upon the early days of Jansen, Jones, and Company, and contrast it in its strivings for half-saved candle-ends, and the drippings sedulously gleaned from the consumptive rib which swung on Sundays before the kitchen fire, to its present glorious independence. It was in vain to remind him of the fame of their brilliant dips, which illuminated one half of the British empire, or the honor which attended their variegated balls, as they washed the other half. To the final question placed before him in the bright array of all these commendations, the poetic Jacob, with the candle-light of genius flashing from his eye, and the tallow of ambition resolving itself into tapers of immortal glory in his heart, replied: 'I'll be d—d if I do!' Straightway Mr. Jones became a sentimentalist. He wore his eyes heavenward, and his collar open. He took to abstraction, whiskers, and gin-and-water. His residence, like his aspirations, soon became lofty. His first weekly allowance was parted with for segars, and his second for a month's airy location 'near a garret's top.'

It was on a raw, gusty night, in the month of November, 1824, that Mr. Jones had ensconced himself behind the safest pane of glass in his attic, with the remnant of the last one of the last dozen of his soul-composing Havanas. He gazed upon the storm, and grew thoughtful upon the fate of genius. As the wind puffed fitfully through the broken panes, so puffed he the smoke of his Spaniard;

and this unison of action with the elements, led him naturally enough to the contemplation of the remarkable coincidence which existed, at that particular moment, in the storm without, and that which raged within his own bosom. This state of mind could not long exist, in a temperament so sensitive as his to outward influences, and so essentially imaginative and poetical, without engendering some mighty conception. His mind had wavered long, irresolute between two impulses. Some lines, which a few weeks before he had addressed to his late Majesty, entitled the 'Gallant Ship,' complimentary to the nautical taste of his highness, would, he thought, draw down upon him the royal approbation. One verse alone of this gem of the sea has reached us :

'Blow high, blow low, ye mighty airs,
With elemental rancor,
Our gallant ship ye cannot move,
Because she is at anchor !'

An offer of the laurel was what he had partly concluded upon accepting ; but his genius was evidently dramatic, and should he retain the laureateship, would it not interfere with those theatrical results, which the world expected from his genius ? This question he could not satisfactorily answer. He would do the poetical honors to his Majesty, and yet he must do his duty to the world. Great statesmen have been puzzled upon similar grounds. Happy for the world is it, that on this identical night of November, 1824, there happened this terrible storm, and that the poetic Jones was by to behold it. This war of the elements won a victory for the drama. It arrested the wavering of the poet ; it settled the question ; it decided Jones, and he declareth it. Hear him :

'How is it that the elemental war,
The furious strivings of the winds and waves,
The jar of Nature, and the ocean's whirl
The sea-cries, and the lightning, and the thunder,
Should breathe a grateful calm upon my mind,
And soothe its storms, and lay its passions still ?
E'en as the ships are tossed upon the foam,
So has my soul till now been rudely tossed !
Now is my resolution taken — now !'

Fancy the poet, after this brilliant burst of inspiration, standing erect, his eye cast upward, his arms folded, his feet firmly fixed in the first position, his lips compressed, forcing the extremity of his regalia into close companionship with the very tip of his nose, his whole attitude, in fine, comprising a positive and animated picture of inflexible decision. 'Now !' the segar dropped from his lips with the word ; down he sat, seized again his pen, that pen which was to trace the glorious letters of his immortality, and wrote the first scene of 'The Gladiator, a Tragedy,' at a dash.

Scene first opens with a view of the training-grounds of Battiatius, Spartacus, and other gladiators, engaged in their exercise, while Battiatius, and a select party of 'the fancy,' are overlooking them. After a little quiet grumbling, at the lazy manner in which Spartacus operates, Battiatius gently insinuates his amiable intention of scourging

Spartacus on the morrow. After the 'exeunt' of Battiatius and the other sportsmen, the gladiators gather around Spartacus, and thus fearfully discourse :

- SPAR. Scourged ! scourged to-morrow ! when the morrow dawns !
 This once free manhood brook the accursed scourge !
 My gods desert me ! women see my shame !
 And present degradation grows nine-fold,
 To make a reptile of me !
- CRIXUS. By the fiends !
 To-morrow, ay, I prophecy, to-night,
 When they are brave with wine.
- SPAR. No Crixus, no !
 Scourged ! — no, not scourged !
- CRIX. The dog, and I, and all !

It sometimes happens, as in the case of our poet, that men of great genius hit upon the same thought, but seldom that they use the same means to express it. The emphatic and scornful exclamation of Crixus, in this quotation, is therefore somewhat remarkable. We must believe that Mr. Jones was conversant with Slawkenbergius, either in the original, or some well-studied translation. The ideas and modes of expression of the two authors are strikingly similar. In lib. vi., page 110, Slawk., are these remarkable words : '*Canis et ego et pater ;*' which being rendered into English, reads, 'The dog, and I, and father.' We allude to this more to show the deep reading and classic research of our dramatist, than from any pedantic desire to display our own erudition.

Brooding over their wrongs, the gladiators come to the manly resolution of rapping their 'money-scraping' task-masters over the mazzard, with their mock weapons, when they shall have become sufficiently drunk to be incapable of resistance. This resolve fixed upon, 'Camilla,' the wife of Spartacus, and a very exemplary woman, enters. In the discourse which follows, we are at a loss which most to admire, the devoted affection of the wife, or the heroic style in which she urges the conspirators to maintain their resolution, and a decided degree of rigidity in their upper lips :

- SPAR. Your dagger, girl !
- CAM. Ha !*
- SPAR. I have need of it.
- CAM. What is your need ?
 Can your need equal mine, to hoard it here, (*pointing to her bosom,*)
 Secret and sharp, in this audacious clime,
 Ever to guard your Thracian's love from harm,
 The chaste wife of her soldier, to the death !
- SPAR. Her soldier's back to-morrow feels the scourge.
- CAM. The scourge ! the scourge ! oh ! take it, clutch it fast !
 You have the direr need ! 't is yours ! — O knife !
 Keep thou my soldier undisguised — a man,
 And master of himself. The scourge ! no, no !
 My Spartacus shall never brook the scourge ! (*embraces him.*)
- SPAR. Never, I swear !
- CAM. Swear all of you, if men !
- GLADIATORS. We swear ! We swear !

* Did you speak to me, Sir ? (*short.*)

The thing appears to be settled, and Camilla is suddenly blessed with a gleam of prophetic illumination :

'The prophet-spirit seizes me, and lo!
The god, the god descends upon my heart!
Rise all — rise now ; the hour is ripe !'

GLADS. Lead on !

[*Sounds of revelry within : more gladiators come up : some go off.*]

SPAR. Yon rogues have sworn

To-morrow they will scourge us — perhaps to-night !
And some of us devote to dismal shame,
For sport ! — their very pleasure ! Stripes, blood, and groans,
Disgrace, and naked shame — sport, sport ! — mere sport !
Manhood defiled, and manliness whipped dead.
Hell's rarer for such sport !

With a tolerable knowledge of what is called *effective* language, we have no hesitation in declaring this last burst of indignation decidedly powerful, and one which a discreet audience would probably encore. 'The god' is supposed to have been accustomed to descend upon the breast of the prophetic Camilla, for while, according to the stage direction, 'Spartacus walks about in a state of great excitement,' she thus soliloquizes :

'One sultry noon
When Spartacus, for sale, was dragged to Rome,
I watched him as he slept ; and strange to view,
A serpent gently coiled around his face,
Then slid away, and no where could be found !
I, with my gift of divination moved,
Unclosed my lips, and thus the omen bailed :
'A future greatness, Spartacus, be thine !
A formidable rise, a bright career,
A hero's end and fame, for ever more !'
That greatness is fulfilling.'

Spartacus, aroused by this glowing prospect, shakes off his abstraction, and like a giant refreshed with wine, nerves himself to the mighty determination to fulfil his destiny. Assisted by the manly spirits around him, he battles it furiously with Messrs. Battiatius and Company, who of course are utterly routed — as it might be in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Scene third is 'Mount Vesuvius, covered with wild vines and thickets ;* the Romans at its foot ; the beacon of Spartacus above : Clodius Glauber enters, conversing with a Roman officer :

GLAUBER. Let 's on this way !
How say you that our sentries do not doze,
Serving the mere pretensions of a watch !'
SENTINEL. The pass-word ! Stand !
GLAUBER. The Prætor.
SENTINEL. All is well !
OFFICER. Felt you a shock ?
GLAUBER. A rumbling under ground.
SENTINEL. Stand ! Who goes there ?
OFFICER. The Eagle.
SENTINEL. Pass along.
OFFICER. Hitherward it sounded.
GLAUBER. Hist ! Again it rolls,
Like thunders in the bowels of the earth !

* THE hint for this idea of representing Vesuvius hidden by wild vines and thickets, was probably borrowed from the sublime conception of the celebrated painter, Signor DABELLI, of painting the moon behind a cloud.

With all deference to the better judgment of our author, we are decidedly of the opinion that the remarks of Mr. Glauber, in this place, 'smell too much of the shop,' and allude altogether too professionally to some of the active effects of his excellent medicine. We wish to regard Mr. Glauber as the leader of the Roman army, and not, at this present moment, as the respectable apothecary and manufacturer of the saline aperient which bears his name.

Spartacus, at the head of the gladiators, enters disguised, and gives utterance to a spirit-stirring couplet :

'Blow, blow the trumpets! Blow unto the hills!
Send hurricanoes through your tubes of brass!'

The introduction of hurricanoes here, upon Mount Vesuvius, with the fire and smoke spouting from the crater, and the awful rumblings under the very feet of the soldiers, cannot fail to fill an audience with reverence for the imagination which conceived an idea so fearfully sublime. It is a climax of the terrible in fancy, to which the actual red-hot vomitings of the mountain are but the pictured reality. Mr. Glauber and his friends prove themselves masters of the better part of valor, and retire. The gladiators, naturally a little elated by their success, fall to boasting :

GLADIATOR. Who shall gainsay these regulars of Rome
Are swift of foot?
SECOND GLADIATOR. They'll beat their racers next,
And leave their galled steeds distanced, like ourselves.
GLADIATOR. Speed was their need, and flight their jockey!
SECOND GLADIATOR. True!
GLADIATOR. To see them clustered round the sole ascent, (*sneeringly*),
They dreamed not we could clamber down behind.
SECOND GLADIATOR. Because they could not scale the rugged steep,
They wisely reckoned we could not descend!

Castus and Camminicus are not exactly satisfied with the division of the spoils, and express opinions decidedly anti-agrarian. Castus declares he likes it not :

I told him, long ago, it should not be :
Quoth Spartacus, 'It shall; so peace, good Castus!'
CAM. That 'shall' is o'er emphatic.
CASTUS. On his lips an overweening knack ——

Castus is certainly a most unconscionable rogue. His desire is not only to usurp the place of the gallant Spartacus in war, but also in love, by basely stealing the sweet affections of the most gentle Camilla. To accomplish these ends, the rout of the Roman army being effected, he urges a march on Rome. Spartacus is about consenting to this fatal measure, when his guardian angel 'enters wildly,' in the shape of Camilla, and warns her lord against the movement. She relates, most blankversically, how that, sitting in her tent, musing on past dangers, and future glories, and the towering greatness of her beloved hero, and other apt and interesting subjects, she was startled by an apparition. But hear the lady herself :

A rustling motion struck my ear;
I paused; the curtain in the midst unclosed,
And through it slowly moved a withered crone,
A solemn beldame, lean, decrepid, wan.

She, fixing on my face her haggard eyes,
 First mumbling to herself unearthly spells,
 After a space of horror, thus broke forth :
 'Thou whom by fits the prophet-spirit moves,
 Where is the god inspires thee ?* Is he wroth ?
 Have not his mystic instigations ceased ?
 E'en now, without thy knowledge, once so rife,
 Thy husband madly yields to march on Rome.
 Go warn him what the ancient Sybil bids :
 March not on Rome !'

CASTUS. Some *Roman* in disguise.'

The severe and delicate sarcasm conveyed in this exclamation of Castus, is a remarkable evidence of that satirical spirit, for which all sensitive and poetical souls, who have felt the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes, have been celebrated. It needed a Byron or a Jones, to have conceived the withering bitterness of that thought. We can fancy a favorite of ours, a remarkably promising member of the Park company of tragedians, in the part of Castus, giving utterance, with a contemptuous curl of his upper lip, to the magnificent scorn of this scorching line. SHALES, of 'Franklin' notoriety, whilome immortalized in this magazine of immortality, might achieve something like its spirit, by a jerk of his thumb over his left shoulder ; but if we had written it, we should feel safer to trust this part to Mr. JOHNSON, of the Park, who, by touching, with the thumb of his right hand, the extreme point of his nasal organ, and turning a 'visionary coffee-mill,' in the well-understood and extremely classic 'Don't you wish you may get it' style, would top the spirit of the expression most effectively.

But we find the charms of this exquisite drama coming so thick upon us, that to descant upon each of them, would fill an entire number of this valuable periodical. We must therefore bring our comments to a sudden close, and by a few extracts, taken at random, leave the susceptible reader to utter his own rhapsodies upon the

BEAUTIES OF JACOB JONES.

BORROWING FOR A PURPOSE.

Ye triple furies ! hear !
 Lend me your whips of scorpions, and your claws,
 To tear the shrivell'd flesh from off her bones !

NEIGHBORLY.

Till they are fain to sue in humbler sort,
 And fain they shall be, ere our course is run,
 Set out no more in search of us ; for we,
 When least they calculate, will visit them.

HERALD'S DUTY.

Camilla, what is a herald's duty ? To report
 Nor more nor less but that which he is bid.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTIONS.

I 've put a sting beneath the herald's tongue,
 Will spirt its venom in the eyes of Rome !

ASTRONOMY.

As we crossed the threshold,
 I turned to read the heavens ; that moment, Night

* No allusion to gin-and-water.

Rent her cloud-pall, and through the rift gleamed forth
Three stars 'o the Bear !

SPEED SUDDENLY CHECKED.

Hermes be witness, I outran my wind,
To warn the consuls how the senate far'd ;
And rushing at a torrent of full speed,
Just turned the corner headlong on more thieves,
Who nipp'd me in their arms.

DUTY PERFORMED.

The generals charged to watch the robbers' steps,
Using the speed that waits on word of mouth,
Have sent me post — and I have killed my horse !

VIRTUE ELOQUENT.

Thy shade, thy echo, and, by the great gods !
Who set on perjured souls the hounds of hell,
Thy unpolluted, faithful, spotless wife !

SHADOWS OF ILL.

The sacred chickens keep a solemn fast,
The birds fly lucklessly, dogs howl by day,
Eclipses darken us both sun and moon,
And yester eve, to spread the panic more,
A victim there was slain *without a heart*.

VIRTUE : VAN AMBURGH IN DISGUISE.

Lions confess a virtuous woman's power,
Wolves shall not touch whom lions dare not harm !

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

SPARTACUS. My gem ! what man is this ? he keeps aloof !
Know you the bold attempter ?
CAMILLA. By my love !
I know him for a coward, and no man.

DIVINATION.

The lots are casting in the plains above ;
They are drawn out in melancholy tens,
And one in every ten.

ORIGINAL TESTIMONY.

SPARTACUS. Alas the day ! is valiant Crixus slain ?
CAM. So testify full thirty thousand dead.
'Twelve thousand slain are twice twelve thousand gained.'

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

CAMILLA. I know you, Romans ; nor will trust you ; stay,
A little while ! another gaze ! a kiss !
One brief communion with the glorious dead !
One look, alone, upon my slaughtered love !
My Spartacus ! my hero ! my soul's pride !
My gladiator ! and my more than king !
Hear me, behold me, now, and hover o'er !
I will not live to feel thou art no more !

[Stabs herself in the body, and the curtain falls.]

The only return we can ask of Mr. Jacob Jones, of Brazen Nose, for this humble endeavor to place the outpourings of his mighty mind in full light before the American public, is, that from the deep well of his genius he will fetch us up another beaker of this heavenly nectar ; and, as a dramatic favorite of ours used to say, in reply to the call-boy, when he remonstrated with him, after fetching his third mug of ale, ' keep fetching 'em !'

c.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

Briefer hour for thought ; the dark and wintry day
 Is deepening into night, and one pale star,
 To guide the traveller with its tremulous ray,
 Just glimmers in the purple depths afar :
 Darkness comes stealing on ; from labor free,
 The weary woodman seeks his cottage door,
 Where mirthful children, on the sanded floor,
 Leap at his coming, and press round his knee.
 Through distant casements, lights are twinkling now,
 Where busy matrons still the needle ply,
 Or some pale student strains his aching eye,
 And bends o'er classic page, with thoughtful brow ;
 Stir we the fire, seek Fancy's wild domain,
 And build some airy fabric's dizzy height again.

M. N. M.

A MARRIED MAN'S EYE.

'There 's daggers in men's eyes!'

'OPEN the window, Hetty,' said my uncle Andover, to the housemaid ; 'let in a little fresh air, this fine morning.' Hetty threw up the sash quickly, and smash ! went a pane of glass. The poor girl turned her frightened eye toward us, but my uncle went on talking as if he had not heard the noise.

'Sir, Mr. Andover, please to look,' said Hetty, 'I have broken a pane of glass, and Miss Andover will be so angry !'

'Angry ? — for what ? Here, take this money,' said he, 'and run off quickly for the glazier. I will pick up the pieces while you are gone. 'Angry,' indeed ! Miss Andover does not get angry for such trifles ; but be off before she comes home, if you are afraid.'

Dear uncle Andover ! — he screened every body from harm. All Camperdown knew the value of his friendship. He was just turned of sixty, with a healthy, unbroken constitution, a fine flow of spirits, and an even temper. He was benevolent and untiring in his disposition to do good ; and as all the world knew this, he was not suffered to remain unoccupied a moment. All this, added to a large income, and a larger heart, made him one of the most popular men in Camperdown.

With all these qualifications, it was a wonder that he never married, for he was a very handsome man, even at this advanced age. But he was a bachelor from choice, I assure you ; for many a lady, even now, would be glad to receive an offer from him. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless really true, my uncle was never in love — that is, violently in love, as I am at this moment — and therefore he never thought of marriage.

'My dear uncle,' said I, when the glazier had gone, 'how has it happened that you never married ? You have always been rich, and from what I can now see, you must have been very handsome.' Here ;

my uncle pulled up his collar, and settled his chin, casting his eye toward the glass.

'Why, as to that, Leo, I believe I *was* tolerably well-looking in my youth, and I cannot but say I had many inducements to marry. My parents were very desirous that I should fall in love, and many a beauty was pointed out to me; but I suppose I had no turn for the tender passion. The fact is, Leo, I loved every woman so well, that I was afraid of hurting the feelings of the whole sex, if I gave one the preference. This was not, however, the only reason,' said he, after a pause. 'I had another and a stronger one. All my life I have been watching the behaviour of men to their wives, and I never met with one man — no, not even your father, and he came of a gentle kind — who did not *scourge* his wife the very moment she was in his power. And, Leo, mark my words, you will do it too. It is human nature; it seems a thing not to be helped.'

'Scourge their wives! I scourge a woman! — such a lovely creature as Flora Webb!' thought I. 'But what do you mean by *'scourging'?*'

'I mean what I say. Do you think there is only one kind of scourging? I certainly do not mean *beating*, though many a fellow, if he dared, would strike his wife, or slap her face, if she only acted a little perversely, just as he had acted, perhaps, only the moment before: but the scourging of which I speak, is with the *eye*; ay, you may stare, but it is the *Married Man's Eye*. Come, let us go to the village; I owe every body a visit, particularly Ormsby, who is just married to my little pet.' Every young woman, by the way, was Uncle Andover's pet. 'I cannot tell in which way *she* offends his married eye, but I will warrant that he has begun his scourging already. There is your aunt Phillida; she sees this matter as I do, and that has kept her from marrying. Before we settled in Camperdown, she had plenty of offers, for rich women are scarce. That old Mr. Root offered his hand to her full thirty years ago.'

'Look over the way, uncle: there stands that little red-haired Davison, the meanest looking man I ever saw. Is it true that he made an attempt to address my sister Fanny, while I was in Europe?'

'Yes, he made a desperate attempt, but he was repulsed with scorn. Do not speak of it before your aunt, for it puts her in a passion. I only wish we could keep him from coming so often to Camperdown, for he is hateful to me, as well as to her; and Mrs. Campbell — that is, our Jenny Hart that *was* — has set her face against him, and that has decided his fate here.'

'What! is Mrs. Campbell, the Jenny Hart of the thread-and-needle store? — she whom all the young men used to gaze at so? — the one that every body was in love with?'

'Yes; and I will take you there to-morrow. She is on a visit to New-York to-day. Your aunt told her all about Davison; and so, as I said, having set her face against him, he will not find it very convenient to settle in our neighborhood. Let him remain at Starkford.'

'Why, uncle, I never knew you so bitter toward any one before. What has he done to merit all this?'

'Well, Leo, we talked of scourging; of married men scourging their wives with the eye; but this man, for one that calls himself a

man, is more brutal than a savage. Just look at him; a little paltry fellow, not bigger than my thumb; with red hair, a freckled face, a nose that you can hardly see, deep-set little red eyes, an ear like a long oyster, and a neck like a crane. There he goes; and he has a laugh and a joke with every one he meets. There comes our good Mr. Foster, the engineer. Ah! Alfred Grey does not stop; he touches his hat, and walks on. It has cowed Davison for a second; but there comes Job Martin, the tax-gatherer; now Davison has said a good thing, and they are laughing at it. There comes our good Mr. Parsells. See how Davison's hat goes off to him: *there was a bow for you!*

'Who is this Mr. Parsells, uncle? I do not recollect ever hearing the name before.'

'He is a retired merchant, and has bought an estate at Wicklowe, in the next village. He is very rich, and little Davison fawns and cringes before him, like a spaniel. I see it all now; there is an only daughter there, too. Miss Parsells is not what I call an ugly woman, but if it were not for her immense expectations, ugly as Davison is himself, he would look for more beauty. The fellow has been twice married. Yes, there he goes: he has left the others, and has walked off with good-natured Jemmy Parsells.'

'But supposing that Miss Parsells *is* ugly? Surely this man can have no pretensions to her hand; and he is upward of forty, by his looks.'

'There is nothing better nor worse to be said of him, than that he scourged his wife to death. He married an only child; I speak of his first wife, for the second one, poor thing! — no, lucky creature! — died of a pleurisy, before he had time to commence operations. His first wife was a young lady of good birth, and, as was supposed at the time, of good fortune. She was an intimate school friend of your aunt Phillida, but their intercourse was interrupted after the marriage. Mr. Dell, the father of Christina, was reputed to be rich, and Davison so ingratiated himself with him, that, being a hypochondriac, and not a good business man, the fellow soon became his factotum. Every thing fell into his hands; and the short of it is, that he determined to have Mr. Dell's money, and his daughter in the bargain, since he could not get one without the other.

'Ah, uncle, I recollect now: did I not see a Mrs. Davison with Aunt Phillida, at the Springs, the summer before I went abroad?'

'Yes, about four years ago, just before she died; and it was there that I saw how the wretch treated her; and yet no one else perceived it but your aunt and myself. Very few look deeply into such matters. Christina was compelled into the marriage; but your aunt thinks that if all the property had been settled on her, Davison would have treated her differently. I doubt it.'

'It is scarcely possible to tell you in what his deviltries consisted; but they were of such a nature, that in ten years — it was a slow poison, that eye of his — he fairly worked this gentle creature out of existence. I only wish you dared ask your aunt all about it, for women understand this misery better than men; but it almost sets her raving. Our principal reason for quitting Starkford, was because he had bought an estate there. Before the wretch married poor Christina Dell, he

was the most devoted, the most obsequious, the most tender of lovers. He had to work hard to get the innocent young creature, for her dislike to him at first amounted almost to aversion. He consulted her taste in every thing, and seemed to have no will but hers.

'Well, Leo, only look at this man one year after marriage, nay one month, for he began immediately. He could not bear to hear her laugh; he could not bear to see her pleased with any one's conversation; he sneered at her whenever she opened her lips — unobserved, mind, by others. By his hard manner, he drove off all her early associates, those who loved her dearly and could have comforted her. His eye — that little red eye of his — was kept on her whenever she opened her lips to speak, or to give an opinion; and it had the power of a serpent over her. There is no thralldom, Leo, like the thralldom of a married man's eye. He expected impossibilities, almost, from her, for her constitution was very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed, he sneered at her. At table, he never helped her to any thing he thought she liked. She could not bear rare meat, neither could he; yet I am told that in his own house he would not allow the cook to send the meat up well done, lest his wife might perchance get a piece that she liked. He actually punished himself, that he might scourge his unoffending wife. If, in the most humble way, when she thought he was particularly good-humored, she asked him for a slice not *quite* so rare, he would say some brutal or unfeeling thing to her, for which the very negro in waiting would like to kick him. If he deigned to help her to another piece, it was cut from a burnt, hard part, equally unpalatable. She never ate a mouthful at that wretch's table, without insult or taunt.

'It was fortunate that this poor young creature had no children; for his nature was such that I verily believe he would have tormented them, for the pleasure of tormenting his wife. When she found that all happiness was denied her in this world, she turned her affections to another and a better. There she found peace and love — a love tender and enduring. She fell sick, at length; and *then* you should have seen the hypocrite. Oh, how he would run for the leecher, and bleeder — for the doctor, and the clergyman! You would have thought him the most devoted and tender of husbands. Almost every one, save the servants and your aunt Phillida, were deceived. Even the doctor called him a pattern-husband.

'How he must have shrunk from the touch of the good clergyman, on the day after the funeral! The reverend man dearly loved his pure and gentle wife; and it went hard with him to part with her; but with all the confidence she reposed in him, she never breathed a syllable of her husband's undeviating, petty tyranny. 'Rest, therefore, in peace, my son!' said he, as he arose to leave the room, placing his hand on her cruel husband's head, 'as she for whom we mourn is now an angel in heaven. You tenderly loved her; you sustained her in sickness and sorrow, and you comforted her in the last trying moments. Your conscience must acquit you of the slightest intentional unkindness, for you were all that a tender, considerate husband should be. Grieve not, therefore, like one without hope; but let us imitate the purity and integrity of her life, so that in the end your spirit may again be united to hers.'

'Would you believe it, Leo? — the hypocrite told all this to one of his friends! There he comes again. Only hear that laugh! Just so he roared, and 'made fun,' when he was breaking his wife's heart at home. Jokes! No one could have a dinner or a supper party without him. He afterward married Lavinia Marks, on the strength of his goodness to his wife; and I have no doubt the same thing will operate on the mind of Miss Parsells and her father. Poor Christina Dell! But she is far happier where she is now, than she could be, even if Davison was not a brute. But come, let us sally out; it is visiting time, and we owe a great many visits. So, here we are; this is Ormsby's house. Now, Leo, look out for the man's eye.'

The newly-married couple were sitting together very lovingly, and every thing around them was bride-like and comfortable. They jumped up quickly to welcome us, for my uncle, as I said, was a general favorite. He praised every thing over and over again: even the ugly clock on the mantel-piece had his kind notice.

'Yes, I knew you would like it,' said the lively little lady, 'but James does not think it suitable for this small room. It is rather large, to be sure; but then bronze is so much more fashionable than gold. I am sorry, now, since he dislikes it so much, that I did not take the gilt one; but, Mr. Andover, how could I tell, *then*, that he preferred the gilt one? *Then*, he thought as I thought, and as I uniformly preferred the bronze clock, why he was only too happy to approve — was not you, James?' I never heard, then, of his dislike to this poor clock; but a month after marriage makes a great difference, you know, Mr. Andover.'

While she was laughing out gaily, in the pride and joy of a young bride's heart, Ormsby was trying to catch her eye. I saw that her prattle disconcerted him, and he wanted to stop her; but she ran on, and my uncle listened with as much glee and innocence as herself. Ormsby walked across the room, so as to get in front of her, under pretence of pushing the clock straight.

'I believe James is satisfied with all my purchases,' said she, 'but that foolish clock; and if I could, I would change it, yet, for the gold one. Why, only a little before you came in —'

Her husband caught her eye this time, and his look quelled her; for her laugh and her joyousness were at an end. She was puzzled to know why her little nonsense was taken amiss now, when it was always so pleasantly listened to before her marriage. This was evidently the first stroke of the married man's eye. It embarrassed her; she cast a timid glance at her husband, and was silent.

'Did you see the fellow's eye?' asked my uncle, when on our way to the next house. 'Now the poor child said nothing amiss; she was only a little bridish. Ormsby did not like the exposure. It showed he had struck the false colors of courtship, and had nailed up the red, stern flag to the mast-head. Men are all alike, Leo.'

Our next visit was to Mr. Emerson, the chemist. He lived in the greatest harmony with his wife; they had been married seven years, and had several fine children. The very moment we entered the house, he cast a fierce look at his better half. 'My dear Jane,' said he, with a look and tone that badly accorded with the tender epithet, 'why do you shut out Mr. Anderson's dog?' Do open the door, and let him come in. Pray excuse her,' continued he, casting aside the married glance,

and looking most kindly on us; 'she has such an aversion to dogs, nay, such a foolish fear of them, that my poor Romeo has but a sorry time of it, for when my back is turned, he is banished to the kitchen.'

'Then why,' said my uncle, mildly, 'why do you keep a dog, if Mrs. Emerson is afraid of them? I am very fond of cats, and I should have two or three Maltese and Angolas, if Phillida were not averse to it. She dislikes cats as much as your wife fears dogs, and in consequence, I have banished them. Leo, my son, step out and drive Brutus from the door; he is scratching at it, and Mrs. Emerson must not be kept uneasy.' Emerson here cast another look.

'What,' thought I, 'do all men change in this way after marriage?' My uncle, as if divining my thoughts, nodded his head, but I shook mine. 'Never, Flora, shall this eye of mine look otherwise than tenderly on thee!'

'Did you see Emerson's eye?' said my uncle, when fairly on the pavement: 'and yet he is a pleasant fellow. How well he talks, and how kind and considerate he is to every body, poor and all. He is really a good man, and we could not get on well without him; and I have no doubt that he is, in the main, an indulgent husband. Now he might as well give up his fancy for dogs, seeing that his wife dislikes them. I cannot for my life conceive why he persists in it. Leo, it gives a woman a very bad opinion of our sex, when she finds how different a lover and a husband are. I remember the time when this very man, that lords it so with his eye, used to leave his dog at home when he went to Brighton to visit his sweet-heart. He was tender enough of her feelings, then. He gave up smoking, too, knowing that she disliked the smell of tobacco-smoke, yet the cigar is hardly ever out of his mouth now. Did you see what a sarcastic look she put on, when I said that I gave up cats to please your aunt? The expression amounted to this: 'Yes, bachelor Andover, but there is all the difference in the world between giving up your whims to please your sister, and renouncing them to please your wife. If Phillida had been your wife, instead of your sister, the cats would have been paramount.' And indeed, my dear nephew, I am afraid this would be the case. It is this fear which has kept me an old bachelor.'

Our next visit was to Mr. Renshaw, a retired merchant. He had an excellent wife, and lovely children, all of whom were in good health, and well managed. He was so cheerful, and she seemed so much at her ease, that I cast my eye toward my uncle; but he shook his head. 'Wait awhile!' said he, in an under tone.

'How finely the children grow!' said he to Mr. Renshaw. 'Let me see; your eldest must be twelve years old, now?'

'I really do not know,' was the answer. 'My dear, how old did you say Augustus was? You told me, this morning, but I really have forgotten already.'

'But if it had been an animal,' said his wife, laughingly, 'you would not have forgotten. You always remember the age of your horse and your ——' Her husband gave her a look.

We saw several glances of the married man's eye, for the first did not seem to quell her sufficiently; yet she said nothing to deserve them. 'A woman,' said my uncle, as we passed on to the next house, 'never knows when she may banter or trifle. Sometimes her hus-

band is in an easy mood, and then he will fall into the nonsense of the conversation ; for, after all, it is nothing but nonsense that one talks, in these morning visits. Here lives our good Dr. Fielding ; let us stop here.'

'Doctor,' said Mrs. Fielding, after we had chatted a little while, 'show Mr. Andover little Mat's head, and see whether *he* pronounces the lump a wen or a bruise.' Ah, such a look as she got ! It stopped her short at once. The doctor had no desire that his old friend should suppose him so ignorant in so simple a matter as wen or no wen.

'I have no doubt,' said uncle Andover, when we left the house, 'that the doctor was wondering and wondering about this wen, just for talk's sake, before we went in ; and so his wife, feeling anxious, and for the want of something better to say, blundered on the wen. Are you satisfied now, Leo ?' asked the good old bachelor.

Every thing that wealth and taste could combine, was centred in and around the house of Mr. Frazer, a manufacturer in large business, and of great popularity. He was still in the prime of life, although he had a daughter married, whose first baby was now on its first visit to his house. Nothing, of course, was too good for the child and its mother, and Mr. Renshaw revelled in unalloyed happiness. We admired and wondered at the child's precocity and beauty, till even the mother was satisfied, and we were wondering what we should say next, when Mr. Frazer came in from his office.

After hearing all our praises over again, and getting our opinion of his daughter's looks, he cast a cross glance at his wife, and said, 'My dear, I came near breaking my neck over the child's wagon in the entry ; how could you let it stand there ?' 'Oh, father,' said the daughter, 'it was my fault ; it was I that left it there.' His face cleared up in an instant ; for, as my uncle afterward observed, it makes a vast difference whether the injury, or opposition, or vexation, comes from a wife or a daughter. But with this branch of the question I have nothing to do at present. I am now only to speak of the married man's eye.

The next visit was to Mr. Graylove, the clergyman. I thought *his* wife could not be afraid of dogs, for there were no less than four lying about. Over one of them my uncle stumbled, as he entered the parlor ; but instead of apologizing to him, Mr. Graylove cast a reproachful look at his poor wife.

'I told Mrs. Graylove,' said he, with another glance, 'that if she persisted in driving old Carlo from the hearth-rug, he would take to the door-rug ; and now she sees I was right.'

'Oh, never mind,' said my uncle, mildly ; 'no harm is done ; only that Carlo has chosen a very inconvenient place of rest ; for he must be continually disturbed by the opening and shutting of the door.'

'Yes, but the door opens outward, as you see,' said Mrs. Graylove ; 'and people generally see him, and so step over him, if he is too lazy to get up, as he was to-day. If I had my way, dogs should never come in the parlor : they are a perfect nuisance, and I tell Mr. Graylove——'

The eye quelled her. 'What !' said I, 'is it always thus ? Is the married eye *always* ready to reproach ?'

Our last visit was to a very aged couple, Timothy Winter, and his

wife. He was an old country gentleman, of eighty-six, affluent and respectable. On this day, there were thirty-six children, grand-children, great grand-children, and two little twin boys, his great-great-grand-children. It was their aged relative's birth-day.' 'Surely,' thought I, 'this man has scourged his eye out by this time.' 'Look out for his eye!' said uncle Andover.

All seemed to hover about the old man, and I kept wondering why the same fuss was not kept up with the old lady, too. Very little notice was taken of her. There she sat, in a corner by herself, smiling and nodding, and looking so happy — poor old thing! — but to my eyes, she did not seem to belong to the people around her. She was a delicate, lady-like looking woman, with a mild expression, and of quiet manners; while the whole brood were needy, care-worn, sinister-looking people; rough and uneducated. Even the father, although of coarse exterior, had a cast of superiority. We often see this in families, and there is no accounting for it.

The only one that at all resembled the old lady, was the mother of the little twin boys, who died of a broken heart, from ill usage. Her husband was a brute, and broke his neck in a horse-race, just one month after his wife's death. The children were taken home to their paternal grandmother, and this, as I have said, was their first visit. With that placid smile on her face, old Mrs. Winter was the only one in the group who felt a pang at the loss of the children's mother; and yet, living at a great distance from her, she had never been seen by the aged people.

No one, as I observed, paid much attention to old Mrs. Winter; yet what had she not endured for them all! In some shape or other, her assistance, her feelings, were in constant requisition. To every one of the rough, ungainly-looking people, she had more than acted a mother's part; and yet they showed more respect to old Timothy, who had never voluntarily, my uncle said, done them one kind act. Young as I was, I had seen this before, in several families. The descendants make a greater ado with the old grandfather.

'Stand aside, Sally dear,' said the aged woman, 'and let me have another look at the dear little boys. Alas for their poor dear mother! What are their names, did you say? Henry and George? Well, they are very pretty names, but I wonder that one of them was not called Timothy.'

Old Timothy had some such feeling in his own mind, for most old people have this passion of wishing their name to descend to their grandchildren, let the name be ever so ugly. But if it was a mark of respect to give the child a name, so it was a mark of disrespect, or indifference, to neglect doing it. To make this neglect apparent to others, was offensive to old Timothy; so he cast his eye wrathfully toward his wife: 'Nonsense!' said this old man of eighty-six. He meant that this look from his eye should have reached her, but it failed, for it fell on my uncle. Timothy was almost blind, yet he did his best.

'And yet,' said uncle Andover, after we left the house, 'the old man was always thought to be a kind husband.'

'But why,' said I, sorely puzzled, 'why is it that all hover around the old man? I have observed it to be the case every where.'

'Why?' said he; 'why because men, to the last, hold the purse-strings, my son; and because all their children, grand, great-grand, and great-great-grand children, down to such little ones as the twins we have just left, have seen the man's eye quell their mother — the mother of all; she that suffered for them, that nursed them through many a desperate illness; she that has toiled for them down to her eightieth year, and has for ever interceded for them, when the old man was churlish. The workings of that old man's eye — of every man's eye — has made her and all old women what they generally are, poor despised creatures; so that to be called an 'old woman,' is the most degrading epithet that can be applied. But their time is coming; their day is opening, Leo; and those little twin brothers will not say 'Nonsense!' and cast a fierce glance at their wives, when they, tender-hearted to the last, are anxious that their husband's name should be kept green and fresh in the minds of their descendants. Yes, my son, the moment a man marries, his eye begins to scourge his wife; but woman is now beginning to ask why this must be.'

'To be sure, my dear uncle,' said I, 'a man must often say and do foolish things, and often act contrary to his wife's judgment. He must, therefore, be as liable to the fierce glance of the eye, as she is. The only wonderful thing about it is, that any man who tenderly loves his wife, can let his eye fall on her as if she were his enemy.' 'No, Flora,' said I, 'never shall this eye reprove thine!' Uncle Andover looked up and smiled.

At the head of the broad street, we stopped to buy an orange of old Mrs. Tray. She was waiting for us, and keeping herself in sight, that she might say a few words to good bachelor Andover, a name by which he always went, and to which he always answered as readily and as innocently as when he was called *Leonardus*, which was his name. Mrs. Tray was not so anxious that we should buy her fruit, as to hear my uncle say a few pleasant words to her, and to chat over the news of the day. Her husband sat on the steps, smoking his pipe. He was a poor, sorry, do-little fellow, blind of one eye, and did scarcely any thing toward supporting the household.

'Good morning, Mrs. Tray!' How are you, and how do you like the rail-road? They paid you well for cutting through your garden, did n't they?

'Why yes, thanks to you, bachelor Andover. I remember that, full forty years ago, you told me, then a young girl, and you but a few years older, that — But may be you are one of those who do not like to speak of their age; not that you are so very old, bachelor Andover.'

'I am turned of sixty, Mrs. Tray; so do not fear that you will hurt my feelings, by classing me among the old. How curious it is, Leo, that people have an aversion to be thought old, as if age were disgraceful. Your good husband is looking very well, too, Mrs. Tray. He smokes still, I see.'

'Yes, Peter is quite well, at present; but I was telling him, as you came along this way, that he had better come in doors and smoke, as sitting in the sun, with his head leaning against the cold brick wall, would bring on his old head-ache.'

A fierce look from the old brute stopped her at once. He scourged her with the only eye he had.

We both laughed heartily, when out of hearing. 'You see,' said my uncle, 'that it runs through all ranks and degrees; and if every one would keep a look-out, as you and I have done to-day, the married man's eye would be seen in every house. It is so common a thing, that it is never noticed. It is looked upon as part of the marriage ceremony, or rather as having been engrafted upon a man, in consequence of the ceremony.'

'Yes, I shall now be for ever watching the married man's eye; but just for fun's sake, if you are not too tired, let us go down into this oyster-cellar, and see what kind of eye old Cato has. I hear the pan going; his wife is frying oysters.'

'His eye will work, too, depend upon it!' said my uncle, with a smile: 'he will quell her—he will quell her!'

But no such thing. To our amazement, his eye never shot an angry glance at the poor, heated, tired woman, doing her best, as nine wives ~~out~~ of ten always do. My dear uncle was quite 'put out' about it, for he was loth to admit that the rule did not hold good with all men. We staid full half an hour, seated on a clean bench, near the door-way, chatting with the old man and woman, who, in the time, dispensed two pan's full of oysters, nicely fried, to their customers.

My uncle, as I thought, made several efforts to provoke a shot from the eye of old Cato; but it made no impression. I told him that I suspected he was playing false; but he denied it, though he said if the glance could be obtained, it would not signify whether it was provoked, or whether it came naturally. It was the *proneness* to make use of the eye—the *authority* of the married man's eye—that he rebelled against.

But no unlucky word or deed from old Dinah had any effect upon her husband's dim, bleared eyes. My uncle now 'set in to talk,' first to Cato and then to Dinah, who was now preparing a third pan of oysters. 'I will show you Cato's eye yet!' said my uncle. 'I doubt it,' I replied.

'How many children have you, Cato? I used to see four or five playing about you, a year or two ago, and now I only see the little girl who carried out the oysters.'

'We have nine, massa Andover, and all doing pretty well, 'ceptin' Clarissy, who lost her good husband, poor ting! So I told my Dinah to let her and de tree children come home. Dat little girl is her oldest child.'

'This comes very hard upon *you*, Cato. I must tell my sister to look into it.'

'Tanky, massa, tanky; but it is not for *me* to complain: only Dinah, my poor woman, I tell her she will fry her eyes out. I have nothin' to do but to sit still half de time and open oysters; but tank God we have a great run, massa; and Dinah, nobody can please de customers so well as she, massa. Den, when I have taken out de shells, I does nothin' but go about and 'muse myself in de garden, or lean over de wagons, and get tings cheap. But it comes very hard upon my poor woman dere:' and Cato cast a tender, humane glance at his wife, who having just finished her oysters, was turning them in a plate.

My uncle looked at me from the corner of his eye, to see if I had observed the old man's. 'I saw it,' said I; 'it was a glance worth a guinea.'

In a moment Dinah stood before us, with a tray, on which were two plates, each containing six of the largest and finest oysters I ever saw. A little table was placed between us, on which was a snow-white cloth, bread, pickles, mustard, pepper and salt.

She turned aside to look at Cato; and oh, what a delighted eye the affectionate husband cast on her! He fairly rubbed his hands with joy, at this mark of attention to us.

'Dat 's it, Dinah, dat 's it; now why didn't I tink of dis, too? But she is always beforehand wid me, massa bachelor Andover. I tink women are always 'cuter dan men in such tings; but when it comes to open oysters, den we beat 'em! Yah! yah!'

'Oh never mind it, Dinah, womau,' said he, when the poor soul, in her haste to hand my uncle a glass of water, knocked over the mustard-cup, the contents of which ran on his boots; 'never mind it, old woman; massa don't care, for I can soon polish him up again, and I'll buy you another mustard-cup.'

'Here is a dollar toward it,' said my uncle; 'and here are two,' said I, 'for not casting an augry look at your wife, when she knocked the cup over.'

'He look mad at me!' said honest Dinah; Lucky! — why, young massa, Cato never looked mad at me once in his life, as I can remember.'

'Well, who would have thought it?' said my crest-fallen uncle, as we left the cellar. 'I must own that I tried hard, at the first going off, to provoke his eye to do its accustomed duty. But look — look there!'

Little Davison came smirking along, with Miss Parsells hanging on his arm; when just as he approached us, her bonnet caught in the straggling branch of a wild plum-tree, which stood in a little group of trees near the edge of the commons. The ribband gave way, and the bonnet was jerked from her head. Oh, how assiduous the fellow was, in extricating it from the branch! How devotedly he pinned the ribband fast, and how tenderly he tied the bonnet on again! Then he laughed so good humoredly at the joke, and at her embarrassment, and he drew her arm in his so gently, as they moved away!

'He is engaged to her — he has her!' said my uncle; 'but remember this scene, Leo, and mark his behaviour a twelvemonth hence. Here comes our little beauty.'

It was indeed my dear Flora, blooming with goodness, health, and loveliness. I forgot little Davison — I forgot the whole world — as I sprang to her side.

'She is beautiful and happy,' said uncle Andover, as I told him of my engagement, which I did as soon as we left the dear girl at Oak Valley; 'but put off your marriage as long as you can. Ah! if you had told me of your love for her, I should have tried to persuade you to let her alone. She is too good, too innocent, for the married eye.'

'What! do you think that my eye will ever try to quell that bright, beaming glance of hers?'

'Yes, Leo, that it will. Old Cato has the only eye that does not carry a savage authority in it.'

Well, the short of the story is, that after a little coaxing, my dear aunt and uncle consented to our marriage ; and it so happened that a few months after, as I was walking one fine afternoon with my lovely companion on my arm, and my uncle at her side — for he became very fond of her — we saw Davison and his wife, late Miss Parsells, in the very walk where we had encountered him before. Instead of *her* bonnet it was *his* hat that was knocked off by the branch, I dare say the same branch, of the wild plum. But the tone was altered now. ‘ You would come this way ! ’ said he, looking fiercely at his wife, as he replaced his hat on his head ; ‘ you are always doing something or other to make me look ridiculous. Your own foolish hat was dragged from your own foolish head in this very spot.’

‘ Do you hear ? ’ said my uncle. ‘ I do,’ said I. ‘ Did you see the look he gave her ? ’ ‘ To be sure I did ; and how meekly she bore it.’

‘ Flora, my love, how you swing about ! ’ said I, not thinking that it was my attention to Davison’s manœuvres that prevented her from keeping the path. ‘ Don’t gaze on those people so,’ said I, casting the married eye on poor Flora, who was only following my example. My uncle was a little in advance of us, and turned his head in time to catch the look.

‘ Leo, write this all down,’ said bachelor Andover, ‘ for the good of the female sex.’

‘ I will,’ said I, looking abashed ; ‘ Flora, dearest ! forgive me ! ’

LADY, YOU 'RE WANTED !

I AM lonely in the summer,
When the earth is bright and warm ;
Like a late, unwelcome comer,
Looks are cold that meet my form.

Where the dear and loving cluster,
I must ever stand alone,
Not an eye whose tender lustre
I can call my own — my own !

I may never read affection
In the gentle, glowing look ;
One lone trunk, for whose reflection
Lingers no glad, sunny brook.

Where is she, the fondly waited,
To whose hand the cords would ring ?
Must I ever lone, unmated,
Mournfully my music sing ?

Ah, the fire is burning dimmer,
No one heeds its embers now ;
Still the last reluctant glimmer
Shines for thee — but where art thou ?

Come ! oh, come ! the shades are falling,
Sadly sounds my unheard strain ;
Answer, answer to my calling,
And the hearth shall glow again.

R. T.

L I N E S

TO NINA, WITH SOME HEART'S EASE.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Ay ! fling them forth ! those faded, scentless things,
 Out to their mother, Earth !
 And gather flowers, which all her countless springs
 Have nourished into birth.

Ay ! fling them forth ! — sad emblems they, of grief,
 And all unmeet for thee !
 The fairest buds, and every fragrant leaf,
 For thee should mingled be !

Take these, and bind them o'er thy heart and brow !
 I have culled flowers of spring,
 To twine the hours that float around thee now —
 The ever-blossoming !

Sayest thou, the withered are to thee the past ?
 In these, thy future see !
 Thus bright, and pure, and fair, they sure will last —
 Unfading aye, for thee !

C H I L D H O O D .

'Oh gentle bud, that bloomest in the morn,
 When Phœbus crimson's o'er the eastern sky,
 Long may thy tender blushing face adorn
 The stem which beareth thee !'

LAY OF THE MOSS ROSE.

GENTLE READER, if you have ever visited the good old village of Hampden, you cannot but have noticed the number and beauty of the children, who throng its streets, building castles, not of air but of mud, or trooping in noisy procession down its lanes and alleys. The village itself is one of those sweet-faced remnants of antiquity, which are to be seen here and there, (alas ! that they are so few !) scattered over the early settled portions of our country. One long winding street, flanked by rows of stately poplar and button-wood trees, with a sprinkling of sycamores and Chinas, and bearing the somewhat invidious appellation of Main-street — for what reason it would be hard to say, inasmuch as it is the only thing that presents the slightest claim to the name of street — is well garnished with a double row of queer-looking, old-fashioned houses, whose one-storied brick fronts, and moss-grown, broken-backed roofs, give a delightful image of the comfort and simplicity of the olden time in Virginia.

If you pass through in the summer, the doors and windows are all open. Hall and parlor, dining-room and chamber, are equally free to the view of every loungers. A venerable old lady, surrounded by females in regular gradation of age, from fifteen years and upward, may be seen cozily seated in the wide, breezy hall, sewing and chatting, and not without an eye to any new face that may chance to pass

along the street. A female servant, perhaps, may be detected in adjusting her cape, or ogling her ebony charms, in the mirror of the now deserted parlor. Ducks standing on one foot, young cocks practicing their first lessons in crowing — a very nervous kind of noise, by the way, and generally accompanied with a drawing up of one leg, not unlike those twitchings at his pantaloons which usually accompany the tyro's first efforts at declamation — and old cocks, strutting in a slow, aristocratic manner, with their lady-hens and their jealously-guarded brood; may be seen in the sunny court-yard behind: while an equally numerous brood of small ladies and gentlemen — from the chubby-faced school-boy to the little 'squab,' who has just acquired experience enough in this world's ways to work himself along on the soft grass, by dint of wriggling and kicking with hands and heels, or to scream with a new burst of laughter at every odd face, which Bill, the curly-headed rogue! is making for his amusement — are rolling and tumbling on the shady grass-plot in front. Few men are to be seen. It is morning, and they are all off on business or pleasure, or, what is more likely, are snoozing away in some quiet apartment up stairs. A few negroes, of both sexes, may be seen laughing and talking at the lower end of the town, near the wharf, or leaning, with a happy forgetfulness of this world's cares, against the sunny side of an old-fashioned ware-house.

But every thing has the same staid, respectable appearance. There are no signs of confusion or bustle. The grass grows green and tempting, between the bricks which pave the side-walks, leaving, however, a narrow path for the accommodation of pedestrians. The farmer's team, destined, God willing, to accomplish its ten miles in as many hours, trudges slowly onward, picking the way with as much certainty as if the driver, who is comfortably snoring within the covered wagon, were awake to direct it. A few weather-beaten old schooners disembark their monthly cargo of rats at the wharf. And though one suspicious movement has been going on, by which a dashing new draw-bridge has taken the place of the firm beams and boards, which once said to vessels, 'Thus far shall ye come and no farther,' the town is evidently far behind this generation of rail-roads and racket, in every thing that goes under the name of 'improvement.'

Time and your patience, gentle reader, would fail me, were I to go on describing all the beauties of my native place. Reclined on yon grassy knoll, in the shade of those consecrated elms, it has been the solace of thirty years to drink in the sweet sounds of life and enjoyment, as they floated up amid the stillness of a summer's eve: the merry laugh of children engaged in their evening gambols; the low, faint hum of conversation; the bark of some restless dog; the lowing of cows: the boisterous mirth of the negroes; all softened into a plaintive hum by the distance, chime delightfully in with the din of the insects, which make night vocal with their chirping, and relieve a silence that might otherwise be oppressive. Here have I loved to lie, night after night, in a delicious reverie, gazing upon the glorious heavens above, or watching the lights of the village beneath, with a pleasure unconscious of sameness. Every familiar sound brings a throb to my bosom as exquisite and thrilling, as when my blood boiled

with the intenser feelings of youth. I have never travelled — nor have I ever desired to. I care not for scenery; for in *yon* blue fields of the skies, I can see brighter landscapes than the Rhine or the Alps could afford me. I care not for wealth: then, why should I launch my bark among the cross currents of men's passions and interests, when it is now so safely and snugly moored in this quiet haven? I am a lover. But HOME is the object of my idolatry. I love my native place, and I love all that is in it. I love her young men and maidens; her old men and children; her venerable houses; her serpentine street, winding so *naturally* along. I love to stroll among the sweet nooks of the neighborhood; to sip the cool water under the great vine-mantled oak, that shadows the sparkling eddies of 'Cool Spring;' to follow the playful windings of the 'branches,' which flow on in their sandy beds, at the bottom of each wooded 'gully;' in short, I love every sound, and sight, and taste, and smell of home, with all the passion of the most ardent lover.

But, as I have hinted before, it is in the number of the children, that my own Hampden holds a decided preëminence. They are so simple and primitive, too, so unlike the rude school-boys and misses of other towns, that I like to forget my years, and to kneel on all fours, and become, for a moment, as one of them. My own house, alas! is desolate; (I am a bachelor, and may some day tell why;) but my neighbors are blessed indeed. Seven rosy boys, and five blushing girls, with two or three others, of whose gender I am not so certain, have learned to make my dwelling their home, and to cheer the lone bachelor's heart with their innocent prattle. There seems something in the very air of the place favorable to family increase. Whether it is that the town is growing old, and 'running to seed' as a natural consequence, or whether its quiet, heavenly situation renders it a fit soil for these sweet blossoms of humanity, certain it is, that there has been, as far back as I can remember, a constant, steady supply of children, which is truly wonderful. My pew in church is immediately behind that of a worthy lady, who has been strenuously engaged, for many years back, in rearing up children for the commonwealth. And not one of those years has past, without my devotions being disturbed by a sweet-faced little tempter, who *will* kneel upon the seat, and try to provoke me into a romp. With her large blue eyes, and her prim mouth, full of comic gravity, turned toward me, how can I be serious? I try to frown, but I smile, and the little rogue, taking advantage of my weakness, leaves no means untried to disturb my devotion. It is in vain, too, that her mother, in a whisper loud enough for half the church to hear, threatens to send her home; and, in order to keep her quiet, sets sister Jane alongside of her; a prim, sober-looking little lady, whom I with difficulty recognise as the one who three years ago performed exactly the same part in church that little Mary is now acting. And so they go on from year to year. Every summer, a new one comes to church, and takes the place nearest the pew door; while her predecessor, now sobered into a young lady, sits down on the right side of her mother. And it is the same all over the church. So gradually does one crop follow another, that I can hardly perceive a difference between the successive generations; but to all intents and purposes, I see the same set of young ones with whom I played twenty years ago.

There are certain manifest signs, however, which inform me when any new adventurer is landing on our shores. In my constant visits among the neighbors, both those who have long lived together in conubial bliss, and those who, having just bought their tickets in the grand lottery, are anxiously scanning whether it be blank or prize; I often notice, with the curious eye of a bachelor, those slight tokens which tell the wise that a new guest is expected. In the new families, especially, the signs are not to be mistaken. Occasional glimpses of very small shirts and caps, and several otherwise unintelligible articles of clothing, convey an information more certain than words. A mysterious cradle, perhaps, may meet my eye in some out-of-the-way corner of the house; there begins to be a strange seriousness in the looks of the young husband; and, altogether, an atmosphere of mystery pervades the establishment, and gives to every familiar face and object a hue which is as certainly indicative of some expected change, as the murky stillness of a sultry day is the forerunner of a storm.

But what a joyous-melancholy day is that, which ushers a new soul into the world! The blinds of the house are all closed; the doors fast shut; and all is silent, till a low voice of wailing may be heard through the muffled chambers, like the sigh of a dying gale. What an expression, too, may be seen in the husband's face! Like a timid conjuror, who has said his charm, and stands tremblingly awaiting the fiend's arrival, almost hoping the exorcism may fail, he seems at a loss how to view his unexpected bliss. His brow is cloudy; his eye distracted. Uncertain how to act, he peers anxiously around, and hopes and fears, and fears and hopes, until at last his suspense is changed into joy, and he clasps his wailing image in his arms. Interesting little stranger! Thou little knowest what anxious hearts have beat for thy safety! Cast, as saith a worthy ancient, like a shipwrecked mariner, naked and destitute, upon this dreary strand, to those standing upon the beach, and looking into the mist for some glimmering of the coming sail, thou, puling babe as thou art, hast been of far more interest, than the highest of those who sit upon thrones, and build their towers upon the shattered landmarks of their neighbors. And what a nest of love, too, is prepared for thy reception, in the hearts of a father and mother! From the savage hovel, where

——— 'the dusky mother pressed
Her new-born infant with a rapturous thrill
Of unimagined love,'

to the glittering palace of luxury, where an excessive polish has lessened the radiating powers of the heart, and substituted smoothness for warmth, nature still asserts her prerogative, in this, at least, and binds the mother to the babe, with 'cords of perdurable toughness.' Whatever may be its destiny afterward, the child has little cause to complain of its first reception on earth.

It has been my favorite employment, for thirty years, to watch these fair buds, as they gradually expand, and merge into the green fruit of boyhood, or ripen to the maturity of man. The very appearance of infancy has something in unison with the nobler feelings of the heart. Its helplessness, its tender outlines, its pure and healthy complexion, like snow unsullied by the earth, convey an idea of love and

innocence, that wakes the airy harp of the soul, and draws a strange wild music from its strings. It is the magical influence of this little charmer, which binds the domestic circle. Even its tricks and petty passions, proceeding from selfishness, have something eloquent in them. What a transforming power must a babe possess, when, as I have often observed, its tender arms can stay the wild young rake in his course, and bind him down to the sameness of the fireside circle. Yet such is often the moral power of infants. From the first morning of joy, when the pale young mother* presents her jewel to the arms of the blushing father, a new spring of feelings has gushed forth in his heart, and is there working deep but silent channels for its streams. He feels that he is another man. He looks down upon earth, and sees a bright hue of sunshine mellowing the roughness of its path; he looks up toward heaven, and finds no difficulty in conceiving a bliss, of which he has had a foretaste on earth.

In my bachelor visitations to my married friends, I have often chuckled over the bashfulness, contending with love, which distinguishes the YOUNG FATHER. In the pride of his heart, perhaps, when his little man has first given evidence of that degree of mental exertion called 'taking notice,' he clasps the crowing baby in his arms; he rests its lily feet upon his knees; he endures with philosophic patience all the 'gouging,' and pulling, and kicking, with which the young hero may testify his triumph; and while the young mother stands by, her eyes beaming with mingled love and pride, he becomes warmer in his romps; makes faces, as the nerveless fingers of the little one seek, with more earnestness, his eyes, or pull with a greater effort at his lips; and amid screams of laughter, he chases the flying hours, until at length a 'pale cast of thought' flits over the baby's face, like a cloud in a summer sky. This is the signal for immediate seriousness. The father grows grave — then frightened. He raises him gently from his lap, and with a single exclamation of 'Take him, mother!' consigns the precious charge to her arms, and, darting a hasty glance at his 'pants,' he walks in silence from the room.

Nor do we bachelor's always escape with impunity. Anxious to win a smile from some fond mother, more than one of us may have dared to approach, with a kiss, the hallowed lips of her darling. But mark the quick wing of vengeance! Darting from its lurking place in the mouth, out flies the little doubled fist, and slams a well beslabbered biscuit into the face of the intruder. He recoils, with his 'reeking honors fresh upon him,' and the little squab coos in triumph at his failure.

This habit of using its fingers, whether it arise from 'combative-ness,' as the phrenologists would call it, or from 'outdacious himpidence,' as 'old Aunt Rachel' would say, has always made me very cautious in my approaches to infants. Beside, I have noticed that the little wretches are not without a sense of the humorous. They can always tell when they have put any of their friends in an awkward situation; and no one enjoys the joke so much as themselves. Nothing can be more comic, than the look of mingled fright and pleasure

* 'And when thou think'st upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee!'

which they assume, when they have done any work of mischief; and nothing more irresistible than the joyous crow they give, when they have lost the mingling of fear, and reached a tower of safety in the arms of a mother or a nurse. Their pugnacious qualities are developed sooner than any others. They punch, and 'gouge,' and kick, and scream, through all opposition. And that mingled generosity and selfishness with which they give away their play-things, and straitway demand them again, forms an excellent comment upon the virtues of riper years. They are fond of seeing folks happy. And they evince their fondness, by taking things out of their own mouths to put them in those of their friends. But what I consider most remarkable, is their great curiosity. They not only fix the big round eye of inquiry on every external object, but, like true philosophers, observe the *γνώσις σεαυτοῦ* of the Greeks. Often have I watched the movements of a youthful sage, who has just made the discovery that he has a big-toe. With what a sagacious air does he eye it round and round; how serious and sober his looks; how he handles, and tugs at, the newly-discovered member, until at last, by too hard a pull, he finds that it is *bonâ fide* a part of himself; and his investigation, like those of older philosophers, ends only in tears.

Some people love to plague babies: they tease them, and vex them, and take a savage pleasure in their cries. I often walk the streets with a waggish acquaintance of mine, who never fails, when he sees a baby ahead, looking back over its nurse's shoulder, to salute it with such horrid grimaces, as would pickle a barrel of cucumbers, if placed in his way. This, of course, sets the infant screaming; and the poor nurse, who looks round and sees only two gentlemen conversing, searches in vain for the secret pin! I never join in such wicked amusements. And I counsel all nurses, who are placed in such a situation, to look carefully around, to see whether the gentlemen behind seems particularly grave and innocent; and if he does, to charge him boldly with the deed. Babies should have the benefit of the law.

Poor little things! Theirs is a strange mixture of calm and of storm. One moment screaming, as if racked to death, the next laughing at some novel toy, they pursue, not the 'even' or the 'noiseless' tenor of their way, with a number of jogs and jolts, which make up in frequency, if not in intensity, for the greater ups and downs of after life. We hardly dare to say that theirs is a life of happiness, for we have no means of knowing. But when we look upon the fine blue eyes of an intelligent child, wafted like a bubble on the waves of existence, and glowing with all the rainbow tints of health and spirits, and then upon a poor sick infant, reduced to a skeleton by the lean hand of Sickness, or whirled, with a quickening motion, in the eddy that leads to the jaws of death, we cannot help admitting the fact, that even the pure brow of childhood is branded with the curse of Cain; that he is sent forth, ere Reason has taken her throne, an outcast and vagabond upon the face of the earth. Death has fixed his broadest seal upon the brightest page of existence. Nature puts forth her thousand buds on the trees, and renders spring frolicsome, by filling air, earth, and water, with a fresh supply of young and beautiful creatures. But of these, how few ever come to maturity! The buds are scattered in

the breeze ; the bleak winds howl over the cold, stiff form of the once frisky lamb ; and the sweet bud of immortality, which promised so fragrant an opening, is gathered to adorn the icy coronet of death.

In my frequent romps with the children, I have always loved to notice how early the difference develops itself in the dispositions and carriage of the two sexes. Long before he has displaced the unmanly gown for the breeches, the boy shows himself formed of grosser elements, by his rude and boisterous actions, while the girl is as early known by a certain primness and decorum, and a slight tinge of affectation, which seems proper to the sex. Their behavior to strangers is entirely different. The boy comes forward with a bold, confident air, as if he meant to take the heart by storm ; he has a thousand questions to ask, and unless checked, is apt to weary, by his talkativeness. But not so with the girl. She first peeps at the visitor from behind her mother's chair ; then slowly ventures out from her place of safety ; pouts her rosy lips ; looks out of the corners of her eyes ; and if she is at last tempted into the stranger's arms, receives his caresses in modest silence, hanging down her head, and hardly venturing an answer to his simplest question. She shows a motherly care, too, for her wild young brother. She is fond of holding his head in her lap, and lulling him asleep. She loves to have gloves on her hand, and a reticule, with a handkerchief stuffed in it, which she takes great pride in folding. And when her brothers have ruined a parsnip-bed, by digging after babies, it is she who dresses the young inanimates, and tends them with a mother's care. Nor is she, in other respects, without the use of her hands. She can apply a box to the ears of a naughty brother, with an emphasis and decorum that would not disgrace a lady of thirty. She has already learned to stroke down her gown, and shows particular expertness in that art which the ladies call 'fixing themselves.' And all these accomplishments are served up together, upon a rich ground of modesty, which relieves their more glaring tints, and makes the colors harmonize with the most lovely and delicate hues. This distinction in her favor is often a lasting one. Little girls, of any age, have a peculiar tact in noticing any slight shade of sorrow, especially upon the face of a mother ; and they seldom fail to show their sympathy by sober silence. Their better soul is born, before their reason buds. And perhaps of all the beautiful things upon earth, there is none more charming, than the quiet looks and modest airs of a sweet young girl, before she has gone to school, and been taught how to giggle. There is a flood of mind and feeling in the mellow glance of her eye ; a thrilling sweetness in the tones of her voice ; an artless playfulness in her very affectations, which can melt even the bachelor's soul, and send the most exquisite throbs along the heart-strings of a father. She reigns a queen of hearts, before she has learned the language of love.

My next door neighbor is peculiarly happy in the management of his children, which makes his lads and lasses the sweetest playmates alive. Their play-room is a perfect paradise. Young leather-faced ladies and gentlemen, ranged around on miniature chairs, may there be seen, looking with a marble rigidity of feature. Dogs and cats, taught by complicated machinery to make divers strange noises ;

horses, whose prancing legs form a delightful contrast to the moveless carriages behind them ; pigs, cows, and squirrels, and birds of every shape and material, are neatly put up in their proper places ; all being under the inspection of that busy little woman, my rosy-faced Mary. There is nothing like riot or disorganization under her rule. Not a doll is touched, nor a puppet moved, but in the way she wishes. With her lady-like ways, and motherly airs, she keeps all her young brothers and sisters in order ; while there is always a prim turn at the corner of her mouth, which reveals the laugh lurking within. And when she does laugh, what a flood of life and melody ! What music ! — unrivalled by the strains of Paganini, or any other ninny, who ever charmed away the guineas of Europe ! And what an expression, too ! With your eye upon that sunny face, and your ear tuned to those honied tones, you might imagine Eden restored, as when the sun first lighted upon it ; ‘when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy !’ How skilful, too, is she in the management of parties ! Being a decided favorite among the small folks, I often contrive to smuggle myself in, when any thing of that kind is going on among them. And then what a scene of enjoyment ! Little Mary pours out tea for the assembled visitors. All are now grave and serious ; for they feel that they are acting an important part. Their diminutive cups of tea are sipped with the utmost gravity and decorum. Every thing is on a scale of small magnificence. Little plates of sweet-meats ; little baskets of cakes ; nice little waiters ; delicate little plates ; and sweet little cups, like thimbles, in saucers of proportionate size : and then, above all, those dear little fingers ; those sparkling eyes, in which glee and frolic seem almost ready to burst from the seriousness which the awful occasion has thrown around them ; those comic mouths, and dimpled cheeks, where the laughs and the graces seem dancing in mockery of the grave part which the urchins are acting.

But supper is over. All now rush, with glee let loose, into the adjoining play-room. And now, what laughing and screaming ! what rolling and tumbling ! what a gushing flow of life and merriment ! what giggling ! what dressing of babies in one corner ! what boisterous fun among the boys, and what screams among the girls ! And what airs, too ! — what a singing together, among those young sizzys of the morning ! — what a shouting for joy, as the room becomes dizzy with their glee ! In the mean time, there sits my neighbor B——’s poor little William, all alone by himself. His face is pale and meagre. The hectic of consumption burns in one red spot on his cheek, and the lamp of life flickers with a strange unearthly glare in his eye. The poor little fellow has come with the others to the party, but his soul is not there. A thoughtfulness, beyond his years, has waved her pale sceptre over his brow ; and now he sits sorrowful among the gay, silent among the noisy ; his bright eye fixed upon vacancy, and his features hushed into a repose too awful for life. Imagination is already working : and the messengers of thought from the unseen world may be almost seen coming and going, in the occasional quiver of his cheeks. Death has marked him for his victim, and mocks him with the fleeting phantoms of thought. Poor child ! His flower is withered in the bud, and must await a more genial clime to revive

it. In the unseen fields of the stars, it may soon bloom fragrant and lovely; one of the ornaments of that garden, whose fruit is immortality and glory.

Childhood is never without its romance. It has a world peculiar to itself; a May-day world of rains and sunshine; of the flower opening for a moment, and then closing its leaves; a world whose fleeting impressions of joy and beauty are too soon dispelled by the harsher realities of life. Memory cannot always recall them. And though in after years we may sometimes discern some far-away island, mantled with beauty, and hanging, like some creation of the *fata morgana*, inverted over the misty waters of the past, it is only a solitary image, so unconnected with every thing else, that we can only wonder at its existence. But little as I have to rest upon, I love to build up my castles in these fairy spots of purity and innocence; and, while I recline on my favorite knoll, with the starry heavens above, and the mellow sounds of earth beneath, I weave the slight fabrics of imagination, and people them with those little beings, whose voices are music to my ears. I follow the wild young creatures in their devious course through the day; and, in fancy, I follow their thoughts during the night. I love to mingle with the spirits who guard their pillows. And when one of them departs from among us, I picture bright fields, where they stray by the sides of sunny streams, and chase the butterflies of pleasure, through an eternity of bliss. I listen with interest to all their childish prattle. With their little arms around my neck, and their sweet faces turned up to mine, I hear their most trifling adventures, charmed with the music of innocence and glee. I love, too, to have them as listeners; to tell them of giants, and fairies, and all the mystic creatures of fancy; of cruel men, who eat little boys and girls at a morsel, but are horribly punished for their wickedness; of the bright angels who take pity upon the children of men, and hover around their couches. I introduce them to the broad face of nature. I point them to the boundless glories of the milky-way, and I tell them how their little brothers or sisters, who have died in the bud, are now shining, bright as the stars, and winging their joyous flight over the star-spangled fields of ether. I show them the polar star; and tell them of the great ships wandering on the hoary deep, and of the poor sailor, that shuttle of fortune, tossed from shore to shore, in the great web of commerce, until he 'sinks like a bubble in the yest of waves.' And I show them the bear, the crown, the monsters who keep watch on the zodiac, and Orion, with one knee resting on the horizon, while his huge body is drawn up into the fathomless concave of the skies. All this, and more, I show them, while their sweet faces beam with intelligence, and the low tones of inquiry come in whispers from their lips. And so we pass the hours, as the long winter night rolls away, shading no brighter scenes than our humble hearths at Hampden.

P.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

HERE lies a true soldier, whom all must applaud;
Much hardship he suffered at home and abroad;
But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
Was the battle of Self in the conquest of Sin.

NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

ROCK. *RESTLESS* River, tell me whither,
Whither bound, thou restless River?

RIVER. Homeward bound to far-off ocean,
Seeking still my parent Sea;
I may not rest — my law is motion:
Why stand'st thou idle? Follow me!

ROCK. No busy, prattling rover, I:
See my bald head lifted high
And calm above thy rushing tide.
Ever fretting 'gainst my base,
Go, vain River! run thy race,
Seeking every lowest place.

RIVER. Stern, cold rocks, and lofty hills,
Tributary are to me,
Sending down their sparkling rills,
To swell my offering to the sea.
Crumble, barren Rock, decay;
I, fruit-giving, haste away.

BOY (IN A SKIFF.) Launch, launch from the shore:
The long pliant oar
My light bark shall guide
Adown the swift tide:
Set, set the white sail,
To catch the full gale,
For Wind and Tide both my assistants shall be.

See! see on the shore
Each rock, cliff, and tree
Stands not as before;
All 's in motion with me:
The white clouds on high,
Sail quick o'er the sky,
And all things are flowing — the wide world is free!

Yon high Rock my bourne shall be;
Careful now — helm's a-lee!
Sheltered well from wind and tide,
Some brief time I here must bide,
To furl my sail, and strike my mast.
Lo, what a change! — all on shore
Moves no more:
Each rock and tree stand firm and fast,
Though still the river rushes past.

Restless River, ever flow,
Firm-bound Rock, stand frowning there;
I am free to stand or go,
Lord of Nature every where:
Higher power to me is given —
I, a favored child of Heaven.
Now strong arm and magic hand,
Skillful ply the oars of oak;
I'll wind my way along the strand,
'Gainst wind and tide, with sturdy stroke:
I have will;
I have skill;
Out of Nature I can draw,
Means to controvert her law:
Lower law must yield to higher —
To vital spark of Heaven's own fire,

H. W.

MOUNTJOY:

OR SOME PASSAGES OUT OF THE LIFE OF A CASTLE-BUILDER.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

For a day or two after the mortifying occurrence mentioned in the last number, I kept as much as possible out of the way of the family, and wandered about the fields and woods by myself. I was sadly out of tune: my feelings were all jarred and unstrung. The birds sang from every grove, but I took no pleasure in their melody; and the flowers of the field bloomed unheeded around me. To be crossed in love, is bad enough; but then one can fly to poetry for relief; and turn one's woes to account in soul-subduing stanzas. But to have one's whole passion, object and all, annihilated, dispelled, proved to be such stuff as dreams are made of— or, worse than all, to be turned into a proverb and a jest— what consolation is there in such a case?

I avoided the fatal brook where I had seen the footstep. My favorite resort was now the banks of the Hudson, where I sat upon the rocks, and mused upon the current that dimpled by, or the waves that laved the shore; or watched the bright mutations of the clouds, and the shifting lights and shadows of the distant mountain. By degrees, a returning serenity stole over my feelings: and a sigh now and then, gentle and easy, and unattended by pain, showed that my heart was recovering its susceptibility.

As I was sitting in this musing mood, my eye became gradually fixed upon an object that was borne along by the tide. It proved to be a little pinnacle, beautifully modelled, and gaily painted and decorated. It was an unusual sight in this neighborhood, which was rather lonely: indeed, it was rare to see any pleasure-barks in this part of the river. As it drew nearer, I perceived that there was no one on board; it had apparently drifted from its anchorage. There was not a breath of air: the little bark came floating along on the glassy stream, wheeling about with the eddies. At length it ran aground, almost at the foot of the rock on which I was seated. I descended to the margin of the river, and drawing the bark to shore, admired its light and elegant proportions, and the taste with which it was fitted up. The benches were covered with cushions; and its long streamer was of silk. On one of the cushions lay a lady's glove, of delicate size and shape, with beautifully tapered fingers. I instantly seized it and thrust it in my bosom: it seemed a match for the fairy footstep that had so fascinated me.

In a moment, all the romance of my bosom was again in a glow. Here was one of the very incidents of fairy tale: a bark sent by some invisible power, some good genius, or benevolent fairy, to waft me to some delectable adventure. I recollected something of an enchanted bark, drawn by white swans, that conveyed a knight down the current of the Rhine, on some enterprise connected with love and beauty. The glove, too, showed that there was a lady fair concerned in the

present adventure. It might be a gauntlet of defiance, to dare me to the enterprise.

In the spirit of romance, and the whim of the moment, I sprang on board, hoisted the light sail, and pushed from shore. As if breathed by some presiding power, a light breeze at that moment sprang up, swelled out the sail, and dallied with the silken streamer. For a time I glided along under steep umbrageous banks, or across deep sequestered bays; and then stood out over a wide expansion of the river, toward a high rocky promontory. It was a lovely evening: the sun was setting in a congregation of clouds that threw the whole heavens in a glow, and were reflected in the river. I delighted myself with all kinds of fantastic fancies, as to what enchanted island, or mystic bower, or necromantic palace, I was to be conveyed by the fairy bark.

In the revel of my fancy, I had not noticed that the gorgeous congregation of clouds which had so much delighted me, was in fact a gathering thunder-gust. I perceived the truth too late. The clouds came hurrying on, darkening as they advanced. The whole face of nature was suddenly changed, and assumed that baleful and livid tint, predictive of a storm. I tried to gain the shore, but before I could reach it, a blast of wind struck the water, and lashed it at once into foam. The next moment it overtook the boat. Alas! I was nothing of a sailor; and my protecting fairy forsook me in the moment of peril. I endeavored to lower the sail: but in so doing, I had to quit the helm; the bark was overturned in an instant, and I was thrown into the water. I endeavored to cling to the wreck, but missed my hold: being a poor swimmer, I soon found myself sinking, but grasped a light oar that was floating by me. It was not sufficient for my support: I again sank beneath the surface; there was a rushing and bubbling sound in my ears, and all sense forsook me.

How long I remained insensible, I know not. I had a confused notion of being moved and tossed about, and of hearing strange beings and strange voices around me; but all was like a hideous dream. When I at length recovered full consciousness and perception, I found myself in bed, in a spacious chamber, furnished with more taste than I had been accustomed to. The bright rays of a morning sun were intercepted by curtains of a delicate rose color, that gave a soft, voluptuous tinge to every object. Not far from my bed, on a classic tripod, was a basket of beautiful exotic flowers, breathing the sweetest fragrance.

‘Where am I? How came I here?’

I tasked my mind to catch at some previous event, from which I might trace up the thread of existence to the present moment. By degrees I called to mind the fairy pinnace, my daring embarkation, my adventurous voyage, and my disastrous shipwreck. Beyond that, all was chaos. How came I here? What unknown region had I landed upon? The people that inhabited it must be gentle and amiable, and of elegant tastes, for they loved downy beds, fragrant flowers, and rose-colored curtains.

While I lay thus musing, the tones of a harp reached my ear.

Presently, they were accompanied by a female voice. It came from the room below ; but in the profound stillness of my chamber, not a modulation was lost. My sisters were all considered good musicians, and sang very tolerably ; but I had never heard a voice like this. There was no attempt at difficult execution, or striking effect ; but there were exquisite inflexions, and tender turns, which art could not reach. Nothing but feeling and sentiment could produce them. It was soul breathed forth in sound. I was always alive to the influence of music : indeed, I was susceptible of voluptuous influences of every kind — sounds, colors, shapes, and fragrant odors. I was the very slave of sensation.

I lay mute and breathless, and drank in every note of this syren strain. It thrilled through my whole frame, and filled my soul with melody and love. I pictured to myself, with curious logic, the form of the unseen musician. Such melodious sounds and exquisite inflexions could only be produced by organs of the most delicate flexibility. Such organs do not belong to coarse, vulgar forms ; they are the harmonious results of fair proportions, and admirable symmetry. A being so organized, must be lovely.

Again my busy imagination was at work. I called to mind the Arabian story of a prince, borne away during sleep by a good genius, to the distant abode of a princess, of ravishing beauty. I do not pretend to say that I believed in having experienced a similar transportation ; but it was my inveterate habit to cheat myself with fancies of the kind, and to give the tinge of illusion to surrounding realities.

The witching sound had ceased, but its vibrations still played round my heart, and filled it with a tumult of soft emotions. At this moment, a self-upbraiding pang shot through my bosom. 'Ah, recreant !' a voice seemed to exclaim, 'is this the stability of thine affections ? What ! hast thou so soon forgotten the nymph of the fountain ? Has one song, idly piped in thine ear, been sufficient to charm away the cherished tenderness of a whole summer ?'

The wise may smile — but I am in a confiding mood, and must confess my weakness. I felt a degree of compunction at this sudden infidelity, yet I could not resist the power of present fascination. My peace of mind was destroyed by conflicting claims. The nymph of the fountain came over my memory, with all the associations of fairy footsteps, shady groves, soft echoes, and wild streamlets ; but this new passion was produced by a strain of soul-subduing melody, still lingering in my ear, aided by a downy bed, fragrant flowers, and rose-colored curtains. 'Unhappy youth !' sighed I to myself, 'distracted by such rival passions, and the empire of thy heart thus violently contested by the sound of a voice, and the print of a footstep !'

I HAD not remained long in this mood, when I heard the door of the room gently opened. I turned my head to see what inhabitant of this enchanted palace should appear ; whether page in green, a hideous dwarf, or haggard fairy. It was my own man Scipio. He advanced with cautious step, and was delighted, as he said, to find me so much myself again. My first questions were as to where I was, and how I came there ? Scipio told me a long story of his

having been fishing in a canoe, at the time of my hare-brained cruise ; of his noticing the gathering squall, and my impending danger ; of his hastening to join me, but arriving just in time to snatch me from a watery grave ; of the great difficulty in restoring me to animation ; and of my being subsequently conveyed, in a state of insensibility, to this mansion.

‘ But where am I ? ’ was the reiterated demand.

‘ In the house of Mr. Somerville. ’

‘ Somerville — Somerville ! I recollected to have heard that a gentleman of that name had recently taken up his residence at some distance from my father’s abode, on the opposite side of the Hudson. He was commonly known by the name of ‘ French Somerville,’ from having passed part of his early life in France, and from his exhibiting traces of French taste in his mode of living, and the arrangements of his house. In fact, it was in his pleasure-boat, which had got adrift, that I had made my fanciful and disastrous cruise. All this was simple, straight-forward matter of fact, and threatened to demolish all the cobweb romance I had been spinning, when fortunately I again heard the tinkling of a harp. I raised myself in bed, and listened.

‘ Scipio,’ said I, with some little hesitation, ‘ I heard some one singing just now. Who was it ? ’

‘ Oh, that was Miss Julia. ’

‘ Julia ! Julia ! Delightful ! what a name ! And, Scipio — is she — is she pretty ? ’

Scipio grinned from ear to ear. ‘ Except Miss Sophy, she was the most beautiful young lady he had ever seen. ’

I should observe, that my sister Sophia was considered by all the servants a paragon of perfection.

Scipio now offered to remove the basket of flowers ; he was afraid their odor might be too powerful ; but Miss Julia had given them that morning to be placed in my room.

These flowers, then, had been gathered by the fairy fingers of my unseen beauty ; that sweet breath which had filled my ear with melody, had passed over them. I made Scipio hand them to me, culled several of the most delicate, and laid them on my bosom.

Mr. Somerville paid me a visit not long afterward. He was an interesting study for me, for he was the father of my unseen beauty, and probably resembled her. I scanned him closely. He was a tall and elegant man, with an open, affable manner, and an erect and graceful carriage. His eyes were bluish-gray, and, though not dark, yet at times were sparkling and expressive. His hair was dressed and powdered, and being lightly combed up from his forehead, added to the loftiness of his aspect. He was fluent in discourse, but his conversation had the quiet tone of polished society, without any of those bold flights of thought, and picturings of fancy, which I so much admired.

My imagination was a little puzzled, at first, to make out of this assemblage of personal and mental qualities, a picture that should harmonize with my previous idea of the fair unseen. By dint, however, of selecting what it liked, and rejecting what it did not like, and

giving a touch here and a touch there, it soon furnished out a satisfactory portrait.

'Julia must be tall,' thought I, 'and of exquisite grace and dignity. She is not quite so courtly as her father, for she has been brought up in the retirement of the country. Neither is she of such vivacious deportment; for the tones of her voice are soft and plaintive, and she loves pathetic music. She is rather pensive — yet not too pensive; just what is called interesting. Her eyes are like her father's, except that they are of a purer blue, and more tender and languishing. She has light hair — not exactly flaxen, for I do not like flaxen hair, but between that and auburn. In a word, she is a tall, elegant, imposing, languishing, blue-eyed, romantic-looking beauty.' And having thus finished her picture, I felt ten times more in love with her than ever.

I FELT so much recovered, that I would at once have left my room, but Mr. Somerville objected to it. He had sent early word to my family of my safety; and my father arrived in the course of the morning. He was shocked at learning the risk I had run, but rejoiced to find me so much restored, and was warm in his thanks to Mr. Somerville for his kindness. The other only required, in return, that I might remain two or three days as his guest, to give time for my recovery, and for our forming a closer acquaintance; a request which my father readily granted. Scipio accordingly accompanied my father home, and returned with a supply of clothes, and with affectionate letters from my mother and sisters.

The next morning, aided by Scipio, I made my toilet with rather more care than usual, and descended the stairs, with some trepidation, eager to see the original of the portrait which had been so completely pictured in my imagination.

On entering the parlor, I found it deserted. Like the rest of the house, it was furnished in a foreign style. The curtains were of French silk; there were Grecian couches, marble tables, pier-glasses, and chandeliers. What chiefly attracted my eye, were documents of female taste that I saw around me; a piano, with an ample stock of Italian music; a book of poetry lying on the sofa; a vase of fresh flowers on a table, and a port-folio open with a skilful and half-finished sketch of them. In the window was a Canary bird, in a gilt cage, and near by, the harp that had been in Julia's arms. Happy harp! But where was the being that reigned in this little empire of delicacies! — that breathed poetry and song, and dwelt among birds and flowers, and rose-colored curtains?

Suddenly I heard the hall door fly open, the quick pattering of light steps, a wild, capricious strain of music, and the shrill barking of a dog. A light frolic nymph of fifteen came tripping into the room, playing on a flageolet, with a little spaniel ramping after her. Her gipsy hat had fallen back upon her shoulders; a profusion of glossy brown hair was blown in rich ringlets about her face, which beamed through them with the brightness of smiles and dimples.

At sight of me, she stopped short, in the most beautiful confusion, stammered out a word or two about looking for her father, glided out

of the door, and I heard her bounding up the stair-case, like a frightened fawn, with the little dog barking after her.

When Miss Somerville returned to the parlor, she was quite a different being. She entered, stealing along by her mother's side with noiseless step, and sweet timidity: her hair was prettily adjusted, and a soft blush mantled on her damask cheek. Mr. Somerville accompanied the ladies, and introduced me regularly to them. There were many kind inquiries, and much sympathy expressed, on the subject of my nautical accident, and some remarks upon the wild scenery of the neighborhood, with which the ladies seemed perfectly acquainted.

'You must know,' said Mr. Somerville, 'that we are great navigators, and delight in exploring every nook and corner of the river. My daughter, too, is a great hunter of the picturesque, and transfers every rock and glen to her port-folio. By the way, my dear, show Mr. Mountjoy that pretty scene you have lately sketched.' Julia complied, blushing, and drew from her port-folio a colored sketch. I almost started at the sight. It was my favorite brook. A sudden thought darted across my mind. I glanced down my eye, and beheld the divinest little foot in the world. Oh, blissful conviction! The struggle of my affections was at an end. The voice and the footstep were no longer at variance. Julia Somerville was the nymph of the fountain!

WHAT conversation passed during breakfast, I do not recollect, and hardly was conscious of at the time, for my thoughts were in complete confusion. I wished to gaze on Miss Somerville, but did not dare. Once, indeed, I ventured a glance. She was at that moment darting a similar one from under a covert of ringlets. Our eyes seemed shocked by the rencontre, and fell; hers through the natural modesty of her sex, mine through a bashfulness produced by the previous workings of my imagination. That glance, however, went like a sun-beam to my heart.

A convenient mirror favored my diffidence, and gave me the reflection of Miss Somerville's form. It is true it only presented the back of her head, but she had the merit of an ancient statue; contemplate her from any point of view, she was beautiful. And yet she was totally different from every thing I had before conceived of beauty. She was not the serene, meditative maid that I had pictured the nymph of the fountain; nor the tall, soft, languishing, blue-eyed, dignified being, that I had fancied the minstrel of the harp. There was nothing of dignity about her: she was girlish in her appearance, and scarcely of the middle size; but then there was the tenderness of budding youth; the sweetness of the half-blown rose, when not a tint or perfume has been withered or exhaled; there were smiles and dimples, and all the soft witcheries of ever-varying expression. I wondered that I could ever have admired any other style of beauty.

After breakfast, Mr. Somerville departed to attend to the concerns of his estate, and gave me in charge of the ladies. Mrs. Somerville also was called away by household cares, and I was left alone with Julia! Here then was the situation which of all others I had most coveted. I was in the presence of the lovely being that had so long been the desire of my heart. We were alone; propitious opportu-

nity for a lover! Did I seize upon it? Did I break out in one of my accustomed rhapsodies? No such thing! Never was being more awkwardly embarrassed.

'What can be the cause of this?' thought I. 'Surely, I cannot stand in awe of this young girl. I am of course her superior in intellect, and am never embarrassed in company with my tutor, notwithstanding all his wisdom.'

It was passing strange. I felt that if she were an old woman, I should be quite at my ease; if she were even an ugly woman, I should make out very well: it was her beauty that overpowered me. How little do lovely women know what awful beings they are, in the eyes of inexperienced youth! Young men brought up in the fashionable circles of our cities will smile at all this. Accustomed to mingle incessantly in female society, and to have the romance of the heart deadened by a thousand frivolous flirtations, women are nothing but women in their eyes; but to a susceptible youth like myself, brought up in the country, they are perfect divinities.

Miss Somerville was at first a little embarrassed herself; but, some how or other, women have a natural adroitness in recovering their self-possession; they are more alert in their minds, and graceful in their manners. Beside, I was but an ordinary personage in Miss Somerville's eyes; she was not under the influence of such a singular course of imaginings as had surrounded her, in my eyes, with the illusions of romance. Perhaps, too, she saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and gained courage from the discovery. At any rate, she was the first to take the field.

Her conversation, however, was only on common-place topics, and in an easy, well-bred style. I endeavored to respond in the same manner; but I was strangely incompetent to the task. My ideas were frozen up; even words seemed to fail me. I was excessively vexed at myself, for I wished to be uncommonly elegant. I tried two or three times to turn a pretty thought, or to utter a fine sentiment; but it would come forth so trite, so forced, so mawkish, that I was ashamed of it. My very voice sounded discordantly, though I sought to modulate it into the softest tones. 'The truth is,' thought I to myself, 'I cannot bring my mind down to the small talk necessary for young girls; it is too masculine and robust for the mincing measure of parlor gossip. I am a philosopher — and that accounts for it.'

The entrance of Mrs. Somerville at length gave me relief. I at once breathed freely, and felt a vast deal of confidence come over me. 'This is strange,' thought I, 'that the appearance of another woman should revive my courage; that I should be a better match for two women than one. However, since it is so, I will take advantage of the circumstance, and let this young lady see that I am not so great a simpleton as she probably thinks me.'

I accordingly took up the book of poetry which lay upon the sofa. It was Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Nothing could have been more fortunate; it afforded a fine scope for my favorite vein of grandiloquence. I went largely into a discussion of its merits, or rather an enthusiastic eulogy of them. My observations were addressed to Mrs. Somerville, for I found I could talk to her with more ease than to her daughter. She appeared perfectly alive to the beauties of the poet, and disposed

to meet me in the discussion ; but it was not my object to hear her talk ; it was to talk myself. I anticipated all she had to say, overpowered her with the copiousness of my ideas, and supported and illustrated them by long citations from the author.

While thus holding forth, I cast a side glance to see how Miss Somerville was affected. She had some embroidery stretched on a frame before her, but had paused in her labor, and was looking down as if lost in mute attention. I felt a glow of self-satisfaction, but I recollected, at the same time, with a kind of pique, the advantage she had enjoyed over me in our tête-à-tête. I determined to push my triumph, and accordingly kept on with redoubled ardor, until I had fairly exhausted my subject, or rather my thoughts.

I had scarce come to a full stop, when Miss Somerville raised her eyes from the work on which they had been fixed, and turning to her mother, observed : ' I have been considering, mamma, whether to work these flowers plain, or in colors.'

Had an ice-bolt been shot to my heart, it could not have chilled me more effectually. 'What a fool,' thought I, 'have I been making myself — squandering away fine thoughts, and fine language, upon a light mind, and an ignorant ear ! This girl knows nothing of poetry. She has no soul, I fear, for its beauties. Can any one have real sensibility of heart, and not be alive to poetry ? However, she is young ; this part of her education has been neglected : there is time enough to remedy it. I will be her preceptor. I will kindle in her mind the sacred flame, and lead her through the fairy land of song. But after all, it is rather unfortunate, that I should have fallen in love with a woman who knows nothing of poetry.'

I PASSED a day not altogether satisfactory. I was a little disappointed that Miss Somerville did not show more poetical feeling. 'I am afraid, after all,' said I to myself, 'she is light and girlish, and more fitted to pluck wild flowers, play on the flageolet, and romp with little dogs, than to converse with a man of my turn.'

I believe, however, to tell the truth, I was more out of humor with myself. I thought I had made the worst first appearance that ever hero made, either in novel or fairy tale. I was out of all patience, when I called to mind my awkward attempts at ease and elegance, in the tête-à-tête. And then my intolerable long lecture about poetry, to catch the applause of a heedless auditor ! But there I was not to blame. I had certainly been eloquent : it was her fault that the eloquence was wasted. To meditate upon the embroidery of a flower, when I was expatiating on the beauties of Milton ! She might at least have admired the poetry, if she did not relish the manner in which it was delivered ; though that was not despicable, for I had recited passages in my best style, which my mother and sisters had always considered equal to a play. 'Oh, it is evident,' thought I, 'Miss Somerville has very little soul !'

Such were my fancies and cogitations, during the day, the greater part of which was spent in my chamber, for I was still languid. My evening was passed in the drawing-room, where I overlooked Miss Somerville's port-folio of sketches. They were executed with great

taste, and showed a nice observation of the peculiarities of nature. They were all her own, and free from those cunning tints and touches of the drawing-master, by which young ladies' drawings, like their heads, are dressed up for company. There was no garish and vulgar trick of colors, either; all was executed with singular truth and simplicity.

'And yet,' thought I, 'this little being, who has so pure an eye to take in, as in a limpid brook, all the graceful forms and magic tints of nature, has no soul for poetry!'

Mr. Somerville, toward the latter part of the evening, observing my eye to wander occasionally to the harp, interpreted and met my wishes with his accustomed civility.

'Julia, my dear,' said he, 'Mr. Mountjoy would like to hear a little music from your harp; let us hear, too, the sound of your voice.'

Julia immediately complied, without any of that hesitation and difficulty, by which young ladies are apt to make company pay dear for bad music. She sang a sprightly strain, in a brilliant style, that came trilling playfully over the ear; and the bright eye and dimpling smile showed that her little heart danced with the song. Her pet Canary bird, who hung close by, was awakened by the music, and burst forth into an emulating strain. Julia smiled with a pretty air of defiance, and played louder.

After some time, the music changed, and ran into a plaintive strain, in a minor key. Then it was, that all the former witchery of her voice came over me; then it was, that she seemed to sing from the heart and to the heart. Her fingers moved about the chords as if they scarcely touched them. Her whole manner and appearance changed; her eyes beamed with the softest expression; her countenance, her frame, all seemed subdued into tenderness. She rose from the harp, leaving it still vibrating with sweet sounds, and moved toward her father, to bid him good night.

His eyes had been fixed on her intently, during her performance. As she came before him, he parted her shining ringlets with both his hands, and looked down with the fondness of a father on her innocent face. The music seemed still lingering in its lineaments, and the action of her father brought a moist gleam in her eye. He kissed her fair forehead, after the French mode of parental caressing: 'Good night, and God bless you,' said he, 'my good little girl!'

Julia tripped away, with a tear in her eye, a dimple in her cheek, and a light heart in her bosom. I thought it the prettiest picture of paternal and filial affection I had ever seen.

When I retired to bed, a new train of thoughts crowded into my brain. 'After all,' said I to myself, 'it is clear this girl has a soul, though she was not moved by my eloquence. She has all the outward signs and evidences of poetic feeling. She paints well, and has an eye for nature. She is a fine musician, and enters into the very soul of song. What a pity that she knows nothing of poetry! But we will see what is to be done. I am irretrievably in love with her: what then am I to do? Come down to the level of her mind, or endeavor to raise her to some kind of intellectual equality with myself? That is the most generous course. She will look up to me as a benefactor. I shall become associated in her mind with the lofty thoughts

and harmonious graces of poetry. She is apparently docile : beside, the difference of our ages will give me an ascendancy over her. She cannot be above sixteen years of age, and I am full turned of twenty.' So, having built this most delectable of air-castles, I fell asleep.

THE next morning, I was quite a different being. I no longer felt fearful of stealing a glance at Julia ; on the contrary, I contemplated her steadily, with the benignant eye of a benefactor. Shortly after breakfast, I found myself alone with her, as I had on the preceding morning ; but I felt nothing of the awkwardness of our previous tête-à-tête. I was elevated by the consciousness of my intellectual superiority, and should almost have felt a sentiment of pity for the ignorance of the lovely little being, if I had not felt also the assurance that I should be able to dispel it. 'But it is time,' thought I, 'to open school.'

Julia was occupied in arranging some music on her piano. I looked over two or three songs ; they were Moore's Irish melodies.

'These are pretty things,' said I, flirting the leaves over lightly, and giving a slight shrug, by way of qualifying the opinion.

'Oh I love them of all things !' said Julia, 'they're so touching !'

'Then you like them for the poetry,' said I, with an encouraging smile.

'Oh yes ; she thought them charmingly written.'

Now was my time. 'Poetry,' said I, assuming a didactic attitude and air, 'poetry is one of the most pleasing studies that can occupy a youthful mind. It renders us susceptible of the gentle impulses of humanity, and cherishes a delicate perception of all that is virtuous and elevated in morals, and graceful and beautiful in physics. It——'

I was going on in a style that would have graced a professor of rhetoric, when I saw a light smile playing about Miss Somerville's mouth, and that she began to turn over the leaves of a music book. I recollected her inattention to my discourse of the preceding morning. 'There is no fixing her light mind,' thought I, 'by abstract theory ; we will proceed practically.' As it happened, the identical volume of Milton's *Paradise Lost* was lying at hand.

'Let me recommend to you, my young friend,' said I, in one of those tones of persuasive admonition, which I had so often loved in Glencoe, 'let me recommend to you this admirable poem : you will find in it sources of intellectual enjoyment far superior to those songs which have delighted you.' Julia looked at the book, and then at me, with a whimsically dubious air. 'Milton's *Paradise Lost* ?' said she ; 'oh, I know the greater part of that by heart.'

I had not expected to find my pupil so far advanced ; however, the *Paradise Lost* is a kind of school book, and its finest passages are given to young ladies as tasks.

'I find,' said I to myself, 'I must not treat her as so complete a novice ; her inattention, yesterday, could not have proceeded from absolute ignorance, but merely from a want of poetic feeling. I'll try her again.'

I now determined to dazzle her with my own erudition, and launched into a harangue that would have done honor to an insti-

tute. Pope, Spenser, Chaucer, and the old dramatic writers, were all dipped into, with the excursive flight of a swallow. I did not confine myself to English poets, but gave a glance at the French and Italian schools: I passed over Ariosto in full wing, but paused on Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. I dwelt on the character of *Clorinda*: 'There's a character,' said I, 'that you will find well worthy a woman's study. It shows to what exalted heights of heroism the sex can rise; how gloriously they may share even in the stern concerns of men.'

'For my part,' said Julia, gently taking advantage of a pause, 'for my part, I prefer the character of *Sophronia*.'

I was thunderstruck. She then had read Tasso! This girl that I had been treating as an ignoramus in poetry! She proceeded, with a slight glow of the cheek, summoned up perhaps by a casual glow of feeling:

'I do not admire those masculine heroines,' said she, 'who aim at the bold qualities of the opposite sex. Now *Sophronia* only exhibits the real qualities of a woman, wrought up to their highest excitement. She is modest, gentle, and retiring, as it becomes a woman to be; but she has all the strength of affection proper to a woman. She cannot fight for her people, as *Clorinda* does, but she can offer herself up, and die, to serve them. You may admire *Clorinda*, but you surely would be more apt to love *Sophronia*; at least,' added she, suddenly appearing to recollect herself, and blushing at having launched into such a discussion, 'at least, that is what papa observed, when we read the poem together.'

'Indeed,' said I, dryly, for I felt disconcerted and nettled at being unexpectedly lectured by my pupil; 'indeed, I do not exactly recollect the passage,

'Oh,' said Julia, 'I can repeat it to you;' and she immediately gave it in Italian.

Heavens and earth! — here was a situation! I knew no more of Italian than I did of the language of *Psalmanazar*. What a dilemma for a would-be-wise man to be placed in! I saw Julia waited for my opinion.

'In fact,' said I, hesitating, 'I — I do not exactly understand Italian.'

'Oh,' said Julia, with the utmost naïveté, 'I have no doubt it is very beautiful in the translation.'

I was glad to break up school, and get back to my chamber, full of the mortification which a wise man in love experiences on finding his mistress wiser than himself. 'Translation! translation!' muttered I to myself, as I jerked the door shut behind me: 'I am surprised my father has never had me instructed in the modern languages. They are all-important. What is the use of Latin and Greek? No one speaks them; but here, the moment I make my appearance in the world, a little girl slaps Italian in my face. However, thank Heaven, a language is easily learned. The moment I return home, I'll set about studying Italian; and to prevent future surprise, I will study Spanish and German at the same time; and if any young lady attempts to quote Italian upon me again, I'll bury her under a heap of High Dutch poetry!'

I FELT now like some mighty chieftain, who has carried the war into a weak country, with full confidence of success, and been repulsed and obliged to draw off his forces from before some inconsiderable fortress.

'However,' thought I, 'I have as yet brought only my light artillery into action; we shall see what is to be done with my heavy ordnance. Julia is evidently well versed in poetry; but it is natural she should be so; it is allied to painting and music, and is congenial to the light graces of the female character. We will try her on graver themes.'

I felt all my pride awakened; it even for a time swelled higher than my love. I was determined completely to establish my mental superiority, and subdue the intellect of this little being: it would then be time to sway the sceptre of gentle empire, and win the affections of her heart.

Accordingly, at dinner I again took the field, *en potence*. I now addressed myself to Mr. Somerville, for I was about to enter upon topics in which a young girl like her could not be well versed. I led, or rather forced, the conversation into a vein of historical erudition, discussing several of the most prominent facts of ancient history, and accompanying them with sound, indisputable apothegms.

Mr. Somerville listened to me with the air of a man receiving information. I was encouraged, and went on gloriously from theme to theme of school declamation. I sat with Marius on the ruins of Carthage; I defended the bridge with Horatius Cocles; thrust my hand into the flame with Martius Scævola, and plunged with Curtius into the yawning gulph; I fought side by side with Leonidas, at the straits of Thermopylæ; and was going full drive into the battle of Plataea, when my memory, which is the worst in the world, failed me, just as I wanted the name of the Lacedemonian commander.

'Julia, my dear,' said Mr. Somerville, 'perhaps you may recollect the name of which Mr. Somerville is in quest?'

Julia colored slightly: 'I believe,' said she, in a low voice, 'I believe it was Pausanias.'

This unexpected sally, instead of reinforcing me, threw my whole scheme of battle into confusion, and the Athenians remained unmolested in the field.

I am half inclined, since, to think Mr. Somerville meant this as a sly hit at my school-boy pedantry; but he was too well bred not to seek to relieve me from my mortification. 'Oh!' said he, 'Julia is our family book of reference for names, dates, and distances, and has an excellent memory for history and geography.'

I now became desperate; as a last resource, I turned to metaphysics. 'If she is a philosopher in petticoats,' thought I, 'it is all over with me.'

Here, however, I had the field to myself. I gave chapter and verse of my tutor's lectures, heightened by all his poetical illustrations: I even went farther than he had ever ventured, and plunged into such depths of metaphysics, that I was in danger of sticking in the mire at the bottom. Fortunately, I had auditors who apparently could not detect my flounderings. Neither Mr. Somerville nor his daughter offered the least interruption.

When the ladies had retired, Mr. Somerville sat some time with me; and as I was no longer anxious to astonish, I permitted myself to listen, and found that he was really agreeable. He was quite communicative, and from his conversation I was enabled to form a juster idea of his daughter's character, and the mode in which she had been brought up. Mr. Somerville had mingled much with the world, and with what is termed fashionable society. He had experienced its cold elegancies, and gay insincerities; its dissipation of the spirits, and squanderings of the heart. Like many men of the world, though he had wandered too far from nature ever to return to it, yet he had the good taste and good feeling to look back fondly to its simple delights, and to determine that his child, if possible, should never leave them. He had superintended her education with scrupulous care, storing her mind with the graces of polite literature, and with such knowledge as would enable it to furnish its own amusement and occupation, and giving her all the accomplishments that sweeten and enliven the circle of domestic life. He had been particularly sedulous to exclude all fashionable affectations; all false sentiment, false sensibility, and false romance. 'Whatever advantages she may possess,' said he, 'she is quite unconscious of them. She is a capricious little being, in every thing but her affections; she is, however, free from art: simple, ingenuous, innocent, amiable, and, I thank God! happy.'

Such was the eulogy of a fond father, delivered with a tenderness that touched me. I could not help making a casual inquiry, whether, among the graces of polite literature, he had included a slight tincture of metaphysics. He smiled, and told me he had not.

On the whole, when, as usual, that night, I summed up the day's observations on my pillow, I was not altogether dissatisfied. 'Miss Somerville,' said I, 'loves poetry, and I like her the better for it. She has the advantage of me in Italian: agreed; what is it to know a variety of languages, but merely to have a variety of sounds to express the same idea? Original thought is the ore of the mind; language is but the accidental stamp and coinage, by which it is put into circulation. If I can furnish an original idea, what care I how many languages she can translate it into? She may be able, also, to quote names, and dates, and latitudes, better than I; but that is a mere effort of the memory. I admit she is more accurate in history and geography than I; but then she knows nothing of metaphysics.'

I had now sufficiently recovered, to return home; yet I could not think of leaving Mr. Somerville's, without having a little farther conversation with him on the subject of his daughter's education.

'This Mr. Somerville,' thought I, 'is a very accomplished, elegant man; he has seen a good deal of the world, and, upon the whole, has profited by what he has seen. He is not without information, and, as far as he thinks, appears to think correctly; but after all, he is rather superficial, and does not think profoundly. He seems to take no delight in those metaphysical abstractions, that are the proper aliment of masculine minds. I called to mind various occasions in which I had indulged largely in metaphysical discussions, but could recollect no instance where I had been able to draw him out. He had listened, it is true, with attention, and smiled as if in acquiescence, but

had always appeared to avoid reply. Beside, I had made several sad blunders in the glow of eloquent declamation; but he had never interrupted me, to notice and correct them, as he would have done had he been versed in the theme.

'Now it is really a great pity,' resumed I, 'that he should have the entire management of Miss Somerville's education. What a vast advantage it would be, if she could be put for a little time under the superintendence of Glencoe. He would throw some deeper shades of thought into her mind, which at present is all sunshine; not but that Mr. Somerville has done very well, as far as he has gone; but then he has merely prepared the soil for the strong plants of useful knowledge. She is well versed in the leading facts of history, and the general course of belles lettres,' said I; 'a little more philosophy would do wonders.'

I accordingly took occasion to ask Mr. Somerville for a few moments' conversation in his study, the morning I was to depart. When we were alone, I opened the matter fully to him. I commenced with the warmest eulogium of Glencoe's powers of mind, and vast acquirements, and ascribed to him all my proficiency in the higher branches of knowledge. I begged, therefore, to recommend him as a friend calculated to direct the studies of Miss Somerville; to lead her mind, by degrees, to the contemplation of abstract principles, and to produce habits of philosophical analysis; 'which,' added I, gently smiling, 'are not often cultivated by young ladies.' I ventured to hint, in addition, that he would find Mr. Glencoe a most valuable and interesting acquaintance for himself; one who would stimulate and evolve the powers of his mind; and who might open to him tracts of inquiry and speculation, to which perhaps he had hitherto been a stranger.

Mr. Somerville listened with grave attention. When I had finished, he thanked me in the politest manner for the interest I took in the welfare of his daughter and himself. He observed that, as it regarded himself, he was afraid he was too old to benefit by the instruction of Mr. Glencoe, and that as to his daughter, he was afraid her mind was but little fitted for the study of metaphysics. 'I do not wish,' continued he, 'to strain her intellects with subjects they cannot grasp, but to make her familiarly acquainted with those that are within the limits of her capacity. I do not pretend to prescribe the boundaries of female genius, and am far from indulging the vulgar opinion, that women are unfitted by nature for the highest intellectual pursuits. I speak only with reference to my daughter's taste and talents. She will never make a learned woman; nor in truth do I desire it; for such is the jealousy of our sex, as to mental as well as physical ascendancy, that a learned woman is not always the happiest. I do not wish my daughter to excite envy, or to battle with the prejudices of the world; but to glide peaceably through life, on the good will and kind opinions of her friends. She has ample employment for her little head, in the course I have marked out for her; and is busy at present with some branches of natural history, calculated to awaken her perceptions to the beauties and wonders of nature, and to the inexhaustible volume of wisdom constantly spread open before her eyes.

I consider that woman most likely to make an agreeable companion, who can draw topics of pleasing remark from every natural object ; and most likely to be cheerful and contented, who is continually sensible of the order, the harmony, and the invariable beneficence, that reign throughout the beautiful world we inhabit.'

'But,' added he, smiling, 'I am betraying myself into a lecture, instead of merely giving a reply to your kind offer. Permit me to take the liberty, in return, of inquiring a little about your own pursuits. You speak of having finished your education ; but of course you have a line of private study and mental occupation marked out ; for you must know the importance, both in point of interest and happiness, of keeping the mind employed. May I ask what system you observe in your intellectual exercises ?'

'Oh, as to system,' I observed, 'I could never bring myself into any thing of the kind. I thought it best to let my genius take its own course, as it always acted the most vigorously when stimulated by inclination.'

Mr. Somerville shook his head. 'This same genius,' said he, 'is a wild quality, that runs away with our most promising young men. It has become so much the fashion, too, to give it the reins, that it is now thought an animal of too noble and generous a nature to be brought to the harness. But it is all a mistake. Nature never designed these high endowments to run riot through society, and throw the whole system into confusion. No, my dear Sir ; genius, unless it acts upon system, is very apt to be a useless quality to society ; sometimes an injurious, and certainly a very uncomfortable one, to its possessor. I have had many opportunities of seeing the progress through life of young men who were accounted geniuses, and have found it too often end in early exhaustion and bitter disappointment ; and have as often noticed that these effects might be traced to a total want of system. There were no habits of business, of steady purpose, and regular application, superinduced upon the mind : every thing was left to chance and impulse, and native luxuriance, and every thing of course ran to waste and wild entanglement. Excuse me, if I am tedious on this point, for I feel solicitous to impress it upon you, being an error extremely prevalent in our country, and one into which too many of our youth have fallen. I am happy, however, to observe the zeal which still appears to actuate you for the acquisition of knowledge, and augur every good from the elevated bent of your ambition. May I ask what has been your course of study for the last six months ?'

Never was question more unluckily timed. For the last six months I had been absolutely buried in novels and romances.

Mr. Somerville perceived that the question was embarrassing, and with his invariable good breeding, immediately resumed the conversation, without waiting for a reply. He took care, however, to turn it in such a way as to draw from me an account of the whole manner in which I had been educated, and the various currents of reading into which my mind had run. He then went on to discuss briefly, but impressively, the different branches of knowledge most important to a young man in my situation ; and to my surprise I found him

a complete master of those studies on which I had supposed him ignorant, and on which I had been descanting so confidently.

He complimented me, however, very graciously, upon the progress I had made, but advised me for the present to turn my attention to the physical rather than the moral sciences. 'These studies,' said he, 'store a man's mind with valuable facts, and at the same time repress self-confidence, by letting him know how boundless are the realms of knowledge, and how little we can possibly know. Whereas metaphysical studies, though of an ingenious order of intellectual employment, are apt to bewilder some minds with vague speculations. They never know how far they have advanced, or what may be the correctness of their favorite theory. They render many of our young men verbose and declamatory, and prone to mistake the aberrations of their fancy for the inspirations of divine philosophy.'

I could not but interrupt him, to assent to the truth of these remarks, and to say that it had been my lot, in the course of my limited experience, to encounter young men of the kind, who had overwhelmed me by their verbosity.

Mr. Somerville smiled. 'I trust,' said he, kindly, 'that you will guard against these errors. Avoid the eagerness with which a young man is apt to hurry into conversation, and to utter the crude and ill-digested notions which he has picked up in his recent studies. Be assured that extensive and accurate knowledge is the slow acquisition of a studious life time; that a young man, however pregnant his wit, and prompt his talent, can have mastered but the rudiments of learning, and, in a manner, attained the implements of study. Whatever may have been your past assiduity, you must be sensible that as yet you have but reached the threshold of true knowledge; but at the same time, you have the advantage that you are still very young, and have ample time to learn.'

Here our conference ended. I walked out of the study, a very different being from what I was on entering it. I had gone in with the air of a professor about to deliver a lecture; I came out like a student, who had failed in his examination, and been degraded in his class.

'Very young,' and 'on the threshold of knowledge!' This was extremely flattering, to one who had considered himself an accomplished scholar, and profound philosopher!

'It is singular,' thought I; 'there seems to have been a spell upon my faculties, ever since I have been in this house. I certainly have not been able to do myself justice. Whenever I have undertaken to advise, I have had the tables turned upon me. It must be that I am strange and diffident among people I am not accustomed to. I wish they could hear me talk at home!'

'After all,' added I, on farther reflection, 'after all, there is a great deal of force in what Mr. Somerville has said. Some how or other, these men of the world do now and then hit upon remarks that would do credit to a philosopher. Some of his general observations came so home, that I almost thought they were meant for myself. His advice about adopting a system of study, is very judicious. I will immediately put it in practice. My mind shall operate henceforward with the regularity of clock-work.'

How far I succeeded in adopting this plan, how I fared in the farther pursuit of knowledge, and how I succeeded in my suit to Julia Somerville, may afford matter for a farther communication to the public, if this simple record of my early life is fortunate enough to excite any curiosity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SONG OF THE BARRED OWL.

My home is in the dusky fen,
Dark forests are my canopy;
Nor ever hears the wakeful day
My wild, unearthly minstrelsy;
Too-who! — too-who! — a hollow song
On sighing night-winds borne along!

The ruddy west is faintly gleaming,
Day's warbling birds to rest are flown;
From every vale gray mists are streaming,
While brightly shines the pleasant moon:
The pleasant moon shall hear my strain,
While doubling echoes shout again!

'Tis silent on the cold hill side;
The winds are sunk in dewy sleep;
No sound comes through the forest wide,
Save where the tinkling waters creep:
Hoo! — hoo! — How wild those echoes sound,
Borne through the forest's din profound!

Now will I spread my shadowy wing,
Through glades and moon-lit vallies gliding,
Where sings the gray-winged whip-poor-will,
Like me, a thing in darkness biding.
Too-who! — too-who! — We love the night,
And gloomy woods and cold moonlight!

Swift, swift I glance along the hill,
Or skim the meadow's spongy breast,
Now through the vine-entangled copse,
Where the sly Hermit hangs her nest.
Too-who! — too-who! — That mournful cry
Sad mingles with the wind's low sigh.

Vainly the wood-bird hides her young,
Vainly the nimble squirrel springs;
Death waits upon my talon's grasp!
Fear hangs upon my spectral wings!
Too-who! — too-who! — A fearful sound,
Borne through the forest's dim profound.

Now high in air the darting pike
Hails, with rough cry, the breaking light,
While, o'er the marsh, the red snipe wheels,
Quick muttering, on her upward flight;
Too-whit — too-who! — My farewell song,
On morning's breath still floats along.

Away! I'll hide me in the shades,
Day's glaring joys are not for me;
Nor more, till glows the blushing west,
Shall sound my hollow minstrelsy.
Too-who! — too-who! — When falls the dew,
Again I'll shout too-whit! — too-who!

THE 'AMERICAN OURANG-OUTANG.'

'THIS is some monster, with four legs! Where the devil should he learn our language? If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to France with him, he shall pay for him that hath him, and that roundly!'

FREE SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no occupation more interesting to the inquiring mind, than the contemplation of the manifold freaks and vagaries with which dame Nature, in her sportive mood, is wont to amuse herself. To trace the division-lines between her kingdoms, even, has been a stumbling-stone to philosophy; and the difficulty increases as you proceed, until finally, in attempting to follow her in her various windings, to her ultimate subdivisions, our discriminating faculties are utterly confounded. The 'unfeathered biped,' in the fulness of his vanity, has flattered himself that, formed in the image of his Maker, there is no connecting link between him and the next in rank, in the descending scale of creation; that there is an impassable gulf which must ever separate the mere creature of instinct from that higher order of beings, possessed of mind and reason. I will not stop to investigate this question, although sufficient evidence might be adduced to humble our pride: for I might tell of the wonderful sagacity of certain dogs; of learned pigs, that would put to the blush some of our mathematical professors; and I could quote the official report of one of our naval commanders, of his voyage to the coast of Africa, wherein he states that he saw the monkeys making baskets, and suggests whether they might not be employed to advantage in our navy-yards: but I will proceed with my story, which, unlike most stories, is literally true. It will at least show, that the enlightened population of Paris was *once* at fault, and that a human being was palmed upon them as an American ourang-outang!

A gentleman of the town of —, in Virginia, owned a slave by the name of Paul. He was a native African, about sixty years of age, four and a half feet high, with a short body, and uncommonly long arms. He had two small, twinkling eyes, which would have been in a remarkable state of propinquity, but for the intervention of a nose of ample latitude, barely elevated above the plane of his face. He had *no* chin, but what he lacked in this respect, was fully compensated by his under lip, which, with its partner, extended nearly from ear to ear; so that when he laughed, to use an old comparison, his head was just half off. His knotty wool descended to within an inch of where his eye-brows should have been, over a forehead receding abruptly backward from his twinkling orbs; his ears were small and transparent; made apparently of the material of which bat's wings are formed. His face was shrivelled and wrinkled, and, from age or deformity, his body had an undue inclination forward, with a compensating projection *a posteriori*. Such was Paul, and I shall hardly be accused of profanity when I say, that he might have been worshipped without a violation of the commandment.

It was Paul's good or bad fortune, as he was basking one August day, on the sunny side of the street, to attract the attention of a peri-

patetic dealer in tin ware and essences. He stopped and gazed long and wistfully at Paul. Vague, undefined, and novel notions coursed through the pericranium of the pedler. He took a step forward, hesitated, then crossed over, and finally, with '*speculation* in his eye,' addressed Paul. He inquired to whom he belonged, and whether he was willing to be sold. He told him that if he *was* willing, he would buy him, make him a free man, and pay him well for his services beside. The pedler's ways were very insinuating; and after a little farther parley, Paul surrendered at discretion, went to his master, and insisted on being sold.

Now Paul's master was one of the most benevolent, charitable, and humane men in the world. He had owned him forty years, and would just as soon have thought of selling one of his children, as selling Paul. He refused at once. Paul begged — the pedler importuned. Human nature could stand no more. Paul was sold.

Some time after this event, a gentleman who had been residing abroad, returned to Virginia, and gave me the following account. He was passing, he said, through one of the thoroughfares of Paris, when his progress was impeded by a great crowd, and his attention directed to an *avant-courier*, or herald, who was announcing the exhibition of an 'American ourang-outang,' a most wonderful animal, and the only one ever exhibited in Europe. His curiosity was excited, and elbowing his way through the multitude, he gained admission to the show. Ye gods and goddesses! what was his amazement, on recognizing, in this marvellous *lusus nature*, his old acquaintance Paul? Paul — on whom, in by gone days, he had played so many a school-boy prank — here in an iron cage, playing the monkey in Paris, to a delighted audience! The harmless, quiet, and inoffensive Paul, who would not have hurt a fly, confined like a felon, with a chain around his waist; skipping about his prison-house, chattering, jabbering, and grinning, and munching, with Simian avidity, the nuts thrown to him by the crowd! He was dressed in a full suit of red regimentals, in the French style, bedizzened with gold lace; and on his head was an enormous chapeau-bras; while from an eyelet-hole, in the seat of his inexpressibles, protruded a *bonâ-fide* tail, of due proportions, which he whisked about, as though it had been a thing of life. Anon he would throw himself on one side, tickle himself the while with his long nails; then gallop on all fours around his cage; and finally, when fairly tired out by exertion, quietly seat himself in a corner, and throwing aside the monkey, resume the stolid gravity of the man.

The first idea of my friend was to expose the fraud; but a sly wink of recognition from Paul, determined him to humor the joke. He played to admiration; all Paris was agog; and nothing was talked about but the 'American ourang-outang.'

Months had passed away, and Paul's adventures had faded from my memory, when one day, passing in a steamboat through Hampton Roads, a signal was made from a vessel that had just cast anchor. A boat, with a man in her stern-sheets, was shoved off, and in a few moments she was alongside the steam-boat: and if old Neptune himself had risen from the waves, I could not have been more surprised than I was to recognise in our new passenger my old friend Paul!

Very cordial was our greeting ; and after welcoming him with a glass of grog, and a hearty shake of his long skinny fingers, I insisted upon hearing his adventures from his own lips. Suffice it to say, the story, as I have related it, was correct in all its essentials ; with the addition only, that finding he had to do all the work, and the Yankee kept all the money, he came to the conclusion that it was a losing co-partnership on his side : so he made his escape ; and for aught I know to the contrary, Paul is still living in ease and comfort, with his oldest and best friends.

Z.

A QUESTION OF THIS LIFE'S IMPORT.

BY ONE WALKING IN TWILIGHT.

I.

БРОТНЭ, brother, speak me kindly !
I am journeying, without end ;
Dark myself, I wander blindly —
To no bourne my footsteps tend.

II.

Meaning signs I see around me,
Earth in secret worketh near ;
But my searchings all confound me,
Canst thou tell what wait we here ?

III.

In the work, the Earth is working ;
In her forms and in her powers
Kindred likeness still is lurking,
To these frames and forms of ours.

IV.

Through all life and through all being,
Parts familiar to our own,
Hearing, breathing, feeling, seeing,
Pass, united or alone :

V.

In this great life-mould are scatter'd
Elements in man combin'd ;
But the first close bond is shatter'd —
They are strange and we unkind.

VI.

Inner heat the earth is burning,
Breaking outward here and there ;
Streams are flowing, and returning,
Seek their courses through the air :

VII.

And within us, warmth is glowing,
Till the room is chill'd by death,
And life's streams are ever flowing,
Newly changed at every breath.

VIII.

In the waters are reflected
Forms around and in the sky,
Like the image-forms reflected
In the waters of the eye.

IX.

To Earth's ear all sounds are given,
Echoing ere they cease to be,
As the burdened air is driven
With its sound to rest in me.

X.

Love, and Life, and Reason gloweth
In the eye of every brute ;
But their secret no man knoweth,
For to us their tongue is mute.

XI.

Is there language for all creatures,
Read or spoken, or but felt ?
Or must these familiar features
Into unknown outlines melt ?

XII.

Now Man sits, a brief existence,
Sidelong glancing at the earth,
Sunder'd by unsocial distance
From her love, and toil, and mirth.

XIII.

To God's eye, we loiter vainly,
With a secret at our feet,
In whose lines are written plainly,
Where the ends of all life meet.

XIV.

Half unknown to one another,
Strange to every thing beside,
Gloomily we wander, brother,
Hath this crowded way no guide ?

Crack the Fifth.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS.

HOWEVER improbable the assertion may appear to the Broadway belles and the Bowery boys, it is nevertheless unquestionably true, that there are many men and women in the world, who have never travelled in an omnibus. I am aware that the very name of the vehicle seems to imply that they carry all the world; but still it must be regarded as a mere figure of speech, and not taken in its literal sense. In Cockaigne, where the carriage and its name both had their origin, the impropriety of the OMNI has long since been acknowledged, and the citizens of that classic land make use of the *bus* only; and it is a matter of some wonder, that our travelled countrymen have not introduced the improvement here. Taking it for granted, then, that there are, even among the distant readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, some who have never enjoyed the luxury of a ride down Broadway, in one of these convenient vehicles, I design, in this present writing, to narrate, for their especial benefit, some of the pleasures of that delightful manner of travelling.

It was near the close of a warm afternoon in the decline of summer, that I emerged out of one of the elegant streets in the upper part of the city of New-York, and stepped upon the newly-laid flagging of Broadway, just as a long white carriage, drawn by four horses of as many different colors, and with a figure of Minerva painted upon its central pannel, started for a little spot of verdure at the lower end of the city, called, by way of a joke, the 'Bowling Green.' The driver of the vehicle, raising himself in his seat, gave a preliminary flourish with his whip, and looking behind him, caught sight of my weary-looking limbs, and gave me an invitation to ride, by making a peculiar sweep with his uplifted elbow; I answered the invitation by lifting up my fore finger, upon which he checked his horses, and I entered the carriage, and found that it contained no one but an elderly lady, opposite whom I sat down. Our driver was a tall, thin young man, with a whitish hat upon his head, and a cigar in his mouth. His whole dress was in admirable keeping — a perfect study for MOUNT, the genius of Stony Brook; and there was a reckless glance in his eye, that would have well become the ambitious Phaeton, the day on which he set fire to the world by his careless driving.

We jogged along at an easy rate, passing the white towers of the University on our left, and the square stone tower of the Church of the Messiah on our right; and leaving the beautiful granite church, with a marble altar and a wooden steeple, and numerous other architectural wonders, behind us. But suddenly there came dashing along behind us an opposition line, from the neighborhood of Union Square, as that tasteful oval is called. The carriage was a deep crimson, with a great profusion of gilding; and was drawn by four mettlesome bay horses. The driver was a buckish-looking individual, with a

glossy black hat, and a bob-tailed green coat. He also had a newly-lighted cigar in his mouth, and altogether his appearance was saucy in the extreme. He was about to dash past us, without the smallest acknowledgment of our existence, when our driver gave a sudden crack with his whip, and started his cattle into a pretty brisk trot; for drivers of omnibusses, like drivers of quills and bargains, do not like to be distanced in a race with a rival; and therefore it was quite natural that he should make a freer use of his whip than he before had done.

Just at this moment, a couple of young ladies stopped on the crossing, and motioned our driver to stop; but without giving the slightest heed to their wishes, he gave a loose to his reins, and contrived, by a free use of his whip, and an incessant ejaculation of crack phrases, which are presumed to be very gratifying to horses, to keep up the speed of his divers-colored cattle. At the first bound of the omnibus, I found myself plump in the lap of the lady passenger, who seemed disposed to take my sudden intrusion upon her premises as no joke; but scarcely was I seated on my own side again, than another sudden bound sent the lady herself quite as suddenly into my arms. We were now square on the score of visits; so she regained her good humor as soon as circumstances would allow, and said something very 'smart;' but I could not understand a syllable of it.

We dashed along at a fearful rate; and as I saw lamp-posts and granite columns flying past in great confusion, I began to have serious apprehensions that I should never reach Bowling-Green with a whole skin; and as disagreeable thoughts always intrude themselves exactly at the wrong time, my anxiety was increased by remembering that I had neglected to renew the policy on my life, by paying the annual premium.

'Alas! alas! my poor boy!' I exclaimed, 'who will provide for you and my dear Mary, when I am gone!'

But thoughts like these could not occupy my mind long; for our situation was momentarily becoming intensely exciting.

'A stern chase is a long chase,' is an old saying with sailors; and I see no reason why it should not come to be a proverb among omnibus drivers. Our present case certainly afforded a very pretty illustration of its truth. We were decidedly inferior to our consort in point of metal; but having the lead, we continued to keep it without very great difficulty. On whichever side he might endeavor to pass, our driver would very adroitly prevent him, by heading his horses directly across his path. Fortunately, there is a city ordinance against driving omnibusses on the side-walk, or we might have been compelled to submit to a defeat. Every now and then the heads of the 'leaders' of the opposition would intrude themselves into the door of our omnibus, and giving a disdainful toss, would half cover us with foam. Then the lady would shriek, the horses would snort, the drivers would swear, crack would go their whips, crash would go something, and away we would fly again. Rows of brick houses rushed past, as though they were reeled off; Saint Thomas' church, with his two gray towers, and his shingle roof, walked by like a 'sober second thought;' and Niblo's Garden, with its gingerbread grottoes, and dirty finery, rushed away like a feverish dream. I forgot all my

fears, now, and thought only of victory. Indeed, I should have valued a broken arm no more than the paring of a finger-nail. I was afraid of nothing but defeat. In the height of my anxiety, I put my head out of the window, and shouted to the driver to crack on; and the lady, who had turned pale with fright when we first set out, was now flushed with excitement, and she clapped her hands together in high glee, every time we got an advantage over our pursuer. Suddenly I heard a crash and a shout, and turning my head, I saw two well-dressed gentlemen sprawling in the middle of the street, and a pair of grays flying away with a half-demolished dearborn-wagon. Men, I thought, had no business to venture themselves in Broadway in such slight things; and probably so thought our driver, for he never turned his head to see what damage he had done, but continued to urge on his horses at the top of their speed.

That brick-and-wood monster, the Lyceum, was out of sight behind us, and still we dashed on, a full omnibus-length ahead of our chaso. Grand-street was gained, and for a moment the pinions of Victory fluttered, as if she were hesitating upon whose head to alight. It was but a short space of time, but it was long enough for a doubt. Charles the Twelfth at Bender, or Wellington at Waterloo, may have experienced something like the peculiar sensations that we did at this moment. The new church, close by, rising like a monstrous heap of snow from the dingy pavement, looked as though it was blanched with apprehension. But doubt was soon removed; and away we dashed again, the driver of the opposition gnashing his teeth with rage at having lost an opportunity of distancing us.

Thinking with Doctor Johnson, that when a historian fails to make record of a generous action that may have been performed by one of his characters, that the world is defrauded of its rightful fare, I will relate the cause of our almost defeat at the corner of Grand-street. A near-sighted old market woman was crossing the street with a basket of Newtown pippins on her brawny arm, when an overgrown porker, whose speed had been quickened by a crack from our driver's whip, ran full bolt between her legs, laid her sprawling upon her back, and sent her basket of pippins flying to the four corners of the two streets. Whether it was that our driver remembered that he had an old mother at home, or that some other kindly feeling influenced him, I know not; but, in the most humane manner, he turned his horses' heads a little one side, just sufficient to graze the prostrate lady's petticoat, thus giving his rival a decided advantage; as he might, by driving directly over her, have distanced us by at least half the length of the omnibus. I do not remember to have seen any public acknowledgment of this noble act of generosity; but I trust that those public-spirited individuals who get up 'benefits' for meritorious dancing-masters, and other public benefactors, will not allow this gallant omnibus-driver to go unrewarded. Perhaps a complimentary omnibus-benefit-ride, from the Battery to Seventeenth-street, would be as suitable a way as could be suggested, to testify the public respect, and aid the chivalrous beneficiary.

If my feelings were excited before, they reached their calenture now. The humanity of our driver had enlisted my sympathies strongly in his behalf, while the ferocious looks and profane expres-

sions of the opposition, caused me to exult in his defeat. Away we flew like lightning, and gained the next corner without doing any other damage than overturning the oyster-stand of a one-legged old sailor, who appeared to regard his loss of a few oysters, and a bottle of red peppers, with a degree of chagrin which I thought was greatly disproportioned to the occasion. At last, we reached Canal-street, where we had a passing glance of the romantic hills of Weehawken, and a gorgeous pile of snowy clouds rising above the green fields of New-Jersey, and just tinged with the beautiful hues of the descending sun. I looked upon the bright vision as an omen of success; and something was wanting to sustain our spirits, for the space on which we had now entered being wider than any that we had passed before, afforded a better chance for our pursuer to avail himself of his superior bottom; but the greater number of pedestrians that we here encountered, in a great measure neutralized the advantage.

The blackened walls of the Church of the Ascension, the aspiring liberty-pole of the Conservatives, and the dépôt of the hygeian college, all might have attracted my attention at any other time; but now, they were unheeded. Our passage across this area was extremely critical; for notwithstanding our driver did all that could be done with his whip and his tongue, our rival gained upon us at every step; and just as we had abandoned all hope, one of Kip and Brown's blood-red omnibuses, with a full load, came dashing up Broadway, and saved me from defeat, by running so close to the opposition, as to nearly upset him. But all three omnibusses meeting at the same moment, together with a charcoal wagon, two butchers' carts, a buggy, and two private carriages with out-riders, caused considerable scampering among the foot passengers. A terribly shrill cry suddenly pierced our ears.

'O! heavens!' exclaimed my companion, 'what can it be!'

'It is nothing but a child,' I replied, as I saw a young lady haul something white from under the wheels of a butcher's cart, and press it to her bosom. But a second look enabled me to say, 'It is only a Spanish poodle,' just in time to save the lady from fainting, which she had made preparation to do, by taking her pocket handkerchief and smelling-bottle out of her pocket.

As we were fast approaching the end of our journey, the efforts of the rivals increased in vigor. They hallooed, they swore, they cursed, they stamped; they whipped their horses, and then brandished their whips at each other; and if we did not increase, we certainly did not diminish our speed; while the interest, if possible, grew more exciting every moment. But soon a new difficulty arose. The lady wanted to alight at Lispenard-street, but the driver was proof against the admonitions of the check-string. The lady had no wish to travel so far out of her way as Bowling Green, but the driver was too intent on the race to allow a passenger to alight, and thereby give his antagonist an opportunity of beating him. And I must confess that I was highly delighted with his spirit; and forgetting, for the moment, that I was a member of a temperance society, I determined to treat him to a julap, so soon as we should reach the end of our journey. The lady continued to tug away at the check-string, but the only reply our gallant driver made was, 'No you don't!'—and by putting the

end of his thumb to his nose, and gently fanning the air with his extended fingers; and then seizing his whip again, he made it crack over the ears of his smoking leaders. The lady at last threw herself back in despair, as we rattled past the little dusty hole called, in derision, Contoit's Garden, and the great lumbering, greenish-brown pile of bricks opposite, called, by way of an experiment in bombast, the 'Carlton House.'

And here we came well nigh being overturned, and dashed against the curb-stone, in consequence of our driver suffering his attention to be arrested by two flamingly-dressed young ladies, who winked at him as they turned down into Leonard-street. Here we caught a glimpse of several objects, each of which would require a separate essay, if noticed properly: the Egyptian prison, the Church du St. Esprit, the new library, and the ruined theatre; and the next moment, we were opposite the noble hospital, happily built of good substantial stone, before stuccoed walls and Grecian porticoes were in fashion, standing in the midst of venerable trees, with green creepers almost covering its sober front, and a neatly-trimmed lawn stretching between it and the street—as bright as the greenest park in old England—to gladden the eyes of the passers-by. A monstrous heap of rubbish in the middle of the street once more endangered our lives and limbs, and arrested the headway of our chase, who was fast gaining upon us. Our driver gave a yell of delight, and on we sped; but my sympathies were somewhat excited, by observing that the wheels of our omnibus threw a complete shower of black mud upon the crimson mantilla of a very pretty woman, who had incautiously ventured too near the curb-stone, at the corner of Duane-street; and a little farther on, I perceived, on looking back, that the opposition had overturned two porters, who were very carefully conveying a large mirror on a hand-barrow across the street. Fortunately, neither of them was killed, although the mirror was smashed into a greater number of pieces than it would have been easy to enumerate. And then we passed Clover's—where Linen's beautiful portraits of Clay and Webster may be seen—in fine style, leaving our pursuer well behind us. Of course, we were soon dashing past Washington Hall; and at another time I should have regretted passing it in such haste, for it presents a thousand times the finest façade of any building in Broadway, from Battery Place to Union Square; and as there is a prospect of its being speedily demolished, I love to look at it. Let me entreat the architect of the contemplated theatre, whoever he may be, so to arrange his plan, as to leave the present front entire.

And now we were careering it over the wooden pavements. What a relief to our limbs, after rumbling a mile or two over dislocating cobbles! And here are all the gayeties of the Park. The old Bride-well is gone, and the pride of our noble city stands revealed in all her beauty; and beautiful she is, in spite of the wooden abortion which has been stuck upon her roof.

Chance now, as in many a renowned contest, must determine the victory, for the crowd of carriages thickens fast. It is an easy matter to overturn an old apple-woman, or even a dandy phaeton; but a loaded dray presents an obstacle, that, like the will of the people, must be respected. And here, too, are numerous pyramids of bricks,

which care no more for an omnibus than do the pyramids of the desert for old Time, who has whetted his scythe upon them for a longer period than men know of.

If oaths and curses could avail any thing, we should have been distanced long since. The opposition has exhausted the swearer's vocabulary a dozen times; but our gallant driver spurs on his cattle with a good-natured hullabaloo, which contrasts favorably with the savage ferocity of his rival. We catch a glimpse of time-honored Columbia College, and its noble elms, and we are again on the cobbles. Goodness, what a change! It is like laying down Tom Moore, and taking up doctor M'Henry!

Crash! smash! The drivers swear, the horses plunge, the lady screams; but there is no great damage, only one corner of the omnibus torn off. Away we go, without heeding it. Here is our triumph! All the world is looking at us. What a moment! We are almost a length ahead of the opposition! Twenty dandies, with cigars in their mouths, and small tufts of hair on their upper lips, are gazing at us from the steps of the Astor House. A whole drove of little folks, who have been treated to a sight of the wonders in Scudder's Museum, clap their little hands with delight, as we rush past. All the coachmen on the Park stand mount their boxes to look at us; and a mettlesome gray horse, with a militia officer on his back, takes fright, and scampers down Barclay-street, in fine style. Away we fly, past St. Paul's Church, with our pursuer hard upon our heels, splashing and dashing, slam-bang, and mingling with dirt-carts, oyster-carts, and milk-wagons, until we get inextricably interlocked with a whole caravan of brokers' and bankers' clerks, fleeing from Wall-street in every possible description of vehicles. The horses blow hard, and throw off steam like a locomotive. Our driver waxes moderate in the use of his whip and his oaths. The excitement is fast cooling; and after repeated struggles to get clear, we at last have the mortification of seeing the opposition drive past us, and we reach Bowling Green just two minutes after him.

After all, what is the use of striving to out-race our fellows in this world? If we win, our spirits have all evaporated in the contest; and if we lose, we have nothing but mortification for our exertions. With such reflections, I stepped out of the omnibus, and left my fair fellow traveller disputing with the driver about her fare; for she very justly refused to pay for her ride down, unless he would agree to take her back to the place of her destination, free of charge.

'VIDET, RIDET.'

THE card-built house amused our infant age;
The child was pleased, but is the man more sage?
A breath could level childhood's tottering toy:
See manhood effort, art, and time employ,
To build that brittle name, a whisper can destroy!

There is a Book where nought our name can spot,
If we ourselves refuse to fix the blot;
'Tis kept by ONE who sets alike at naught
The tale with malice or with flattery fraught:
He reads the heart, and sees the whisper in the thought.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ALCIPHRON: A POEM. BY THOMAS MOORE, Esq., Author of 'Lalla Rookh,' etc. pp. 71. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

It is so long since we have had a poem, of any magnitude, from any of the distinguished poets of the day, that the announcement of one by the universal favorite of the public, THOMAS MOORE, created an unusual sensation. It is now some fifteen years, since the Utilitarian obtained the ascendancy over the Romantic, in public sentiment; but such is the strong natural tendency of the human mind to poetical ideas, that even the former has now assumed almost a poetical spirit. It is probable, therefore, that the reign of poetry may soon be restored again, blended with the peculiar utilitarian spirit of the age. It could hardly have been expected, however, that MOORE, the most romantic poet of the romantic school, would be the first to adapt poetry to the peculiar spirit of the times; yet in 'Alciphron,' he has blended much at least of the utilitarian philosophy, which is essentially epicurean. This poem contains many of the thoughts and sentiments heretofore given to the public by the same author, in his prose work called 'The Epicurean;' but of course is wholly different in its structure and imagery. It consists of several letters from Alciphron, a Greek epicurean philosopher, from Alexandria, in Egypt, whither he had gone, beside the sacred Nile, to find the 'the eternal life.' The feeling that impelled him in this search, is forcibly depicted in the following lines, describing a night in the garden of their seat at Athens:

'That night — thou haply may'st forget
Its loveliness — but 't was a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove him-self, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon — like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels — shone.
'Oh that from yonder orbs,' I thought,
'Pure and eternal as they are,
There could to earth some power be brought,
Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
To make man deathless as a star,
And open to his vast desires
A course as boundless and sublime,
As lies before those comet-fires,
'That roam and burn throughout all time!'

The ardent and pleasure-seeking philosopher, however anxious for knowledge, is still more devoted to love. He wanders among the pyramids, temples, and tombs of Egypt, the former of which are spoken of in the annexed brilliant lines:

'And mark, 'tis nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.'

While visiting the Temple of the Moon, in a bright island of the Nile, he sees among the maiden worshippers, one that captivates every sense, and fixes even his epicurean sentiments. He barely sees her, however, when she escapes. He traces her flight to a pyramid, which he enters, and following its labyrinths, again sees her, in the attitude of worship, and is so awe-struck by her innocent devotion, that he allows her to escape again, though she is still somewhere in the aisles or windings of the pyramid. After watching and waiting a long time, he resolves to penetrate the most hidden recesses of the structure; and this wild pursuit, and its adventures, are described with wonderful power. What can be more spirited than the following lines?

'But short the hope — for, as I flew
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew
Tremulous under me, while each
Frail step, ere scarce my foot could reach
'The frailer yet I next must trust,
Crumbled behind me into dust;
Leaving me, as it crushed beneath,
Like shipwreck'd wretch who, in dismay,
Sees but one plank 'twixt him and death,
And shuddering feels that one give way!
And still I upward went — with nought
Beneath me but that depth of shade,
And the dark flood from whence I caught
Each sound the falling fragments made.
Was it not fearful? — still more frail
At every step crush'd the light stair,
While, as I mounted, e'en the rail
That up into that murky air
Was my sole guide, began to fail!
When, stretching forth an anxious hand,
Just as, beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all together went,
I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there — by what kind genius sent
I know not — in the darkness hung
And grasping it, as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended hung.
Sudden, as if that mighty ring
Were link'd with all the winds in heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,

My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead —
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seem'd to hang
Amidst an elemental war,
In which wing'd tempests — of all kinds
And strengths that winter's stormy star
Lights through the Temple of the Winds
In our own Athens — battle round,
Deafening me with chaotic sound.
Nor this the worst — for, holding still
With hands unmoved, though shrinking oft
I found myself at the wild will
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Swept, like a stone-shot in a sling!
Till breathless, mazed, I had begun —
So ceaselessly I thus was whirled —
To think my limbs were chained upon
That wheel of the Infernal World,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds that never slumber;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number!
And yet, e'en then — while worse than Fear
Hath ever dreamed, seemed hovering near,
Had voice but ask'd me, 'Is not this
A price too dear for aught below?'
I should have said, 'For knowledge, yes —
But for bright, glorious Woman — no!'

He is at last safely deposited in the midst of scenes, the glory of which surpasses description. The poem ends with an epistle to Decius, describing, rather vaguely, this hidden paradise of Egyptian priests:

—— 'this mine of fanes,
Gardens and palaces, where pleasure reigns,
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne.'

The poem, on the whole, is a brilliant affair, although perhaps hardly equal to the public expectation.

WALKS AND WANDERINGS IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE. By the Author of 'The Great Metropolis, etc.' In two volumes. pp. 404. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

We can recommend these volumes as a good and safe sedative. Their operation is certain. We have seen no person who has read them through: and only one who did not fall asleep over the first volume, and he was troubled, while attempting its perusal, with a raging tooth. How it should ever have been possible for a man to sit down deliberately, and eke out such a work for the press, read the proof-sheets as they were passing through it, and then send it forth to the public, passes our comprehension entirely. A more rambling, scrambling book, upon all imaginable themes of no interest, a more dreary expanse of trite sentiments and languid words, we have not encountered in a ten years' experience of stupid publications. Mr. GRANT could not, it should seem,

complete the last volume, without stealing from himself — always a sign of the last extremity in an author. He has strung together a quantity of editorial paragraphs which he once perpetrated for some provincial newspaper, in his native Scotland; and if we had accidentally opened upon these, before accomplishing a perusal of the matter which precedes them, we should have been compelled to pronounce them the most ineffectually insipid fragments we had ever met with. As it was, they did not surprise us.

THE PEOPLE'S OWN BOOK. BY F. DE LA MENNAIS. Translated from the French, by NATHANIEL GREENE. In one volume. pp. 188. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

THIS is a delightful book in the original, and it has received ample justice from the hands of the accomplished translator. In its brief paragraphs are often crowded whole volumes of instruction, upon the rights and duties of life. Man and society are analyzed with wonderful power of thought, and yet in the simplest terms of expression. The whole breathes a spirit of affection for the great human family, and especially unaffected sympathy for the poor and the lowly. The style is pure and flowing, as two or three selections will sufficiently evince. The necessity that exists for the universal exercise of heaven-born charity, is well set forth in the following passages:

"Justice suffices not for the wants of Humanity. Each one under his own government does indeed fully enjoy his rights; but he remains isolated in the world, deprived of the succor and aid necessary to all. Does a man want bread, they would say: let him seek it; do I prevent him? I have taken nothing that belonged to him; each one to himself and each one for himself. They would repeat the words of Cain: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The widow, the orphan, the sick, the feeble, would be abandoned; no reciprocal support, no disinterested kindness; every where selfishness and indifference; no more of genuine relations, no more sharing of joys or sorrows, no more of common feeling. Life, retired to the centre of each heart, would be consumed in solitude, like a lamp in a tomb, which shines only upon the ruins of man; for a man without heart, compassion, sympathy, love, what is he but a moving corpse?"

"What would a man be, selfishly concentrated within himself, neither directly injuring nor serving any one, dreaming only of himself, living only for himself? What can a people be, composed of unconnected individuals, where no one sympathizes with the misfortunes of others, nor feels himself obliged to aid or assist his fellow creatures; where all interchange of services is but a calculation of interest; where the groan of suffering, the lamentation of grief, the sob of distress, the cry of hunger, evaporate in the air as unmeaning sounds; where no blessings are diffused by a secret impulsion of that love which alone knows what it is to possess, because it enjoys only that which it gives?"

"Nature every where warns us of our indispensable need of each other. The divine precept of mutual aid, devotedness, and love, is every moment recalled to mind by what our eyes see around us. When the time is come for the swallows to seek in other climes the food which their heavenly Father has there prepared, they assemble together; then, inseparably they fly, aerial navigators, towards the haven of peace and abundance. Alone, what would become of any one of them? How many would escape from the perils of the route? United, they resist the winds; the failing wing supports itself upon one less frail. Poor gentle little creatures that the last spring saw peeping from their shell, the very youngest, sheltered and sustained by the older ones, attain the end of their voyage, and in the distant land to which Providence has conducted them, they enter again into those mysterious and ineffable joys which God has decreed for all beings at the entrance of life."

Little need be added, to insure the reader's attention to this charming volume. It is overflowing with love for that great multitude every where — for the poor have no country — who are born, are wretched, and die; whose first repose is the repose of the grave. Our philanthropic author places *himself* in the situation of the destitute and the friendless; and his descriptions of their estate are eminently faithful; reminding us, more than once, of CAMPBELL'S kindred sketch, of one

'Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home:
One who, at evening, should he chance to stray,

Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where round the cot's romantic glade are seen
The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green;
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while,
'Oh that for me some home like this would smile!
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm;
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts, with sorrow such as mine!'

What a forcible illustration of the sentiment conveyed in these touching lines, is the remark with which the good Abbé closes one of his cabinet pictures: 'The only tears of unmingled bitterness, are those that fall on no one's bosom, and that no one wipes away.'

JACK SHEPPARD: A ROMANCE. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. In two volumes, pp. 436. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE believe it is ROBERT SOUTHEY, who relates, in some one of his matter-full books, that he once saw, on a populous borough-road in England, a full sized figure of FAME, erect, tiptoe, in the act of springing to take flight and soar aloft, her neck extended, her hand raised, the trumpet at her lips, and her cheeks inflated, as if about to send forth a blast which was to be heard even as far away as London. The image was placed, if we remember rightly, above a shop-board which announced that Mr. Somebody fitted up water-closets upon a new and improved principle! We have been reminded of this ambitious artizan, while reading the English publisher's puffs of 'Jack Sheppard,' which have been repeated *ad nauseam* in the London journals, within the last three or four months. We were satisfied, from a perusal of the numbers as they appeared, that Mr. AINSWORTH's fame, so far as 'Jack Sheppard' was concerned, was of a peculiar kind, and vastly resembled infamy. The brilliant success of Mr. DICKENS, in his incidental but matchless pictures of metropolitan degradation and crime, undoubtedly prompted our author to attempt the feeble imitation before us; but instead of employing these themes as final accessories to a good purpose, Mr. AINSWORTH adopts them as the very *staple* of a work, whose lessons are of the worst description. Its only merit, in fact — and even this has been greatly overrated — is a certain degree of power in descriptions of nature and character. But there is nothing in 'Jack Sheppard' which can be said to approach the faintest of Boz's limnings in this kind, in 'Oliver Twist,' and elsewhere. We endorse, unreservedly, the verdict of a London contemporary, (and the respectable portion of the English press are with him,) upon the character and inculcations of this badly-conceived and worse executed work: 'Jack Sheppard' was a 'celebrated' house and prison breaker of the last century, and the history of his life is the history of the vulgar and disgusting atrocities incidental to his 'gentle craft.' To relieve the tedium of an endless repetition of adventures, where each reflects its brother, and to raise the work above the level of a dry extract from the Newgate Calendar, and the newspapers of the day, the hero is involved in a melo-dramatic story of motiveless crime, and impossible folly, connected with personages of high degree; and an attempt is made to invest Sheppard with good qualities, which are incompatible with his character and position. But the sacrifice of probability and of moral propriety is vain. We never escape from the staple: crime is the one source of every interesting situation; and if we cannot exactly say that horse-pistols are the sources of horse-laughs, we may safely assert, that the only proofs the *dramatis personæ* exhibit of possessing brains, is the constant liability under which they live, and move, and have their being, of having them knocked or blown out.' In the elaboration of a work of this description, little is required beyond mere technical authorship. The invention and excitement are furnished to the author's hand. The characters, actions, thoughts, and expressions, dictated beforehand, are all of the lowest and the most monotonous kind. And yet the author of such a book as this has been favorably compared with DICKENS! Absurdity can no farther go.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MURDER ONE OF THE FINE ARTS. — 'Every man,' says that quaint old worthy, NASH, 'can thresh corn out of full sheaves, and fetch water out of the sea: but out of dry stubble to make an after harvest, and a plentiful crop without sowing, *that* is the right trick of a workman.' And thus in sooth thought we, while perusing a very elaborate article, in the last number of *BLACKWOOD*, upon 'Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts.' 'Who but a true artist, with a heart well ossified, would ever have thought of giving such a turn to such a theme? How many periodical writers have passed a great portion of their literary lives in the pursuit of subjects under difficulties, without ever thinking of the 'fine art' of murder; of shedding a mild lustre over homicide; of indicating, in a tasteful manner, those refined acquirements, by which a man may be put in the way of being hanged? Yet here is one, who comes forward in the character of a connoisseur, or *dilettante*, in murder; to show that one murder is better or worse than another, in point of good taste; to set forth the little differences and shades of merit; and to record the proceedings of a club and a dinner with which he is connected, and at which he presided, both tending to the same little object, the diffusion of a just taste in the matter under consideration; a taste, the cultivation of which is to be enhanced by bounties on well-conducted homicides, with a scale of draw-back, in case of any defect or flaw! The writer sets out by declaring, that it is a well-known thing, among all his friends, that he never committed a murder in his life; and that, with the exception of a solitary member of the club, who pretended to say that he once caught him making too free with his throat, on a club night, after every body else had retired, the charge of murder had never been brought against him; and even this he attributes to the asperities and soreness which would naturally be engendered between two amateurs. He claims to be a very particular man, in every thing relating to murder; aiming only at the golden mean, and sometimes, he fears, carrying his delicacy too far; his infirmity being too much milkiness of heart: 'in fact,' says he, 'I am too soft — too soft; I'm for virtue, goodness, and all that sort of thing.' He cites an instance, to show to what an extremity he carries his self-denying 'virtue.' He has a hopeful nephew, of whom he thus speaks:

'He is horribly ambitious, and thinks himself a man of cultivated taste in most branches of murder, whereas, in fact, he has not one idea on the subject, but such as he has stolen from me. This is so well known, that the Club has twice blackballed him, though every indulgence was shown to him as my relative. People came to me and said: 'Now really, President, we would do much to serve a relative of yours.' But still, what can be said? You know yourself that he'll disgrace us. If we were to elect him, why, the next thing we should hear of, would be some vile butcherly murder, by way of justifying our choice. And what sort of a concern would it be? You know, as well as we do, that it would be a disgraceful affair, more worthy of the shambles than of an artist's *attelier*. He would fall upon some great big man, some huge farmer returning drunk from a fair. There would be plenty of blood, and that he would expect us to take in lieu of taste, finish, scenical grouping. Then, again, how would he tool? Why, most probably with a cleaver and a couple of paving stones: so that the whole *coup d'œil* would remind you rather of some hideous ogre, or Cyclops, than of the delicate operator of the nineteenth century.'

'This picture,' he adds, 'was drawn with the hand of truth; *that* I could not but allow; and as to personal feelings in the matter, I dismissed them from the first!' Although delicately situated, he is determined that no consideration shall induce him to flinch from his duty. Accordingly, next morning, he opens the matter to his nephew. 'You seem to me,' says he, 'to have taken an erroneous view of life and its duties. Pushed on by

ambition, you are dreaming rather of what it might be glorious to attempt, than what it would be possible for you to accomplish. Believe me, it is not necessary to a man's respectability that he should commit a murder. Many a man has passed through life most respectably, without attempting any species of homicide—good, bad, or indifferent. We cannot all be brilliant men in this life: and it is for your interest to be contented rather with a humble station, well filled, than to shock every body with failures, the more conspicuous by contrast with the ostentation of their promises. And thus he 'saves a near relation from making a fool of himself, by attempting what was as much beyond his capacity, as an epic poem!' But another case still more forcibly illustrates his virtue:

'A man came to me as a candidate for the place of my servant, just then vacant. He had the reputation of having dabbled a little in our art; some said not without merit. What startled me, however, was, that he supposed this art to be part of his regular duties in my service. Now that was a thing I would not allow; so I said at once, 'Richard, you misunderstand my character. If a man will and must practise this difficult (and allow me to add, dangerous) branch of art; if he has an overruling genius for it, why, he might as well pursue his studies while living in my service as in another's. And also, I may observe, that it can do no harm either to himself or to the subject on whom he operates, that he should be guided by men of more taste than himself. Genius may do much, but long study of the art must always entitle a man to offer advice. So far I will go; general principles I will suggest. But, as to any particular case, once for all I will have nothing to do with it. Never tell me of any special work of art you are meditating; I set my face against it *in toto*. For if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and prostration. Once begun upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other, that perhaps he thought little of at the time.'

We have next a portrait of an Ultradelicate, who belonged to the club; a person of a gloomy, misanthropical disposition, who denounced all modern murders as vicious abortions, belonging to no authentic school of art. Tasteful murder was his pet, his hobby-horse. He snarled at the finest performances of our own age, as deficient in manner, place, and time. He gradually grew more and more fierce and truculent; and at length, went about muttering and growling continually. 'Wherever you met him, he was soliloquising, and saying, 'Despicable pretender! — without grouping — without two ideas upon handling — without —' And there you lost him!' He considered the French Revolution as having been the great cause of degeneration in murder. 'Very soon, Sir,' he used to say, 'men will have lost the art of killing poultry: the very rudiments of the art will have perished!' . . . 'Even dogs are not what they were, Sir — not what they should be. I remember in my grandfather's time that some dogs had an idea of murder. I have known a mastiff lie in ambush for a rival, Sir, and murder him with pleasing circumstances of good taste. Yes, Sir, I knew a tom-cat that was an assassin. But now —' And then, the subject growing too painful, he would dash his hand to his forehead, and depart abruptly, in a homeward direction. But soon after, a London morning paper records a murder, 'the most superb of the century, by many degrees,' which had occurred in the heart of the metropolis:

'He had received the account by express, despatched by a correspondent in town, who watched the progress of art on his behalf, with a general commission to send off a special express, at whatever cost, in the event of any estimable works appearing; how much more upon occasion of a *ne plus ultra* in art! The express arrived in the night time; he was then gone to bed. He had been muttering and grumbling for hours, but of course he was called up. He knocked over the porter on his road to the reading-room; he seized every man's hand as he passed him; wrung it almost frantically, and kept ejaculating, 'Why, now, here's something like a murder! — this is the real thing! this is genuine! — this is what you can approve, can recommend to a friend: this — says every man on reflection — this is the thing that ought to be!' Then, looking at particular friends, he said, 'Why, Jack, how are you? Why, Tom, how are you? Bless me, you look ten years younger than when I last saw you!' 'No, Sir,' I replied, 'it is you who look ten years younger.' 'Do I?' well I should n't wonder if I did; such works are enough to make us all young!'

Now to the million, such a character would seem to have a 'smack of Tartarus, and the souls in bale;' but we defy any one to peruse the article in question, without imbibing the idea that he was a sort of BRUMMELL among his fellows of the club; one who is made unhappy by a doubt whether, after all, a nice taste is not rather a curse than a blessing, since for that very reason one is pleased with fewer things!

At the dinner, among other ancient 'artists' who are rapturously toasted, are the Jewish *Sciarri*, a band of murderers, who, during the early years of the emperor Nero, prosecuted their studies in the art in a very novel manner; 'tooling' with small scymeters, and operating upon a priest officiating in the temple at mid-day, 'as beautifully as if they had him alone, on a moonless night, in a dark lane.' Those early and eminent artists, the Assyrian assassins, in the period of the Crusaders, are not forgotten; and the mode of tooling by the Greek and Latin fathers is highly commended. A striking statement in reference to the earliest work of antediluvian art, is submitted by one of the members; namely, that the quarrel of Cain with Abel, was about a young woman, and that, by various accounts, Cain had tooled with his teeth, instead of the jaw-bone of an ass, 'which latter is the tooling adopted by most painters.' This, however, is on the authority of an ancient oporose commentary on Genesis, by a Roman Catholic, and is considered of questionable authenticity. 'It is pleasing to the mind of sensibility,' says our connoisseur, 'to know, that as science expanded, sounder views were adopted touching the quality of Cain's tooling;' one author contending for a pitch-fork, *Saint Chrysostom* for a sword, *Irenæus* for a scythe, and *Parmenterus* for a hedging-knife. In prefacing the toast, 'Our Irish friends, and a speedy revolution in their mode of tooling, as well as every thing else connected with the art,' the mover takes occasion to observe:

'Gentlemen, I'll tell you the plain truth. Every day of the year we take up a paper, we read the opening of a murder. We say, this is good — this is charming — this is excellent! But, behold you! scarcely have we read a little farther, before the word Tipperary or Ballina-something, betrays the Irish manufacture. Instantly we loathe it: we call to the waiter; we say, 'Waiter, take away this paper; send it out of the house; it is absolutely offensive to all just taste.' I appeal to every man whether, on finding a murder (otherwise perhaps promising enough,) to be Irish, he does not feel himself as much insulted as when Madeira being ordered, he finds it to be Cape; or when, taking up what he believes to be a mushroom, it turns out what children call a toad-stool. Tithes, politics, or something wrong in principle, vitiate every Irish murder. Gentlemen, this must be reformed, or Ireland will not be a land to live in; at least, if we do live there, we must import all our murders, that's clear!'

We should consider it proper to offer an apology for occupying so much of our space with a synopsis of this paper, but for the fact that a portion of our pages has ever been set apart for a consideration of the Fine Arts, 'in all their various branches.'

'JACOB JONES.' — Our able dramatic correspondent, who for five years has kept our readers advised of all theatrical matters appertaining to the PARK THEATRE, has turned his fine satirical powers to good account, in the present number, by burlesquing, in a style peculiar to himself, the species of trashy, clap-trap drama, so much in vogue at the present day. Like a kindred mind, in these pages, three or four years ago, he has, in the history of JACOB JONES, and his dramatic abortion, 'aspired to hold a candle to superior worth;' to flash the gems of 'The Gladiator' full upon the public eye. Half the productions written for the modern stage are utterly contemptible, in a literary point of view. Setting aside the dramatic magnates, as KNOWLE, and a very few kindred spirits, of the better class, we can call to mind scarcely an exception to this remark. The words of half the operas and ballet-operas produced in this country, are bald and meagre, to the last extreme. 'La Bayadère,' with all its pleasant music, is ineffably stupid, in this regard.

'Oh do not sell your artifice!
If you do, I'm sure I shall expire!'

is a fair example of its peculiar merit, as a literary composition. The musical composer seems, in most cases, to direct the story; so that 'music expressive of not being able to get married,' is 'written up to,' in the shape of a match broken off, by a violent old father, who suddenly seizes his daughter, while fleeing with her lover. To make the dramatic personae very miserable through several acts; to deal with high sounding tropes and figures; and to out-do mother Nature, in every thing, is the approved style of the modern play-wright, who would seem to consider SHAKESPEARE as not only no model, but as 'no great shakes, after all!'

FESTIVAL OF SAINT NICHOLAS. — Very pleasant was the late anniversary festival of this ancient patron saint of all the KNICKERBOCKERS. Were we to note, in detail, the hilarity and *esprit du corps* of the society; the numerous speeches and songs, or the thousand and one felicitous incitements to the merriment and good feeling which prevailed; they would appear comparatively flat upon paper, being abstracted from all the circumstances which set them off to such admirable advantage. It was a rare feast. Most sumptuous were the edibles and potables of the renowned COZZENS: the very tables 'groaned, being burthened.' And who that saw it, will ever forget the appearance of the worthy President, when, with the rosy reflection of his official badge in his plump, handsome face, and his head covered with the veritable cocked hat of old 'Hard Koppig Piet,' he rose, and with true Dutch deliberation, detailed the condition and doings of the Society, and rejoiced over the prospect of a new hall for its use, to be erected on the Bowling Green, with the aid of two hundred thousand guilders, to be raised in Europe, as is the manner of the time, on the credit of the Society! Then the happy, unpremeditated speeches of the Presidents of the other benevolent societies — the 'German,' the 'New-England,' (or 'Saint Jonathan!') the 'Saint Patricks,' and the 'Saint Andrews; not forgetting the High Dutch address from the venerable and reverend Long-Island member, so soft and flowing, and so perfectly intelligible — to every one who understood it! The sable attendants flitted about, in the quaint livery of the time of PETER STUYVESANT; bearing in the fragrant *schnaps* — brought direct from Holland, in long, curiously-shaped earthen jugs, by that indefatigable purveyor of all that is choice and rich in vinous and spiritual fluids, GILBERT DAVIS — and passing around the long pipes to each delighted guest. Yes, reader, it was a rich scene, when the pipes were lighted, and looking back through the gathering smoke of tobacco, and the mist of years, the famous Dutch worthies of the olden time were called up in long review: And these illusions were strengthened, ever and anon, by the passing remarks of the hour. Mr. DAVIS had but just returned from Holland, where he had secured the identical arm-chair of no less a personage than HENDRICK HUDSON; and there it stood before the Society. He told us, too, what a great people — beyond all conception on this side the water — the sons of Saint Nicholas are, in their mother country. They not only made the best *schnaps* in the known world, but they were making land, the finest pasture land in Christendom, with a perseverance known only to the Dutch, by pumping out the waters of the sea! They had just exhausted one sea, and were now engaged upon another, the 'Sea of Harlaem,' which is eleven miles long, and nine wide, containing twenty-eight thousand acres of water, sixteen feet deep. There blows no 'ill wind' in Holland. A gale stands but a poor chance there. It is used up at once, by the thickly-planted wind-mills, which turn the machinery that is pumping out vast dyke-enclosed seas. Mr. DAVIS gave his hearers, also, some pleasant characteristics of our 'brethren across the water,' which agree marvellously with the records of our excellent progenitor, the renowned historian of New-Amsterdam. He said that if a traveller were to ask of a true Dutchman the distance from the Hague to Delft, he would reply, 'three pipes;' and from Delft to Rotterdam, 'four pipes.' 'Generally speaking,' said Mr. DAVIS, 'he comes out to a minute. Sometimes, however, it is true, his pipe will be a few seconds ahead: yet again he will beat his pipe, which is considered a great triumph of travel!' And thus, sparkling like his own exquisite 'Nuptial' or 'Duverzenay' champagne, Mr. DAVIS went on; until it fell to the lot of a facile wit and spirited poet to succeed him, and make one of the most felicitous and natural speeches of the evening. After this, we tarried but to hear a melodious episode in the private history of

'Mynheer VAN DUNK, who never was drunk,
Yet drank brandy and water gaily;
Quenching his thirst with two quarts of the first,
To a pint of the latter, daily!'

And then, with a congenial son of Saint Nicholas, we sought our abode, in the 'sma' hours beyond the twelve,' happy in the recollection of an evening of unembittered enjoyment, 'which the adverse fates cannot annul.'

'A CHAPTER ON CATS.'—Some six years ago, there appeared in this Magazine an article thus entitled, from the pen of a contributor since more widely known as the author of the desultory papers under the head of '*Ollapodiana*.' It was a story of true love, wrought into a 'course' any thing but smooth, by reason that the author-lover killed his mistress' favorite cat, one mid-summer night, in a moment of intense excitement. As we have some thousands more of readers now than when the 'Chapter on Cats' first appeared in these pages, we shall make no apology for quoting a description of the murder in question. The narrator, a young Philadelphia lawyer, who has lost a cause during the day, tosses in 'restless ecstasy' upon his bed, until late at night, thinking alternately of his mistress and his misfortune. At length he falls asleep:

'I could not have slumbered over ten minutes, before I was awakened by the most outrageous caterwauling that ever stung the human ear. I arose in a fury, and looked out of the window. All was still. The cause for outcry appeared to have ceased. Now and then there was a low, guttural wail, between a suppressed grunt and a squeal; but it was so faint that nothing could have lived 'twixt that and silence. After a listening probation of a few minutes, I slunk back into my sheets.

'I had scarcely dozed a quarter of an hour, when the obnoxious vociferations arose again. They were fierce, ill-natured, and shrill. I arose again, vexed beyond endurance. All was quiet in a moment. I am not given to profanity; I deem it foolish and wicked; but on this occasion, after stretching my body, like a sheeted ghost, half out of the window, and gazing into the shadows of the garden to discover the object of my annoyance, I exclaimed, in a loud and spiteful voice, which expressed my concentrated hate: '*D—n that cat!*'

'Young gentleman,' said a passing guardian of the night, from the street, 'you had better pop your head in, and stop your nose. If you don't, you will rue it: mind-I-tell-ye.'

'Look here, old Charley,' said I, in return, 'don't be impertinent. It is your business to preserve the peace, and to obviate every evil that looks disgraceful in the city's eye. You guard the slumbers of her citizens; and if you expect a dollar from me at Christmas, for the poetry in your next annual address, you will perform what I now request, and what it is your solemn and bounden duty to do. Spring your rattle; comprehend that vagrant cat, and take her to the watch-house. I will appear as plaintiff against the quadruped, before the mayor, in the morning. Her character is bad—her habits are scandalous.'

'Oh, pshaw!' said the watchman, as he went clattering up the street, singing '*N'hav pa-a-ss twelve o'clock, and a glowdee morn!*'

Again he drops into a fitful slumber, which has its issue as follows:

'I cannot declare to a second how long my fitful slumber lasted, before I was startled from my bed by a yell, which proceeded apparently from a cat in my room. I had just been dreaming of a great mouser, with ears like a jackass, and claws, armed with long 'jacks and stingers,' sitting on my bosom, and sucking away my breath. I sprang at once into the middle of the room. I searched every where—nothing was in the apartment. Then there rushed toward the zenith one universal cat-shriek, which went echoing off on the night-wind like the reverberation of a sharp thunder peal.

'My blood was now up for vengeance. One hungry and fiery wish to destroy that diabolical caterwauler, took possession of my soul. At that instant, the clock struck one. It was the death knell of the feline vocalist. I looked out of the window, and in the light of a stray lot of moon-shine, streaming through the tall chimneys to the south-east, I saw Miss Dillon's romantic favorite, alternately cooing and fighting with a large mouser of the neighborhood, that I had seen for several afternoons previous, walking leisurely along the garden wall, as if absorbed in deep meditations, and forming some libertine resolve. In fine, they each seemed saturate with the spirit of the *Gnome* king, *Umbriel*, in the drama, when he

———¹ stalked abroad,
 Urning the wall to hear the curfew bell.

The death of one of these noisy belligerents being determined on, I looked round my room for the tools of retribution. Not a moveable thing, however, could I discover, save a new pitcher, which had been sent home that very day, and to which my name and address were appended on a bit of card. I clutched it with desperate fury, and pouring into my bowl the water contained in it, I poised it in my hand for the deadly blow. I had been a member of a quail club in the country, and the principles of a clever throw were familiar to me. I resolved to make the vessel describe what is called in philosophy a *parabolic curve*, so that while it knocked out the brains of one combatant, it should effectually admonish the survivor of the iniquity of his doings. I approached the window—balanced the pitcher—and then drove it home. Its reception was acknowledged by a loud, choking squeal—a faint yell of agony, and then a respectful silence. Satisfied that my pitcher had been broken at the fountain of life, and that the silent tabby would not soon tune her pipes again, I retired to bed, and slept with the serenity and comfort of one who is conscious of having performed a virtuous action. In the morning, the cat was found 'keeled up' on a bed of pinks, with her head broken in, and her ancient and venerable whiskers dabbled in blood. The shattered pitcher lay by her side. The vessel had done its worst—so had my victim.²

The card on the handle of the pitcher reveals the murderer, and the writer's little love affairs are at an end.

Our object in making these extracts, is to point the small end of an insinuation, that good Sir CHRISTOPHER NORTH, of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' when he conceived his 'Cur-sory Cogitations Concerning Cats,' in the last number of our Edinburgh contemporary, had the whole story in his mind's eye. His own sketch is in his most felicitous vein. In visiting a worthy aunt in the country, CHRISTOPHER encounters an ancient acquaintance, in the person of 'old Thomas, the Tortoise-shelly,' who rubs his sleek sides against his right leg, and purrs him a most hospitable welcome. The professor falls into a reminiscential mood, and traces his feline friend's history, from earliest kittenhood, upward, including all the tricks which were played him by the juveniles, such as sealing back his ears, shoeing him with walnut-shells, etc. Taking the praises of the cat species, by SCOTT and SOUTHEY, as well-deserved, CHRISTOPHER avows his intention of one day 'setting up a Grimalkin' (as one would set up a carriage,) himself. He seems, indeed, to be of MONTAIGNE, his opinion, touching the intelligence of this much-abused animal, who says: 'When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more stupid than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or to refuse to play, as freely as myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another,) that we agree no better; and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly in making sport for her when we two play together?'

But proceed we to our quotations. And here we must ask the reader whether it has not been a long time since he encountered any thing in the mock-heroic vein half so well executed as the subjoined:

'Well, thank goodness, here we are at home; and not before it is high time, either; for there speak the tongues, of which Time has as many as Rumor, though he finds but a far more scanty audience. One, two, three! Twelve o'clock, by all that's horological! Alas for twelve o'clock! No longer is it the 'very witching time of night' that it was wont to be; no longer, at its pealing summons, the spiritual world sends forth its denizens to frighten us 'fools of nature' out of what few senses we possess. Church-yards groan no more; and though, indeed, the graves do still 'give up their dead,' it is only to the hands of the body-snatcher. In our modern midnight, stair-cases creak, and candles burn blue, in vain. Does a door fly suddenly open? — we only confound the wind, and slam it to again. Is a mysterious scratching heard? — we do but anathematize a rat, and turn over to the next page of our book. Armed in the strength of mind of the nineteenth century, we can smile at the 'airy tongues' and echoing footfalls, the hollow moans and clanking chains, which terrified our grand-mothers. There! that very sound that rose half a second ago, and has hardly yet died away, would, under the reign of Anne Radcliffe, have thrown a whole boarding-school into hysterics. Again! It might almost be taken for the voice of some indignant ghost, bemoaning himself on his farewell ramble, and pouring forth a melancholy *Vale* to his once constant occupation, so rapidly falling away before the cock-crow of that mental chanticler, the School-master Abroad. Once more! Then must we risk a cold, and look out into the moonlight. Pshaw! that our usually accurate ears should have been puzzled by old Biddy Skinfint's tom cat, on the opposite house-top! The old rascal has just emerged for his midnight ramble, and is merely giving notice to the feline neighborhood that he would be glad of a companion. And lo! obedient to the summons, from the adjoining gutter, peereth forth the head of the velvet-garbed Tib, prime favorite of the venerable Griselda Pennilove, whom boys irreverent do denominate Grizel: and now, along the very verge of the parapet paceth the daring heroine, greeting, with many a loving tone, the ear of the expectant Tom; and now she scales, at one bound, the opposing tiles, and stands by his side on the summit: they purr — they wave backward and forward their gentle tails — they rub together their loving sides and affectionate noses — entranced in an ecstasy of happiness too deep for caterwauling.

'But see where, urged on by the 'green-eyed monster' Jealousy, stealth toward the pair the unseen Bob, Lord Paramount in the affections of the chaste Susannah Witherspoon! Proudly arches his indignant back, and far flashes his passion-glaring eye! With one mighty leap he alights full in front of the astonished Tom, who, startled yet undismayed, contemptuously spitting in the face of the foe, collecteth all his force for the inevitable struggle; while, not far removed, the affrighted Tib, (a feline Desdemona), awaileth in piteous suspense the issue of the tremendous conflict, sending forth, ever and anon, her sad mewings for the danger of her favored champion. Him, regardless of her wo, seizeth with tenacious talon the infuriated Bob, not restrained by tooth and claw on the part of the assailed: and now more shrilly soundeth the plaintive voice of her, '*terroribus bellii causa*,' more loudly peal the yells of the maddened rivals, as, locked in an inextricable embrace, they wage the unrelenting warfare, nobly emulous of those traditional warriors of the tribe, who erst, in fair Kilkenny, swallowed each other, in the intensity of their rage, leaving behind them not a wreck, save the tip of a single tail, to point out the scene of cannibalism. And now from many an attic window protrudeth many a night-capped head, disturbed from its peaceful pillow by the fury of the strife; and rise to many a tongue curses 'not loud but deep' upon cats in general, and the unconscious combatants in particular. In vain; fast and far, along the echoing roof, speed to the scene the partisans of either chief, to mingle in the gathering *melee*. Not otherwise, when in

that classic region where seven distinct dials proclaim the progress of time, some daring youth of Munster, with heart-cutting words, hath aroused the indignation of Connaught's hardy son, from every quarter of the surrounding territory pour forth the children of potato-bearing Ierne, rejoicing in the anticipation of battle, regardless of the cause, in aid of either disputant: till, plunged into the thickest of the fray, and undiscerning friend from foe, in the excess of their excitement, they deal forth their blows indiscriminately on all around them, to the great glory of the Emerald Isle, and the exceeding terror of the new police. Positively the scene is growing exciting! The combat deepens! 'On, ye brave, who rush to glory or—' Hah! yonder old gentleman in the attie, provoked beyond forbearance, is growing desperate; he is about to purchase a night's quiet at an awful sacrifice of crockery! We see him nervously grasping his water-jug in his better hand, evidently balancing in his mind the wrath of his landlady against his own personal comforts; he longs, yet lingers; now he raises, as if resolved, the dreadful missile; and now again imagination conjures up the morning's frowns and chidings, and he wavers in his bold design. To the rescue! ho! A reinforcement of no less than three sturdy Toms rushing to the fray catches his eye. He hesitates no longer. He elevates the death-fraught engine; he whirles it forward. Bah! a bad shot, but effectual: crash goes the jug upon the tiles, into ten thousand fragments! Bursts forth one loud, short, simultaneous screech, followed by a sound as of much spitting! Five-and-twenty tails stream and whirl aloft for a moment, like meteors, and

'Have they melted in earth, or vanished in air?
We see not, we know not—but nothing is there.'

'SPEAKING of cats,' did you ever meet, good reader, with a newly invented musical instrument, termed, if we remember aright, '*The Category*'? It is much in the form of a piano-forte; but where the twanging wires and little hammers should be, there stand, each in his narrow stall, a row of feline quadrupeds, in regular gradation, from the hoarse, surly Tom, down to the wee thing just verging upon blooming kittenhood. Closing the top, you observe in front, in place of ivory keys, the tails of the imprisoned inmates protruding from small holes, corresponding with the musical scale. The friend who invented this animated musical-box, desired us to essay an air upon it; but knowing no touch of it, we modestly declined. 'Look you,' said he, 'these are the stops; and thereupon, governing the ventiges, he proceeded to favor us with '*Bid me Discourse*,' which he performed with great delicacy of 'touch,' and tasteful 'fingering;' introducing occasional shakes and flourishes, which upon a piano would have been of difficult execution, but upon the '*Category*' were given with great ease; as, by a long and a strong pull upon any given note, the tone could be prolonged and varied, with delicate shades of sound, at the pleasure of the performer. A true master of the instrument, running his hand lightly over the tail-keys, may cause it to discourse most eloquent music; and it is only when new beginners are 'practising' upon it, that it becomes somewhat wearisome and disagreeable. Indeed, to be listeners, upon compulsion, to the lessons of raw pupils, is what is meant by being 'in a category.' It is painful to reflect, that the increasing repute of this instrument bids fair to employ a large portion of the feline population, whose more legitimate business it should be, to guard the community from the depredations of 'rats, and mice, and such small deer.' There is reason to fear, also, on another account, that the demand for cats and kittens will soon greatly exceed the supply. Awaiting, recently, 'half a dozen on a chafing-dish,' (oysters, not kittens,) at one of our thousand eating-houses, a young man came in, took the unoccupied chair by our side, and called for an 'Irish stew,' a savory Salmagundi sort of dish, much desiderated by many hurried 'relish'-eaters. The order was repeated by the proprietor, but the 'stew' came not. 'Come, make haste with that!' cried the hungry customer; but still there was no sign of a 'stew,' save the one into which he was evidently working himself at the delay. At this moment, amidst the hiss of frying sausages, and the splutter of omelets, there arose from the adjoining kitchen a piercing cat-shriek, ending in a subdued, dying growl. Up jumped the impatient customer, and jerking his hat down upon his head, with decided emphasis, he exclaimed: 'Look o' here, now!—if you're *killin'* them cats, I can't wait! I thought you said the stew was *ready*!'—and away he popped. All these are alarming portents. Who knows that there enter not largely into *other* dishes the same ingredients? Doubtless, were he to speak the truth, our restaurateur would say, with his London prototype: 'It's the *seasonin'* as does it; they are *all* made o' them noble animals. I *seasons* 'em for beef-steak, weal, or kidney, 'cor-

ding to the demand ; and I can make a weal a beef-steak, or a beef-steak a kidney, or any on 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes, and appetites warys !' OLLAPOD's story of the wag who insinuated to a western sausage-dealer, 'Where you see many o' them sassengers, you don't never see no dogs !' was sometime a paradox ; but the times give it proof.

'DECEMBER. — Time! thou relentless mower of earth's fresh and withered flowers ; thou that extinguishest, unsparing and un pitying, alike the pale blue violets, that peep out in early spring, from among ephemeral snow-banks, like soft blue eyes from beneath the white and polished brow of woman ; the tender apple-blossoms that render the breath of May a fragrance ; the blushing roses, that make the path of June a triumph ; and the unnumbered sun-lit, gorgeous flowers, that summer receives, like Semele's golden shower, from the warm embraces of the sun ; now hast thou come to gather, in the stern, resistless sweep of thy earth-compelling scythe, thy last pale victims ; the sere and yellow leaf, the unfragrant, withered grass, the fallow, sickly flower — all that remains of earth's departed glory — to entwine in the varied wreath of triumph on thy brow ! As thou goest forth unwearied to this thy final task, behold the mountains, thy mute chroniclers, imploring thee to spare ; while round their tops, the clouds that till now, unconscious of thy fatal aim, frolicked and gambolled in the pure blue depths of heaven, weeping briefly for joy, and building there, for thy summer progress, bright palaces, gorgeous fanes, and triumphal arches, that, midway between earth and heaven, belong to neither, yet partake of both, as best beseems thy demi-god-like nature, now crowd together in dense and frowning masses, weeping incessantly among the howling winds. Ay, and when they find that thou relenest not, but art resolved to lay waste the land, they restrain their unavailing tears, and in pity gently cast a snowy mantle over thy work of desolation on the earth. December is the stern minister of wrath, in thy duodecimal cabinet. He it is that holdeth in his right hand the fierce winds that engulf argosies, and strand navies. He it is that walketh over the plains, shaking from his white beard the blighting frost, and stretching forth his hand to enchain the mighty rivers. The enduring year, that with firmness, if not without a murmur, had seen his spring flowers, his summer glories, and his autumn treasures, fade, decay, and waste away before thine other instruments of destruction, yieldeth up his suffering spirit, dying in December's frosty, ruthless arms. Oh, bear thy victim gently to his rest, and with him the vast load of human cares that pressed upon his bosom ; and when thou renewest his youth within him, and biddest him live again, oh, let not Memory, ever too ready to make him 'fardels bear,' accumulate too much of the old abandoned burthen upon his youthful shoulders ! Farewell, then, to the dying year ! And when old Time goeth forth again to mow, may I be there to turn a winnow for him, and inhale the fragrance of the crushed and fading flowers that he streweth around him in his giant march !'

Thus far wrote one whose heart is full of all good impulses, an old friend and a true, amid the sorrowing rains of a December day ; and setting our dog on the *ma*, — (and many a rich literary treasure has that inanimate quadruped laid his iron paw upon, in his time,) — he forthwith vacated the sanctum. Gladly have we appropriated the affluent fragment ; although we must take it with a *protestando* as to the lament for the perished flowers. We hold the rather, with the poetical wife of the poetical Southey, who says, very beautifully :

'How happily, how happily the pale flowers die away !
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they ;
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

'The happy, careless creatures ! of time they take no heed,
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away,
Nor when 'tis done, cry dolefully, 'Would God that it were day !'

'And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast ;
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay,
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !'

'THE WIND EUROCLYDON, THE STORM-WIND!' — A Southern correspondent comes timely up to the defence of Professor LONGFELLOW, against the insinuation, thrown out in our last number, by an ardent admirer of his fine genius, that in the wild 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' he employed the term '*Euroclydon*' in a 'constructive sense.' Our correspondent says: 'What makes your friend imagine that this wind blows only in the Mediterranean? Because it was first called Euroclydon in those regions? The same may be said of *Boreas* and *Sirocco*. No; the word indicates a north-east wind, coming over the sea. Look into any good Greek lexicon, and you will find some such definition. The only place in which I have ever seen the word used before, is in Paul's shipwreck, in the Acts. Just consult 'Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament: '*Εὐροκλύδων, Euroclydon*; a tempestuous wind: Acts 27: 14; from *Εὐρος, Eururus*, east-wind, and *εἰδών, a wave*.' Passow, a great authority, defines it 'a violent storm-wind, which throws up the waves of the sea.' I could give you some dozen authorities, were it necessary. You may rely upon it, Professor LONGFELLOW knew what he was saying, when he used the word.' Conclusive! Our querulous friend at the west will see at once that he did but stumble upon a horse-eyrie, or 'mare's-nest.'

THE 'DAGUERRETYPE.' — We have seen the views taken in Paris by the 'DAGUERRETYPE,' and have no hesitation in avowing, that they are the most remarkable objects of curiosity and admiration, in the arts, that we ever beheld. Their exquisite perfection almost transcends the bounds of sober belief. Let us endeavor to convey to the reader an impression of their character. Let him suppose himself standing in the middle of Broadway, with a looking-glass held perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reflected the street, with all that therein is, for two or three miles, taking in the haziest distance. Then let him take the glass into the house, and find the impression of the entire view, in the softest light and shade, vividly retained upon its surface. This is the DAGUERRETYPE! The views themselves are from the most interesting points of the French metropolis. We shall speak of several of them at random, as the impression of each arises in the mind, and not in the order in which they stand in the exhibition. Take, first, the *Vue du Pont Notre Dame*, and *Palais du Justice*. Mark the minute light and shade; the perfect clearness of every object; the extreme softness of the distance. Observe the dim, hazy aspect of the picture representing the towers of Notre Dame, with Saint Jacques la Boucherie in the distance. It was taken in a violent storm of rain; and how admirably is even that feature of the view preserved in the *tout ensemble*! Look, again, at the view of the Statue of Henry the Fourth and the Tuilleries, the Pont des Arts, Pont du Carusel, Pont Royal, and the Heights of Challot in the distance. There is not a shadow in the whole, that is not *nature itself*; there is not an object, even the most minute, embraced in that wide scope, which was not in the original; and it is impossible that one should have been omitted. Think of that! So, too, of the Tuilleries, the Champs Elysées, the Quay de la Morgue — in short, of all and every view in the whole superb collection. The shade of a shadow is frequently reflected in the river, and the very trees are taken with the *shimmer* created by the breeze, imaged in the water! Look where you will, Paris itself is before you. Here, by the silent statue of the great Henry, how often has Despair come at midnight, to plunge into eternity! By the Quay de la Morgue, remark the array of washing-boats, and the 'Ladies of the Suds' hanging out their clothes, which *almost* wave in the breeze. It was but a little below this point, that our entertaining 'American in Paris,' doubtful of the purity of the Seine water, bought a filter of charcoal, 'to intercept the petticoats, and other such articles,' as he might previously have swallowed. There is a view, now, which Mr. IAVINE has helped to render famous. It was across that very Pont Neuf, if we have not forgotten the story, one awful night in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, when the

lightning gleamed, and loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty, narrow streets, that Gottfried Wolfgang supported his headless bride. It needs no VICTOR HUGO, to tell us that this is the time-honored *Notre Dame de Paris*. Take the view into the strongest sunlight, by the window, and survey with a glass its minutest beauties. There is not a stone traced there, that has not its archetype in the edifice. Those square towers, those Gothic arches and buttresses; the rich tracery, and that enterprising tourist looking down upon Paris — there they *were*, and here they *are*! Look sharp, and far within, you may see the very bells. What an association! What tales have the bells of Notre Dame told to Paris and the Parisians, since Pope Alexander laid her corner stone! One cannot but feel, while gazing at this scene, as did an eloquent American on first encountering similar associations: 'Something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, sweeps around those eternal towers: the mighty processions of kings, consuls, emperors, and empires, and generations, have passed over that sublime theatre.' How those bells pealed, when Napoleon's sounding bullétins came in from Italy and Germany, from Egypt and Russia! How, more recently, they clamored at midnight, when the tocsin of revolt streamed upon the hoary towers, and the tri-color floated triumphant from their summits! But leaving the times that *were*, let us come down to the days that *are*. Near where you see that hopeful member of the *sans culottides* tribe musing on the bridge, is the spot where the renowned Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM saw, for the first time, the 'statute of Henry Carter,' (Henri Quatre,) and marvelled 'whether he could be any relation to the CARTERS of Portsmouth.' The very *affiches*, then 'black-guarded against the walls,' are still here. Close at hand, too, in another frame, are the 'Tooleries' and 'Penny Royal,' which so greatly delighted the old lady and her daughter Lavinia.

We have little room to speak of the 'interior' views. We can only say, in passing, that they are *perfect*. Busts, statues, curtains, pictures, are copied to the very life; and portraits are included, without the *possibility* of an incorrect likeness. Indeed, the *DAGUERRIOTYPE* will never do for portrait painting. Its pictures are quite *too* natural, to please any other than very beautiful sitters. It has not the slightest knack at 'fancy-work.' MATTHEWS used to sing, in his 'Trip to Paris:'

'Mrs. Grill is very ill!
Nothing can improve her,
Until she sees the 'Tooleries,'
And waddles through the Louvre.'

This was truthful satire, in the great mime's day; but illness, with sea-voyage cures, must decline now; for who would throw up their business and their dinners, on a voyage to see Paris or London, when one can sit in an apartment in New-York, and look at the streets, the architectural wonders, and the busy life of each crowded metropolis? We recognized, without doubt, many Frenchmen of whom we had before heard. We distinctly saw, we are confident, in the door of a restaurant, in a white apron, with sleeves rolled up, the identical cook who brought our esteemed correspondent, SANDERSON, the tough '*bistek de mouton*,' which the latter offered him five francs to eat, but which the functionary, after turning the matter over in his mind, reluctantly declined, on the ground that 'he had an aged mother, and another relation, dependent upon his exertions!' . . . M. GOURAUD, the accomplished and gentlemanly proprietor of the '*DAGUERRIOTYPE*' and the only legitimate specimens of the art in this country, favored us with an examination of one or two views, which were accidentally injured in the process of being taken. But although imperfect, they were still wonderful in the general effect. The 'darkness visible,' the floods of light, the immensity of the space, and the far perspective, in their dim, obscure state, all reminded us of the English MARTIN. But our article is already too much extended; and we close by saying to all our metropolitan readers, 'Go and see the views taken by the *DAGUERRIOTYPE*; and when M. GOURAUD commences his lectures upon the art, fail not to hear him!

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—There are at present two persons of extraordinary talents at this house, to whom a more than passing notice is due. Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has more of the true genius of comedy, than almost any one of her predecessors. There is a spirit of humor about her, which displays itself in every sentence she utters, and in every movement of her expressive countenance. Her manner is all mirth and joyousness, and is ever pure, natural, and true to the character which she assumes. Her 'Peggy,' in the 'Country Girl,' is a perfect personation. There is all the archness, the mock simplicity, the cunning, with the real good nature intermixed, which go to make up the complete spoiled child, as the author has drawn the picture. But if Mrs. FITZWILLIAM pleases by the truth and nature of her colorings in comedy, she astonishes by the great scope and variety of her powers in plays where a number of characters are to be represented by one person. This faculty of mimicry, or whatever it may be called, although not belonging to the legitimate drama, for which indeed there are no great sticklers at the present day, is yet a thing to be wondered at, and to be amused with, especially when displayed by this intelligent actress. We desire particularly to speak of the personations assumed by her in the play of 'Foreign Airs and Native Graces.' Two characters of this play are supposed to be burlesque; one of them, as Mrs. FITZWILLIAM represents it, certainly is so. As the *danseuse*, nothing can be more of a caricature; but for the prima donna, the Italian cantatrice, there is no one in America, within our cognizance, who can present the reality, to equal that given by Mrs. FITZWILLIAM. The bravura is an exhibition to remember: there is no *burlesque* in it; it is a brilliant execution of most difficult music, to come up to which, the best prima donna with whom we have been blessed since Mrs. WOOD, might strive in vain. There are effects (we do not know what the musicians call them) in that bravura, which the most gifted in the vocal art may be proud to reach, and which Mrs. FITZWILLIAM executed with an apparent ease and power, that was perfectly delightful. We should like to see this lady in opera, as 'Aminn,' for instance, or in the opera of 'Fra Diavolo'; or in that of 'Robert the Devil.' There is such faith in her musical abilities, that none who have enjoyed their exhibition, can doubt of her entire success in either.

Mr. CHAPMAN is the other new-comer, and if ever a performer was entitled to a welcome at the Park, it is him. We have for many years 'played audience' at the Park, and have spoken our opinion freely, and generally favorably, of its importations; but with the exception of DOWTON, and perhaps, in his own extravagant way, of poor JACK REEVE, we have seen no comedian from abroad to compare with CHAPMAN. His songs are a curiosity in the comic way, and his style of singing them is a sort of embalming, which keeps them fresh in the memory ever after. His acting is characterized by a quiet, subdued, and quite *melancholic* manner, which sometimes brings tears from the eyes, and is dangerous in its effects upon tight lacing. Seriously, we have seen nothing like him of late. He has the true 'vis comica,' a face as stolid and implacable as a barn-door, but that looks all the while as if a cuchinnation would annihilate it. With two such really great performers, and the present good members of the Park company, (always excepting Mr. HIRSH, who, in every thing he undertakes, is the most *unnatural* actor we ever saw on the boards of any theatre,) a comedy can be enacted to please every one who can appreciate a correct performance. c.

Mr. FORREST, at the BOWERY, has been drawing crowded houses, in his favorite round of characters. He was on the field of his first triumph, and the enthusiasm of his audience seemed contagious. Mr. FORREST is gaining over all opposition, by his great and continued improvement.

THE NEW CHATHAM has a handsome and commodious edifice, an excellent stock company, and its fair share of the brighter theatrical stars that twinkle in our firmament. WALLACK, himself a host, has recently appeared in some of his best characters, to excellent audiences. His brother, HENRY WALLACK, Mrs. FLYNN, and Mrs. WALLACK, have had their share of hearty applause, also, during the month. The 'New Chatham' is, as it deserves to be, every way successful.

Mr. MITCHELL, an exceedingly clever comedian, and even a better manager, has revived the 'OLYMPIC,' with a good company, embracing many of the best of the late National corps, including BROWNE and WILLIAMS. He has had, as we learn, a succession of more than remunerating houses, and has succeeded in attracting attention to a theatre where select and spirited dramatic amusement may be enjoyed at a moderate expense.

BOWERY AMPHITHEATRE.—We have but a word for this excellent establishment. It is quiet, orderly, and admirably arranged; and the amusements are of the best description of circus entertainments. The noble Menagerie, adjoining the amphitheatre, is another important and valuable attraction.